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DAVID LINDSAY

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH

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DAVID LINDSAY

A SEQUEL TO

GLORIA

BY

MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH

AUTHOR OF

"The Hidden Hand," "Nearest and Dearest," "Unknown,"
"The Lost Lady of Lone," "For Woman's Love,"
"Em," "Em's Husband," etc.

NEW YORK
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David Lindsay

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DAVID LINDSAY.

CHAPTER I.

DAVID LINDSAY'S WOE.

Young love's first dream—
A dream, indeed, unreal, shadowy, brief,
Seems done and ended.

SHIRLEY.

DAVID LINDSAY took leave of Gloria and departed from Gryphynshold.

Peter Cummings, the overseer, drove him down to Wolf's Gap to meet the Staunton stage-coach.

"Oh, David Lindsay," she had said, "you will be *sure* to return to me?" and she clung to his hand, loth to let him go.

"Yes, dearest, I will return just as soon as you write," he had replied, clasping her clinging hands and carrying them to his lips.

"And, oh, David Lindsay, if you should change your

mind, when you get to Wolf's Gap, and feel as if you would like to come back—oh, come! I would not be surprised; I would not laugh at you; I should be so glad to see you!" she said, beseechingly.

How hard it was for him to go then. He had to fortify himself by thinking:

"This is only her compassion. If I were to take her at her word and stay, in a few days or hours she might repent and loathe me—that would be more than I could bear."

"Will you, dear, *dear* David Lindsay, will you come back with Mr. Cummings if you should change your mind?" she persisted.

"Yes, dearest, I will, if I should change my mind; but that is not likely, is not possible even, for I go for your welfare and my own honesty. You must have time to reflect, to discover what is best for your own happiness."

"That is, I must pass through a probation. Well, I suppose I merit it. But you *will* come when I write?"

"Indeed I will—*when you write for me.*"

"And that I shall certainly do, David Lindsay."

The young man smiled as he thought—"Dear heart, she *believes* that she will; but time and reflection will change all that."

And so they parted.

Gloria watched the wagon down the neglected avenue leading from the house, until it was quite hidden from view by the thicket of evergreens.

Then she ran up into her own room, buried her face in the pillow, and wept bitterly, accusing herself of hardness of heart, then praying and hoping that David Lindsay might be seized with a relenting weakness that would bring him back with Peter Cummings, and finally resolving that, come what might of it, as soon

as she should have seen her aunt and passed a few days with her, according to her promise to "take time to reflect," she would write and recall David Lindsay.

Meanwhile, below stairs, Mrs. Brent, who had discreetly held aloof from the parting scene, but had afterwards observed the young lady rush up stairs in a passion of sorrow, went and called her niece from the kitchen.

"Come here, Philly!"

"I can't; I am going out shooting," answered the little tom-boy, who was hanging her game-bag over her shoulder.

"Come here, I say, this minute, Philly, I want you," persisted the woman.

"Well, then, what is it?" inquired Miss Phil, making her appearance, her golden hair shining, her blue eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing, lips pouting, tiny white pug-nose turned up sharper than ever.

"Go up presently and try to entertain or amuse our young lady. We must not let her cry her eyes out up stairs," said Mrs. Brent.

"Who, *she?* Not a bit of it! Nothing of the sort! I don't believe she cares any more for him than I do! There!"

"Why, she is crying now!"

"Oh, yes, we all cry when we part with anybody! Sometimes we cry to part with a visitor we had thought we should like to get rid of. However, I'll go to her!" exclaimed Philippa, as she turned and flew up stairs.

Gloria had ceased crying, and was sitting on the edge of her bed wiping her eyes when she heard Philippa's rap at the door, and her voice calling out:

"Madame Gloria! Madame Gloria! Don't stay there piping your eyes! Open the door for me! Put

on your things! Come out with me! I am going a gunning!"

Gloria opened the door to the rattle-brain, whose merry, mischievous face, at sight, provoked a smile.

"That's right. Aunty said you were crying your eyes out up here by yourself. I knew you were not. Now then, will you come out with me? It is a grand, glorious day. I am going to shoot partridges. Will you come? I will lend you my gun, because it is the lightest, and I can take Uncle Peter's. Make haste, now!"

"Thanks, Philippa; but I do not know how to shoot."

"Oh! I could teach you."

"But I should not like to learn. I *could not* shoot or kill any living creature, especially a bird."

"Then it is a lucky thing for you, that you have got somebody to 'shoot and kill' them for you, since you relish them so well, my dainty Madame Gloria!"

Our little lady did not resent this sarcasm, but replied gravely:

"Indeed, if I let myself think about that I should not be able to relish them, or even eat them at all. But come, Philippa, if you are willing to give up shooting for this one day, I will be glad to take a walk with you."

"Yes, but the poor dogs!"

"Well, they can go with us, can't they?"

"If they do, they will be sure to start the game."

"But you need not shoot, you know."

"Ah! but they would be so awfully disappointed, especially Hero, the retriever."

"Well then, dear, just leave the dogs as well as the guns at home for this once, and come with me. I am blue to-day, and wish to go out."

"All right, Madame Gloria; I'll go and explain it to

the dogs. They will feel disappointed, of course; but they are very generous creatures, and when they are made to understand your pitiable case, they will be pleased to oblige you. Now hurry and get ready, and I will wait for you down stairs."

Philippa ran gayly out of the room, and Gloria closed the door after her, and then went and threw up one of the windows, and leaning out in the direction of Wolf's Gap, and with all her soul in her prayer, breathed forth:

"Oh, David Lindsay, turn back to me! Turn back!"

She remained a little while gazing in that direction, and then closed the window, saying:

"A human soul ought to have as much power to call a friend back, as the London Bow-bells had to make Whittington return!"

Then she put on her jacket and cap, and went down to join Philippa.

They went out together for a long ramble over the mountains.

Gloria really did not care much about going out, but she wished to get rid of as much time as she could to shorten the day and bring the evening when Peter Cummings would return with the wagon from Wolf's Gap, and perhaps fetch David Lindsay back with him.

The two young creatures rambled far over the mountain, lost themselves, and struck the path leading to the overseer's house a mile off, before they found their way home again.

It was late in the afternoon; so much of the day was got over. They were very tired and very hungry. Mrs. Brent soon set a good dinner before them, of which both partook with enjoyment. After which, repletion and rest had a most sedative effect so that

Gloria waited very patiently and hopefully for the return of Peter Cummings from Wolf's Gap.

It was nearly dark, however, when the wheels of the wagon were heard approaching the house.

Gloria did not wait a moment for the overseer to knock or for any one else to go, but ran out immediately and opened the door and demanded :

"Is it *you*, Mr. Cummings? Well, who is with you?" and she looked anxiously around in the forlorn hope of seeing David Lindsay.

"It is I, ma'am, and there is no one with me, nor likely to be, you know. Travelers is scarce in this part of the world," replied the overseer, who could not guess that she half expected David Lindsay to return.

"You saw Mr. Lindsay off?"

"O, yes, ma'am, all right. The stage was late, and we had to wait a couple of hours or so; but then that gave my brother Aleck, who is landlord and ferryman and postmaster at Wolf's Gap, as perhaps you don't know, ma'am—"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, as I was saying, the stage being behind, gave my brother Aleck a chance to set as good a dinner before us as any man would wish to eat. And while that was getting ready, Mr. Lindsay called for paper, pen and ink, and wrote you this letter," said the overseer," drawing the missive from his breast pocket.

"Ah, give it me. Thank you, Mr. Cummings. Won t you come in?" inquired Gloria, as she took her letter.

"No, I'm much obleeged to you, ma'am. The old woman will be anxious, you know; because these mountain roads be none of the safest at night, and I must get home and let her see me. Good-night -ma'am."

"Good-night, and many thanks, Mr. Cummings

The overseer drove off and Gloria shut the door, and returned to the big parlor, shivering with cold.

The candles were not yet lighted, so she sat down on the floor in front of the blazing wood-fire to read her letter.

What a good, strong, loving letter it was!

"I feel that you were calling me, my love, but I knew that I must not come at your call. You are not acting in freedom now, dear Gloria. Indeed you seldom act in freedom. You are governed now by a spirit of sympathy with me, of compassion for me. You must not obey that spirit. Wait. Let your aunt come to you. Hear all that she has to say. I know beforehand what it will be. But it will offset that deep sympathy and compassion which is not love, and must not be mistaken for it by you or me, and so you will be able to reflect and to act rationally. If, after you have done this, and then find that you need me, you will write, and I will come to you. I would not owe your hand either to the ceremony that has united us, or to your sympathy, your compassion, or even to your conscience. I would owe it to your love only! Love for love, dear Gloria! That is the only possible condition upon which we can meet again. But, meanwhile, dearest, I devote my life to your service, because I love you; and it is my deepest delight to serve you. I serve you *now*, in leaving you to your freedom of action. And if ever you need a friend or servant who is willing, *anxious* to live or die for you, call me and I will come!"

Then, with prayers for her welfare and blessings on her head, the letter ended.

This was the very first letter that Gloria had ever received from David Lindsay—the first sight of his

handwriting, indeed, that she had ever seen—and it surprised, pained and pleased her, all in one.

Was this the language, these the thoughts, and these the principles of action of the poor, uncultured fisher-boy whom she had sometimes felt ashamed that she loved so much? and more ashamed that she had been driven by the stress of fate to marry?

How much he had developed!

She knew that he talked well and behaved well. She knew that there was nothing but his hardened hands, sunburnt face and rude clothing that made him look different from the most refined gentlemen that she had seen—nay, she knew more—that in much of his conduct there was something more truly gentlemanly, knightly, chivalric than she had ever seen in the renowned warrior, Colonel de Crespigney, or in any other man. Still, she had considered all that accidental or intuitive. She had not expected such a letter as this.

She read it over and over, sitting by the wood fire. Then, folding it up, she said:

"I will patiently bear the probation David Lindsay has assigned for me, if only to convince him that I do act as a free agent, and from affection only, when I write and plead with him to return. I will do that! I *will* have David Lindsay, no matter what Aunt Agrippina may say to the contrary! And he shall go the University. Yes, he shall go to Oxford—no less a place! I will go with him and live in the town until he shall complete his college course. Oh, I do believe that day I found him on the beach mending nets, I was as truly sent to him as ever Eve was sent to Adam! Yes, dear, dear David Lindsay, you shall win!"

CHAPTER II.

A TERRIBLE VISITOR.

Why, what art thou? Or art thou anything?
Art thou some ghost, some monster, or some devil,
That makes the blood cold and the hair to stand?
Speak to me! What art thou?

SHAKESPEARE.

He onward past,
And quicker than the whirlwind's blast
He vanished from our sight.

SCOTT.

"Come in, honey; it is going to be a bitter cold night, and the snow is coming down thicker and thicker; it will be deep enough before morning. Come to the fire, if the fire will burn, which I doubt, because in damp weather these chimneys on the east side always *would* smoke," said Mrs. Brent, as she stood in the parlor watching Gloria close the hall door, after having seen the overseer off.

"It *is* a dismal evening," replied the young lady, shivering as she came to the fire-place, where piles of hickory logs were smouldering sulkily and refusing to burn.

The long room was in semi-darkness, because nothing but the dull, red glow of the smouldering back logs on the hearth could be seen in the obscurity.

"A dismal night in a dismal house," added Philippa, coming from some shadowy corner.

"Oh, Mrs. Brent, light a candle; light a pair, light a pound! How one misses chandeliers and lamps in such a remote place!" shuddered Gloria.

"It's lucky, then, that Peter fetched a box of store candles from Wolf's Gap with him, since you want so much light, ma'am," said Mrs. Brent, good humoredly.

Then she went to the door and called out:

"Marthy Ann! Marthy Ann!"

"MUM!" came a voice from the back buildings.

"You take the claw-hammer and pry the top offen that box of candles your Marse Peter brought home this evening, and take out a handful and fetch them here, and fetch a bit of the packing paper along to light 'em with. Do you hear?"

"YAS, MUM!"

"And, Marthy Ann!"

"Mum!"

"Tell Uncle Zed to fetch in a big armful of pine knots and cones to light up this here parlor fire; it won't burn. Do you hear?"

"YAS, MUM!"

"Well, then, be quick!"

"YAS, MUM!"

Then the old lady shut the door, and came and sat between the two young girls, who were shivering over the darkening fire.

Martha Ann soon appeared with about a dozen tallow candles, and a piece of greasy blue packing paper in her hands.

Mrs. Brent took two and lighted them, and placed them in the fixed sconces at each end of the tall mantel-shelf.

Of course, there they only made two little rings of light in a sea of darkness.

"Oh, dear, that will never do! You must light a dozen! Light a hundred!" exclaimed Gloria.

"I don't know where we will find candlesticks to put them in, then!" said Mrs. Brent, laughing, as she lighted a third candle and placed it in the hand of Martha Ann, adding:

"Now go all over the house, and get as many candlesticks and brass brackets as you can find, and fetch 'em here."

The girl put down her handful of candles and roll of paper and went off on her errand.

Her exit was followed by the entrance of an old, half-bent, very black negro man, known on the plantation as "poor old Uncle Zed," who, being past labor in the fields, was only occasionally employed in such light work as gathering pine cones and brush.

He now came in with an old flag basket full of cones and pine knots on his back.

He emptied the basket on the black, smouldering fire, and almost immediately a brilliant blaze illuminated the whole room, showing every nook and cranny thereof; but only for an instant, for the next, the flame went out in smoke, that poured down the chimney and nearly suffocated the people gathered around the fire.

"Open the windows! We shall be smothered! I told you so, honey. We can never have a fire in these east fire-places in heavy, damp weather like this!" exclaimed Mrs. Brent, as her orders were quickly executed by Uncle Zed, and Martha Ann, who threw open all the inside oak shutters and threw up all the sashes.

"Let us go out of the room and shut this Tartarus off!" exclaimed Gloria, in a half-suffocated voice, as

she led the way into the hall, followed by the whole party.

"Shut the parlor door!" cried Philippa. "The smoke will fill the house!"

Uncle Zed, who was the last one to come forth, closed the door after him, and gently replied:

"Dere, honey, now the air through the open windys will soon blow all de smoke away. An' now, honeys, has yer got de 'mount ob a mite ob likker as yer could gib to a poor ole pilgrim in dis wale ob tears?"

"Philly," said Mrs. Brent, "take a glass and go up into my room and look on the left-hand corner of the top shelf in the closet, and get the flask of whiskey, and pour out about two tablespoonfuls, and bring it down here to the old man."

Philippa lighted a candle and "levanted" on her errand.

"The only fault poor old Uncle Zed has is his love of 'likker," if that can be called a fault in a feeble old man of ninety-nine years old; and if it is a fault in him, I am equally guilty, since I always indulge him," said Mrs. Brent, in a whisper, to Gloria.

In the meantime, Philippa sped on her errand, and soon came back with not only two spoonfuls, but a generous wine-glass full of "old rye" in a glass goblet, which she placed in the hands of the old man, who took it, poised it in his hand, and said:

"Yer see, chillun, dis 'toxifyin' likker is de medicine ob de ole age ob life, but it is a p'ison an' a snare to de young! De young ought to be 'shamed to take any stimberlatin' likker. 'Cause why? Why, 'cause deir young rebelleratin' blood is too stimberlatin' by itself, let alone what it don't 'quire, firin' up along o' stimberlatin' likkers! No, my honeys, de young—no, nor likewise de middle-aged, oughtn't nebber to tetch no 'tosti-

catin' likkers; but it is deffant along ob de ole aged, my dears, in de ole ages ob deir libes. Den, my honeys, when a man git to be ninety-nine year ole, he hab hardly got heat enough in his blood for lub ob hisself, let alone lub of de Lord an' de neighbor! So de hot, fiery likker, what would tosticate a young man an' drive him into sin, only livenates an ageable ole man, and fills his body full ob strength, an' his soul full ob lub! An' so, here's yer good health, my honeys!"

Poor old Uncle Zed concluded his unique temperance speech by tossing off his dram and bowing reverently.

"Yer see, chillun, I do take it only bekase it do fill my poor ole body with new life an' my soul with lub," he added, as he took up his empty basket and left the hall.

"Let us spend the evening here," said Gloria, noticing that although the chimney-place on the east side contained but a dull and smouldering heap of logs, that on the west side had a brightly blazing fire.

"Very well, my dear," said the housekeeper, "that west chimney of the hall is really the only one that will draw at all in heavy, damp weather."

"We can have our table brought from the parlor and set in front of this fire-place, and also our easiest chairs, (when none are really easy,)" added Gloria, with a serio-comic look.

At that moment the girl, Martha Ann, came down the stairs with three old iron candlesticks in her hands.

She stared at seeing the whole trio gathered around the fire in the hall.

"We have been driven out of the parlor by the smoke," Mrs. Brent kindly explained. "But go in, Marthy Ann, and shut the door immediately after you, and fetch out the candles. We are going to sit in the hall here to-night."

Martha Ann disappeared through the parlor door and presently re-appeared with the candles, which she proceeded to light and set in candlesticks and place on the west chimney-piece, until three dim luminaries half lighted the fireside.

"That's all the candlesticks I can find high or low, ma'am," said Martha Ann.

"Well, that will have to do! Now go and bring the table from the parlor," said Mrs. Brent.

The strong-armed girl hurried away, and soon returned partly pushing and partly rolling the heavy round table into the hall.

Philippa went and helped her to draw it into place before the fire.

Then they fetched chairs from the parlor and placed them around the table and in the chimney-corner, and finally, having returned and closed all the windows and doors of that deserted room, they came and joined Mrs. Brent and Gloria in the hall.

The housekeeper and the two young ladies were seated around the table, Mrs. Brent engaged in knitting, Gloria on her favorite silk embroidery, Philippa, I regret to say, in whittling a stick.

The colored girl, "Marthy Ann," stood for a few moments to see if she was wanted, and then slipped silently away.

"I wonder what o'clock it is," said the old housekeeper.

"You didn't bring your clock up," replied Philippa.

"Yes, I did, and set it on the kitchen mantel-shelf, but I couldn't get it to go after moving it, and so I put it away in the closet until Peter has the time to come and fix it for me. As for that old hall clock," she continued, pointing to a tall, coffin-like structure in one corner of the back hall, "*that* has never been wound up,

and has never gone since it struck twelve on that awful night, when the—*appearance*—of David Gryphyn burst like a hurricane into the house and whirled through this hall and up them steps, and vanished out of sight."

"Oh, for gracious sake, Aunt Peggy, don't talk about that," exclaimed Philippa, shuddering and looking fearfully over her shoulder.

"I am sure I don't want to, child; but in truth, this night reminds me of that night," muttered the old woman, in a low tone.

"That is natural, since it was also a snowy night just about this time, was it not?" inquired Gloria.

"Yes, honey, it was in a snow-storm, near midnight, about the last of January, twenty-two years ago—And oh, my good gracious alive!"

"Why, what is the matter?" exclaimed Gloria.

"If I had thought of what night this was I would have stopped Peter, and made him come back, or *promise* to come back after he had gone home, to stay all night with us."

"But why should you have done that?" inquired Gloria.

"Oh, honey, if I had thought of what a night this was, I never would have consented to stay all night in this house by ourselves," muttered Mrs. Brent, growing more and more disturbed.

"Why, what night is it?" whispered Gloria, with some suspicion of the truth.

"Oh, child, it was this night twenty-two years ago that Dyvyd Gryphyn was killed in a duel thirty miles away, and his ghost—if ever a ghost walked—his ghost rushed in with a burst of wind and whirled past me, as I sat at this very hearth and whirled up stairs and vanished out of sight!"

"Mrs. Brent, don't you think you might have been deceived by imagination?" inquired Gloria.

"Imagination, child? Why, the whole thing was so *real* that I could have sworn it was Dyvyd Gryphyn himself in the body—only that he vanished in the house and no trace of him could ever be found, though there was no outlet by which he could have escaped, and also that the next day's revelations proved how, at the very hour his spectre appeared here, his murdered and mutilated corpse was lying at Wolf's Gap, thirty miles away! No, honey, there is no room for thinking that what my eyes saw and my ears heard was either a dream or an imagination, or anything else but a fearful, terrible, horrible reality!—HUSH! Heaven and earth! what was that?" suddenly exclaimed the old woman.

"What was what?" inquired Gloria.

"*That!* Didn't you hear it?"

"No, I heard nothing," said Gloria.

"Neither did I," added Philippa.

"What was it like?" inquired Gloria.

"It was like a moan sighing along the walls," replied the housekeeper.

"Oh, it was the wind," suggested Philippa.

"But there's not a breath of air stirring! The night is as still as death, as still as that awful night twenty-two years ago," muttered the housekeeper, in reply.

The two girls cowered nearer the fire and looked up and down the hall.

The three tallow candles that burned upon the high mantel-piece only illuminated the segment of a circle immediately around the fire-place. The remainder of the long and lofty hall was wrapped in gloom and obscurity.

"How far off do the two servants sleep?" inquired Gloria, in a low voice.

"At the extreme end of the back building—up stairs."

"Quite out of reach of us?"

"Oh, yes, quite, I am so sorry to say; they might as well be in another building, for that matter."

"Then, if an intruder should invade us to-night, there are only three of us to defend the house," exclaimed Philippa.

"Hush!" cried Gloria.

"Did you hear anything?" whispered the housekeeper.

"It must have been fancy," replied the young lady.

"But what was it?" demanded Philippa.

"Nothing but illusion, my dear," persisted Gloria.

"But what did you *seem* to hear?" inquired the housekeeper.

"Well, then, if you will have it, when Philippa said, 'There are only *three* of us to defend the house,' I thought I heard a deep voice near me respond:

"'*Four*.'"

"That was very strange!" muttered the housekeeper.

"Hark! Indeed there *is* a sound!" whispered Philippa, with a shudder.

"What three cowardly women we are!" exclaimed Gloria, with a forced laugh, "to be starting at every little sound, and even imagining noises where there are none."

"O, but just listen," gasped Philippa.

All bent their ears in fixed attention.

Yes, there could be no mistake this time!

In the death-like stillness of the winter night, while the snow fell softly, and not a breath of air stirred, there came a sighing and a moaning from the front door, creeping around the walls and breathing coldly on the heads of those who sat, with curdling blood and starting hair, about the fire.

"Oh, it is the wind. It can be nothing else. It is the wind beginning to rise, and of course it gets in at every crevice of the old house," whispered Gloria, more to support her own sinking spirits than to convince her companions.

"It is not the wind. There is not a whiff of wind anywhere to-night, and even if there was, it could not get in through the solid masonry of these stone walls, or the iron-bound oaken doors or windows. Nor is it an earthly wind, young lady," muttered the housekeeper, in a hollow voice."

"What is it, then? Hush! Hear it again! That sound was like a sob! What can it be?" questioned Philippa, in a low and frightened tone.

"Oh, I know not—I dare not think!" shuddered the housekeeper.

At this moment the fire, that had been blazing high, sank down and went out in smoke and smouldering brands, leaving them almost in darkness.

"It *is* the wind, you see. The wind must be rising, since this chimney begins to smoke," said Gloria.

"No, it is not the wind, nor does this chimney ever smoke from that cause," whispered the housekeeper.

"*Ah-h*!" suddenly cried Philippa, springing forward and seizing hold on Gloria.

"What on earth is the matter now?" demanded the latter. But Philippa was for a moment too much agitated to answer. When, at last, she could speak, it was in trembling tones she said:

"I felt some one behind me! I felt a cold, quick air, as if some one out of breath was panting on my neck!"

"Nonsense! that must have been the merest nervousness," said Gloria.

"HARK!" cried the housekeeper, starting and crouching nearer the fire-place.

"What?" demanded the two young women in one voice.

"LISTEN!"

The sighing and moaning through the remote, shadowy distances of the old hall, now rose and swelled into a wild wail and cry.

"Oh! let us leave this terrible place! Let us fly!" exclaimed Gloria, starting to her feet.

"Yes, yes, let us go at once!" gasped Philippa.

"To the back building! to the building! Follow me!" panted Mrs. Brent, catching her breath in quick, short spasms.

Meanwhile, the weird voice continued to rise and swell in unearthly wails and cries around them.

They started towards the back premises, but before they had taken three hurried steps they were arrested by an event that petrified them with horror.

There came a great roar as of a mighty gale of wind; the hall door was flung violently open, and the tall, black, shrouded figure of a man stalked into the hall and strode towards the stairs. There he stopped for a moment and glared upon the three terror-frozen women, and by some diabolical power drawing their affrighted eyes to dwell upon his frightful form and take in every detail of his abhorrent presence—the gigantic, long-flowing black shroud or cloak that, descending from head to foot, enveloped every part of his figure with the exception of the upper part of his dark face, with the swarthy forehead, the heavy, bushy, black eyebrows, the fierce, fiery black eyes, and the ridge of the large, hawk-like nose.

For a moment he remained looking at them with a fell and fiendish glare that almost curdled their blood. Then he turned and slowly ascended the stairs, vanishing in the regions above.

For a moment the three women stood where he had left them, rooted to the floor, spell-bound, dumb-stricken, and then they sank at the foot of the stairs, cowering and clinging together, breathless, fainting, half dying with terror.

The wind that had rushed in with the fearful stranger seemed to have suddenly gone down again. Everything in the hall was now as still as the grave.

When, as Gloria, who was kneeling and supporting the shuddering form of Philippa on her bosom, turned her eyes towards the front of the hall, she observed that the door seemed fast shut, as it had been before the furious entrance of the frightful visitor.

She ventured to whisper now:

"I think the door is fast again. Everything is quiet here now. Oh, let us use the few moments we may have and try to reach the back buildings where the servants are, before that terrible form comes down again to blast our sight!"

"It will not come down again," replied Mrs. Brent, in a fearful whisper.

Gloria helped her to rise.

Philippa struggled up to her feet.

Then Gloria took one of the candles from the mantelpiece and went toward the front of the hall.

"Where are you going? Oh, come back!" implored the old woman, in a faltering voice.

"I must see if this front door is shut—as it seems to be," replied the young lady, as she reached the spot, and stooped to examine the fastenings.

"Well?" breathed the old housekeeper.

"It *is* shut! Just as it was when that demon burst it open and rode in on a blast from Tartarus! Oh, could any one have believed this, Mrs. Brent, who had not

seen it?" she said, in a low and awestruck tone, as she joined the old woman.

"Oh, hush, honey, hush! Let us hurry away!" whispered the latter.

At that moment a tremendous crash and fall from above seemed to shake the very foundations of the house. The next moment everything was as still as death again.

The three women, who had been arrested in their flight, stood aghast for a moment, and then hurried tumultuously from the hall by the back door leading into a long and narrow passage that conducted them to the "ell" appropriated to the kitchen, store-rooms, and servants' sleeping apartments.

"Stay you two here; I will go and wake up Uncle Zed," said Mrs. Brent, leaving the two young women at the end of the passage and beginning to climb the narrow stairs that led to the little chambers above.

Philippa caught hold of Gloria and clung to her convulsively.

"We thought you were braver," whispered the little lady.

"Oh, Madame Gloria, how can I be brave after what I have twice seen in this house?" cried the girl, with a shudder.

"But you said you *wished* to see a ghost, even at midnight, alone, in your own chamber. Now you have, perhaps, seen a ghost in the great hall, and in our company. Why should you be such a coward now?"

"Ah, Madame Gloria, how can I be anything else when my blood has turned to water and my marrow to snow? Ah, Madame Gloria, *who was he?*"

"Who was who?"

"**Our terrible visitor!**"

"Indeed, I know not. He may have been man, devil or ghost, for aught I know."

"Oh, how could a man burst through a barred and bolted iron-bound oaken door, and ride into a house as it were on a blast of wind from the infernal regions?"

"I know not; but it is easy to believe in any other marvel rather than in ghosts"

"Seeing is believing, I should think."

"Certainly, and we believe we saw something because we really did see something. Thus far seeing is believing; but, my dear girl, we cannot say that what we saw was a supernatural being and therefore we are not called upon to believe that we did."

"Well, then, what was it that we saw rising from the bank of that subterranean river in the cave under the foundations of the house? Say, Madame Gloria, what was that?"

The young lady had grown very pale at this allusion to the ghastly and abhorrent object that had confronted them on the banks of the black stream, and now with a start she cried out:

"*Ah*! do not speak of that. I cannot bear it indeed. Never speak of it to any human being, Philippa!"

"I have already promised to do so, and I have strictly kept my promise. I have never mentioned that thing to any one except yourself!"

"Oh, I beg that you will never speak of it to me again!" exclaimed Gloria, livid with emotion.

"I believe you must have seen more than I did," ventured Philippa.

"Perhaps so. Hush, oh, hush!" breathed Gloria.

"I will never open my lips on the subject again," answered Philippa.

At that moment a noise was heard in a distant part of

the upper regions of the house, as of somebody being dragged heavily over the floor.

With a slight scream Philippa sprang upon Gloria, seized her and clung to her in terror.

"What an accursed house! David Lindsay was right! It is no dwelling-place for any human being! I will have it turned into a smelting furnace and iron-foundry, for the ore in the mountain mines," muttered Gloria to herself.

"Oh, *why* does not Mrs. Brent come down? It seems to me she takes a long time to wake up those negroes."

"They sleep soundly, you must remember, and their doors are bolted on the inside most probably," Gloria suggested.

"Ah, here they all come at last," said Philippa, with a sigh of relief, as footsteps and voices were heard coming along the narrow passage and soon after down the steep stairs.

First came the old housekeeper, Mrs. Brent, with the end of a tallow-candle in her hand, showing her face still pale from the shock she had received.

Behind her crept and cowered the shrunk form of Zedekiah, also with a tallow-candle in his hand. Next came his daughter Judy and his granddaughter Martha Ann, each gray with terror, and each carrying a candle, as if light could be expected to banish spectres.

"Oh, what kept you, aunty? We have heard such horrid noises," exclaimed Philippa, reproachfully.

"No doubt you have. No doubt!" sighed the old housekeeper.

"But what kept you, then?"

"They had *all* to get up and dress, before *one* of them could be induced to come down. Each was afraid to come without all the others." Mrs. Brent explained, as

she stepped down into the passage, followed by all her sable train, whose teeth were chattering, whose eyes were starting, and whose wool was fairly bristling with superstitious terror.

CHAPTER III.

TRACES OF THE APPARITION.

Oh, then what sacrifice can lay this spectre?
For this most horrible visitation is
Beyond endurance of the noblest mind,
In flesh and blood enrobed.

BAILLIE.

Nay, spirits freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what features and what forms they please.

POPE.

"Well! what shall we do first, Mrs. Brent?" inquired Gloria, as the little party of six persons stood in the narrow passage at the foot of the steep back stairs. "Shall we all scale the front stair-case and storm the upper chambers in search of the intruder?"

"Not for the whole world, honey! Not for a thousand worlds as big as this! No! that would be tempting of the devil, indeed! Besides, it would be of no use. If it was *he*—as I am sure it was, or else Satan in his shape—it would be worse than useless to search the house to-night. He would not be found," said Mrs. Brent, with a deep shudder.

"Who was it, aunty?" inquired Philippa, in an awe-struck whisper.

"Who was it but the wicked and accursed spectre of

David Gryphyn! I recognized him at once! There was no mistaking that dark, frowning brow, those fierce, flaming eyes!" replied the old housekeeper, in a subdued tone.

"The Lord have mercy on us!" groaned Aunt Judy.

"Has any ob yer got de 'mount ob a drop o' likker to support de sperrits ob your poor old Uncle Zeddy, chillun?" pleaded the trembling old man.

"Now, granddaddy, de whiskey bottle am up stairs, in ole mist'ess's room, an' I wouldn't go up dar to fetch it down to-night—no, not if it were de likker ob life and we-dem was all a dyin' for it!" declared Martha Ann, her teeth chattering with fear lest she should be sent on this errand alone.

"Which she'll fetch my gray ha'r down wid sorrow ob de grabe—*dat gal will!*" whimpered old Zed.

"But what are we to do next, Mrs. Brent, if we are not to search the house? I thought it was to make a thorough search that you called the servants up," said Gloria.

"Oh, no, honey, no! I called them up so that we might all sit together to-night and be a protection to each other. 'In the multitude of counsellors there is safety,' you know."

"There is *said* to be 'safety,' or 'wisdom,' or something. But when every single counselor is frightened out of his or her wits, I don't see where the wisdom or the safety is to be found among them," said Gloria, with a little laugh, for all through the trying events of the evening she had endeavored to maintain a brave and cheerful demeanor.

"Well, I hope we are not going to stay *here* all night," exclaimed Philippa.

"Where shall we sit up and watch, Mrs. Brent?" inquired Gloria, appealing to the housekeeper.

"In de ole kitchen!" hastily put in Aunt Judy—"in de old kitchen, chillun! Dat is de furdist off from de ole ha'nted hall, an' nuffin nebber 'peared to us in de kitchen yet—dat is, nuffin ghostly an' sperritable, I means."

"What do you think, Mrs. Brent? Shall we sit up and watch in the kitchen?" inquired Gloria.

"Yes, honey, I reckon that would be the best place. It *is* the farthest from the hall, you know, being at the extreme end of the back building."

"An', young mist'ess, I do hope an' pray dat soon's ebber de daylight comes yer'll go leabe dis awful ole debbil's den, 'cause I do fink as anoder sich a night as dis would do for me," said Aunt Judy, as the little party began to follow Mrs. Brent, who led the way to the kitchen.

"Do for me, too," muttered Martha Ann, as she kept close to her mother, while they passed out of a door under the stairs and into another long and narrow passage that led them past the laundry, store-room and scullery, and finally to the great kitchen, that might have served for a largely garrisoned castle in the olden times.

The room was as rude as it was large. The walls were of rough, unplastered stone, the floor of flagstones.

The windows, high and broad, glazed with thick, dim, inferior glass, looked out on a back court-yard, invisible at this hour.

A yawning fire-place stood between two huge brick ovens, with cast-iron doors built in the wall. A rough dresser of oak planks stood beside the entrance door

and an oak table, with a few rude oak chairs, completed the scanty furniture.

Aunt Judy went to the fire-place, where a great smouldering fire of hickory logs had been left burning. Taking up an armful of dry brush from a corner, she threw it on the fire and immediately had a brilliant blaze that lighted up every part of the room.

The party put all the ends of candles on the broad stone chimney-piece and drew the wooden chairs to the hearth and sat down, Gloria insisting that the poor colored people should rest equally well with herself.

"Does anybody know what time of night it is?" inquired Philippa, who was sitting in the chimney-corner leaning her head wearily to the wall.

Gloria took her little watch from its pocket in her dress, consulted it, and answered:

"Two o'clock."

"And it will not be daylight until seven! Five long hours to wait! Oh, Madame Gloria, I hope you do not mean to stay another day in this Heaven-forsaken place! If you do, I am sure you will have to live here alone, or only with the spectre of Dyvyd Gryphyn and his troupe! No power or tyranny could compel even one of your own servants to remain," said Philippa, gravely.

"What do you intend to do?" inquired Mrs. Brent, seeing that Gloria had made no answer to Philippa's words.

"I am thinking," slowly replied Gloria. "if I had known what sort of a place it really is, I would never have come to it."

"But did you not hear?"

"I heard, but I never believed the half of what was told. If I had credited such stories, I should never have ventured here."

"And you will leave it to-morrow?" anxiously suggested the old housekeeper.

"I do not know—that depends upon what to-morrow shall bring forth. I do not like to be ejected by a ghost, and that is the truth!" added Gloria, with a little forced laugh.

"Oh, Madame, you are mad to dream of staying here after this, and if you persist in doing so you must be treated as a mad woman, and forced away. You must not be allowed to risk your own destruction," said Philippa.

"But where shall I go?" laughingly inquired Gloria. "I do not wish so soon to undertake another long journey at this inclement season of the year."

"You might come with us to the gate-house, and put up with our poor accommodations for a little while, at least until you could hear from Mr. Lindsay," suggested Mrs. Brent.

"Or you could go to your own overseer's house, Uncle Peter's, at Elk's Creek. I know Aunt Nancy has got a nice little spare room that you could have all to yourself," added Philippa.

"Or, in fact, if our accommodations do not suit you, you might even go down to my brother Alick's at Wolf's Gap, where they have every sort of convenience for entertaining travelers, and really it is a very pleasant, lively place, for the country, with the coming and going of the stage-coaches and the carriages, and people to cross the ferry. And indeed, if you would consent to go there, ma'am, why you would be so much farther on your way to meet with Mr. Lindsay when he comes back. And also, I think I would like to take Philly and go with you to make a long-promised visit to my brother; for, to tell you the truth, honey, I have had such an awful shock that I wouldn't

like to stay anywhere near the place, not for a good bit!"

"And would yer leabe us here all alone by ourselves? O-o-o-o-o!" bawled Aunt Judy and Martha Ann in chorus.

"Oh, chillun, ain't none ob yer got de charity to go an' fetch dat bottle from upstairs to gib yer poor ole aged Uncle Zed de 'mount ob a drap ob likker to keep up his sinkin' sperrits?" whined the old man.

"Gran'daddy, you go yourse'f!" cried Martha Ann.

"Dat gal will bring down my gray ha'rs, dat gal will!" whimpered old Zed.

"Madame Gloria, you do not really dream of staying here another day, do you!" anxiously inquired Philippa, taking up the "previous question."

"That depends upon what another day shall bring forth," repeated Gloria, quietly. "As soon as it is light enough I shall send old Uncle Zed, on the mule, with a message to the overseer to come here, and bring both his sons; then we will search every part of the house. If we find any fresh cause of disturbance, I shall leave the place—probably for Wolf's Gap."

"That is a good plan in some respects, Madame Gloria; but instead of sending poor old Zed on his poor old mule to Elk's Creek, where he would arrive some time in the middle of the next week, or the next century, send me on your message. I should jump on the back of my horse, Fly, and get there and back in no time."

"Thanks, dear Phil. That would be an improvement on my plan, indeed—oh, I mean if it would be quite safe for you to go," said Gloria.

"Quite safe for me to go! Hear her!" exclaimed the wild girl, betrayed into a derisive laugh, despite her late superstitious fears.

"She will be safe enough," put in the voice of Mrs. Brent. "She has been able to ride a horse almost as long as she could walk alone, and she has been familiar with these mountain paths all her life. I would trust her even sooner than I would trust one of the young men—her cousins."

"That settles the question. You shall go, with many thanks, dear Phil. And now, Aunt Judy, as it cannot be very far from morning, suppose you get us a very early breakfast. The cooking will help to pass away the time, and I think we would all be the better for a cup of strong coffee—especially Phil, who will have a cold ride before her," said Gloria.

"That is so. I'll just wash my hands and put the rolls to bake now," replied the cook, rising eagerly.

"An' likewise if any ob you chilluns could jes go arter dat bottle an' help yer po' ole Uncle Zeddy to de 'mount ob a drap o' likker," began the old man; but his words were quickly cut short by his daughter Judy exclaiming:

"Gran'daddy, do shet up your mouf about likker. When dat big mouf of yourn ain't wide open to swallow it, it's open to cry for it. 'Deed I do wonder yer ain't afeared as de debbil'll come right down de chimbly an' carry yer bodily away in a blaze o' fire, all along ob yer lub o' likker!"

"O-o-o-o-me!" groaned the old man. "Yer hears how she talks to de ole aged gran'daddy what brought her into dis world! But she'll bring my gray ha'rs down!" moaned old Zed.

Meanwhile Aunt Judy and Martha Ann bustled about the kitchen preparing breakfast.

"Where would you like the table set? I hardly think any of the servants could be induced to venture into the house," said Mrs. Brent.

"Oh, set it here by all means, then. The place is large enough, and very clean also, with all its rudeness," said Gloria.

Mrs Brent and Philippa drew the great oak table into the middle of the floor, and brought the white linen cloth and the breakfast service from the china closet next to the kitchen.

Day was beginning to dawn through the heavy darkness of the night, by the time the morning meal was placed upon the table. It was a plain meal of coffee, light rolls and broiled ham.

Gloria, Mrs. Brent and Philippa sat down to enjoy it, while the old man Zed, who was glad to get out of the house, went down to the stable to bring up the messenger's horse.

The eastern horizon was already flushed with the near approach of the rising sun, proving that the snow had ceased to fall and that the sky was clear, when Philippa sprang upon the back of her horse and galloped away to fetch the overseer and his sons.

Old Zed had gone before to open the park gate.

Aunt Judy and Martha Ann had taken their breakfasts into the adjoining scullery to eat more at their ease.

Gloria and Mrs. Brent stood at the window, watching for the rising sun.

"I always feel safe after sunrise" said the housekeeper.

"So do I," added Gloria.

A harsh, derisive laugh answered them!

Both started and turned around.

There, before them—tall, dark, shrouded, frowning—stood the apparition of the previous night!

CHAPTER IV.

WHO WAS HE?

"What form is that?
Why is he standing there?
Dark in the gloomy shade, he stands before me,
The fiery eyes where rage and hatred glow,
The stormy clenching of the bared teeth—
I see it all!"

The apparition of the previous night stood within the passage doorway!

Mrs. Brent screamed and fainted.

With a harsh and grating laugh, the figure turned and strode back through the narrow passage leading to the front of the house.

Gloria roused herself from the panic into which she had been thrown by the sudden appearance of the terrible object, and then rushed to the door through which he had disappeared, and bolted it after him.

Having done this she sank down on the nearest seat, almost as much overcome by terror as the fainting woman on the floor.

Meanwhile the scream uttered by Mrs. Brent had brought Judy and Martha in from the scullery and Zeddy from the yard.

All three looked pictures of amazement as they gathered around the fallen form of the housekeeper, to

lift her from the floor, questioning the young lady all the time.

"The same figure that terrified us all so much last night, appeared before us again this morning," Gloria explained.

"Where—where?" demanded the gaping negroes, their eyes starting with astonishment.

"In that doorway of the dark passage."

"Oh-h-h! Which way did he go, den?" fearfully inquired Aunt Judy.

"Back from whence he came, and I bolted the door on him to keep him there," answered Gloria, who, while she had been speaking, had also been lending her assistance to the recovery of the insensible housekeeper.

"Oh-h-h, dear me! Oh, chillun, won't none ob yer get de 'mount ob a drap o' likker to support de dyin' sperrits ob your poor ole Uncle Zeddie?" whimpered the old negro.

"Hush, daddy. Here's old mist'ess wants it more 'an you does, an' not a soul to get it for her," said Aunt Judy.

"Yes, she *does* need a stimulant, and I *will* go and get it for her!" exclaimed Gloria, rising up from the floor, where she had been kneeling to rub the hands of the housekeeper.

"Oh, Lor', honey, ain't you afeard? Oh, don't go! don't go! I wonder you ain't afeard ob yer life!" cried Aunt Judy, in utter dismay.

"I *am* afraid; I am a coward, Judy, I *am*; but not so base a coward as to let a poor old woman die in a swoon for the want of the medicine I am afraid to go for," said Gloria, with her hand upon the bolt of the door.

"Nor likewise let your poor old Uncle Zeddie die in

his faintin' for de want ob de 'mount ob a drap o' likker," added the old negro, dolefully.

"Will you come with me, Uncle Zeddy?" asked Gloria, with an arch smile.

"Oh, honey, now don't put no sich a burden on yer poor old Uncle Zeddy. He can't go nowhar till he gits de 'mount ob a drap o' likker to s'port his dyin' sperrits; but when I goes get it, den I goes long o' yer anywhar," said the old man, artfully.

But before he had finished his excuse, the young lady had passed through the door and entered upon the dark passage.

She walked on rapidly, humming a lively air to keep up her courage until she reached the door opening into the main hall.

She passed through it, and found the place lighted by a lurid glow from the smouldering logs in the great open fire-place around which the little party had been sitting on the night previous, and from which they had been so violently startled by the stormy entrance of the mysterious figure.

The chair and table stood there, in the disorder in which they had been so hastily left.

Gloria shuddered as she passed the place.

She glanced at the front door and found it fast.

Then she turned and ran up the main staircase, humming a waltz as she went, on the same principle that boys, and men, too, perhaps, whistle to keep their courage up when passing through a churchyard at night.

Reaching the upper landing and wishing to get through her errand as soon as possible, she avoided the door of her chamber, and turned and passed at once into the back room appropriated to Mrs. Brent.

She found the place intensely cold. It had a north-

western exposure, and the fire that had been built on the night before was now entirely burnt out.

Gloria shook with a chill as she searched the room for the needed stimulant, which she found at length in a remote corner of an upper shelf in the closet.

With the bottle in her hand she hurried out of the room, and down the stairs, through the halls and passages, until she reached the door leading into the kitchen.

She found that fastened.

The cowardly colored folks had bolted her out.

She rapped impatiently for admission.

"Who dar?" called the terrified voice of Aunt Judy.

"It is I! Who should it be? Unfasten the door! Let me in! How dare you keep me out?" exclaimed Gloria.

But they did not open the door at once.

"Any—any—anybody *arter* you, honey?" fearfully inquired Aunt Judy.

"No! you provoking idiot! I am alone and unhurt! Let me in immediately," answered Gloria.

"Why on earth don't you open the door, Judy?" the faint voice of Mrs. Brent was heard to breathe.

The fumbling fingers of the frightened negro woman were heard on the bolt, which presently she succeeded in pushing back.

"Now, how dare you bolt me out, you treacherous creature?" rather indignantly demanded Gloria of the old negro woman.

"Indeed, *I* didn't know she had done it until you rapped, ma'am," said the housekeeper, hastening to exculpate herself.

"I am sure you did not, Mrs. Brent. I am glad to see you recovered from your faintness How do you feel?" kindly inquired the young lady.

"Just as weak as an old rag; just as if all my limbs were strings, and all my blood cold water," plaintively replied the housekeeper.

"So does yer poor ole Uncle Zeddy, honey. If yer get me de' mount ob a drap—"

"Yes, yes, Uncle Zed. Only wait a moment and you shall be attended to," said Gloria, hastily, as she took a glass tumbler from the dresser, poured about a wine-glass full of spirits into it, and filled it up with boiling water from the kettle over the fire.

Then she put in two lumps of loaf-sugar, grated over it a little nutmeg, and handed it to the housekeeper, saying cheerfully:

"Take this, Mrs. Brent. This will warm and strengthen you."

"Thanky', honey. You are a dear good young lady!" said the grateful woman, taking the hot toddy and sipping it, to her evident comfort.

"And now, honey, if yer would only memorize de sidervation ob yer poor old Uncle Zed—"

"Yes, yes, Uncle Zed. I will attend to you this instant. Shall I mix your spirits as I did Mrs. Brent's?" kindly inquired Gloria.

"No, honey, I don't like it *mixed*; I don't like anything mixed; pertikler, I don't like mixed sperrits! I likes everyt'ing *pure*, honey; 'specially sperrits! Pure life, honey, and pure sperrits! Dat is my princerbells, honey."

Gloria took another glass, and poured out what she thought would be a safe quantity of the "elixir," and gave it to the old man, who holding it up in his hand, and looking lovingly upon it, began his usual temperance speech.

"Now, chillun, yer all sees dis tumbler ob sperrits wot I hold in my hand? Beware ob it, chillun. It's a

snare wot will lead yer all down to destruction. Wot fotch war on de countery? Whiskey! Wot fotch de cholery? Whiskey! Wot spiled all de corn and 'tatoe crop? Whiskey! Yes, chillun, w'iskey is a snare to de young. Dey musn't tetch it! Dey must leabe it all to de ageable ole people, specially wen dere ain't much ob it left, like it ain't in dat bottle! Yes, my honeys, w'iskey is a snare to de young, but it is a s'port to de ole agéd. Yer mustn't eben wish for it; but me and ole mist'ess dere, we is diff'ent! We must take it, dough we don't like it or don't 'prove ob it; we must take it to keep up our sinkin' and dyin' sperrits! And now, chillun, here's to yer all, honeys!" concluded the sable lecturer, as he tossed off his dram and set down the empty glass, making a very wry face, as if he had just swallowed a decoction of aloes.

"Now, Judy," said Gloria, taking up the previous question, "I wish you to tell me why you dared to bolt me out?"

"Oh, honey, 'deed you must 'scuse a poor ole cullored 'oman, who was scared almost to deaf! But you *was* so foolhardy and wentersome, honey, agoin' inter dat ole forsook place, where de black debbil hisse'f had gone just afore you, dat I didn't fink as ebber you *could* come out alibe, which I was afraid de black debbil would fly away with you, and afterward come t'row de door and fetch us! Dat de reason why I shet and bolted de door," said Judy.

"And so you cut off my retreat and left me to the mercy of the unknown enemy," replied the young lady.

"'Deed, honey, you must please to *ex*cuse a poor ig'nant ole colored 'oman, scared almost to deaf! I didn't bolt de door to keep *you* out, but to keep de debbil out," whimpered the negro woman.

"And you *did* keep the lady out, and you didn't keep the devil out!" said Mrs. Brent, sharply.

"Whar! whar! whar is he?" cried Judy in terror, looking all around, in dread of seeing his Satanic Majesty.

"Where? Why, in your own self! If he hadn't been, you wouldn't have acted such a base part!"

"'Deed dere ain't no debbil in me, ole mist'ess, and nebber was, needer!" said Aunt Judy, bridling.

"Now, Mrs. Brent, shall we not leave the kitchen and open the drawing-room? There can be no danger in broad daylight?" said Gloria, who was growing very tired of her quarters.

"Oh, no, no, not for the world! I ain't equal to it! I ain't, indeed, my dear! Wait until Peter Cummings and the boys get here, and then we will search the house."

"But *I* have been there already, alone, and returned unhurt," Gloria remonstrated.

"And a very venturesome thing it was for you to go, honey! It might have ended in death or madness, if you had met that horrible object in the house alone."

"Well, but I didn't meet it!"

"Did you see any signs of it, honey?" inquired the housekeeper, in a low whisper.

"Not the shadow of a shade of a sign."

"Did you look all through the rooms?"

"No, only into your room for the bottle, and out again immediately."

"And wasn't you afraid?"

"Of course I was. That was the reason why I seized the bottle and hurried away with it so fast."

"Then, if you was so much afraid, what did you go for?"

"Why, to get something to fetch you out of your fainting fit."

"Well, you are a brave young lady, honey. I don't think there is any courage in doing what one *ain't* afraid to do; but I think there is great courage in doing a duty that one *is* afraid to do," said the housekeeper, earnestly.

"Which if dey's ole ageable people, wid de 'mount ob a drap o' likker in 'em to keep dere sperrits up, it is so much easier like," remarked old Uncle Zeddy.

"Daddy!" called the voice of Aunt Judy from the scullery, to which she had just returned, "daddy! you stop talkin' nonsinse now, and go and fetch a bundle o' brush to kindle de fire, and then come in here and help me and Marthy Ann to pare de wegetables for dinner. Deir's 'tatoes and turnups to pare, and passnips and carrits to scrape, and a plenty ob 'em, too, for if Mr. Peter Cummings and his two boys is a comin' here, dey'll want an airly dinner, and a big dinner, too. Mind dat!"

"Now I do fink, chillun, as your poor old Uncle Zeddy ought to be 'lowed to 'tire from public affairs and rest for the remainduration ob his life," said the old man, with a sigh, as he arose to do Aunt Judy's bidding.

"Indeed, I think so, too, Uncle Zeddy. And sooner than you should be compelled to fetch the brush, I will go out and get it myself. I am younger and stronger than you are," said Gloria kindly, as she started up to carry her words into effect.

But the old man stopped her, with a face expressive of real dismay, as he exclaimed:

"*No*, ma'am *no*, not if I knows myself; not if my name is Ole Mr. Zedekiah Gryphyn, Sen'or; not while I draws de breff of life will *I* stand by, and see a lady, young or ole, white or colored, go out and tote wood! I ain't *dat* ole, nor likewise *dat* defirm but wot I can wait on a lady!"

And out he went, moving with more alacrity that Gloria had ever seen him display.

Soon after the exit of "poor old Uncle Zed," the sound of wheels was heard, and, in a few moments, a cart drew up before the kitchen door.

Mrs. Brent hastened to open it and receive her brother, Mr. Cummings, and her nephews, John and James.

Mr. Cummings was a tall, raw-boned, red-faced, and red-headed man, and his two sons, lads of eighteen and twenty, were like him, and exactly like each other.

"What's all this I hear?" demanded the elder Cummings, as he entered the kitchen. Then, seeing the young lady of the house, he said:

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; but this is a strange story I hear from my niece Philippa."

"Yes, Mr. Cummings—strange but true," replied the lady.

"Now, Madame Gloria, before you endorse my story you better hear what it was! I told him that the devil had come to fetch us last night," exclaimed Philippa, who had just ridden up, sprung from her horse, and entered the room.

"Well, my dear girl, I don't think you exaggerated. Sit down, Mr. Cummings. Are these your sons? I am glad to see you," said the lady as the young men bowed before her. "Take seats."

"And now about this strange visitor of yours, ma'am," began the overseer, when he and his lads were seated.

"Mr. Cummings, I beg you to hear the story from the lips of your good sister here," said the young lady.

The overseer turned his attentive face towards the housekeeper, who, after some little delay, began and related, without much exaggeration, the startling and alarming incidents of the preceding night and the early morning.

"It is very strange," mused the overseer. "You say it was about midnight when he came?"

"Yes," nodded the housekeeper.

"And the doors were all fast?"

"Bolted and barred."

"And he burst it open?"

"No!"

"I thought you said so. How was it, then?"

"The door was fast, bolted and barred. There came a powerful blast like the sudden rising of a storm. The front door flew open! In rushed this tall, dark form, whirling past us and through the hall and up the stairs. In the instant that I saw his dark, malignant face and flashing eyes I knew him—the ghost of Dyvyd Gryphyn! Now, you needn't smile! As sure as I sit here that was the face and form of Dyvyd Gryphyn!"

"He went up the front stairs, you say?"

"Whirled up, rather!"

"Did he come down again?"

"No, not that we saw. As soon as he vanished the storm that entered with him went down and all was quiet, and then we saw the door was shut just as fast as it had been before he and the storm passed through it. As soon as ever we could collect our scattered senses, we all came into the kitchen here, where we sat watching all the rest of the night."

"Were you disturbed again?"

"No, not till sunrise; not till we had sent Philippa after you. Then it came again."

"What came?"

"The ghost of Dyvid Gryphyn. Just as I was rejoicing at the daylight and bragging that I wasn't afraid of anything by sunshine, there came a harsh, crackling, horrid laugh that fairly curdled the very marrow of my backbone! I turned my head, and there it stood in the

door of the passage! And the room swam round with me and everything got dark. They say I fainted, but if I did it was the first time in my life, and I am nigh on to sixty years old."

"Where did it go?" inquired the overseer.

"Vanished into the dark passage. And then I, being a coward, bolted the door after it," added Gloria.

"It was the spectre of old Dyvyd Gryphyn!" exclaimed the housekeeper.

"Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful—if true!" mused the overseer.

"Now, Peter Cummings, do you remember twenty-two years ago last night, when I was sitting up alone in the hall waiting for Dyvyd Gryphyn to come home, how the barred and bolted door burst open, and *he* entered with a whirlwind, and how I followed him, thinking it was himself in the flesh? Don't you remember how we all searched the house over without being able to find a trace of him? And you know that the very next morning his dead body was brought home by the men who had found it on the duelling ground beyond Wolf's Gap, thirty miles away, and at least twelve hours before his ghost appeared to me? Yes, at the very time his body was lying stark dead and cold, on the ground, thirty miles away, his spectre passed before me in the way that I have told!"

"Yes, I remember all that. I shall never forget *that* the longest day I live!" said the overseer, thoughtfully.

"Well, and again last night, when his body has been mouldering in the grave for twenty-two years, his spectre passed before us *twice!* Now explain *that* in any way, if you can."

"I can't pretend to explain it, Peggy. The thing to do now is to search the house," said the overseer.

"Yes, you may do that; but you will find no more signs of Dyvyd Gryphyn's ghost to-day than you found twenty-two years ago."

"No, I don't expect to do so."

"What do you expect, then?"

"Not much of anything, unless it is, perhaps, some lurking tramp or sneak-thief hidden away to wait for a chance of stealing."

"Oh! a *sneak*-thief! He didn't look much like a *sneak*, of any sort, the way he came in, riding on the whirlwind! He looked more like the black *dee* himself!" said Philippa.

"Come, we are losing time. Let us commence our search. Will you come with us, ma'am, or remain here?" respectfully inquired the overseer.

"I will go with you, certainly," said Gloria, rising.

"And so will I," added Philippa.

"We will all go, except the servants, who must remain to get the dinner and replenish the fires," concluded Mrs. Brent.

"Oh, chillun, ef yer poor ole Uncle Zeddy hab got to stay here, couldn't yer gib me de 'mount ob a drap—"

But before the old man could finish his sentence the search committee had left the kitchen and were filing along the narrow passage leading to the hall.

They entered every room on the ground floor in turn, searched thoroughly, found no trace of the stranger's visit, and finally locked each room as they left it, drawing out the key, and taking it away.

"That is to prevent any interloper dodging us by sneaking from one room to another," the overseer explained, as, after having made a thorough though fruitless investigation of the ground floor, they began to ascend the great staircase.

They reached the upper hall, which was square in

form, with doors on every side leading into the chambers.

They locked first into the empty room, finding no vestige of the late intruder. Then they examined the housekeeper's room, which was discovered to be in its usual state. Next they opened that which had been occupied by David Lindsay during the three days of his short sojourn at Gryphynshold, and found it undisturbed. Each of all these rooms they locked up on leaving it, and withdrew the key, for the reasons already stated by Mr. Cummings—to prevent any lurking "stowaway" from eluding them by creeping from one room to another.

Finally Mr. Cummings asked permission to examine the lady's own private apartment.

"Why, of course, you must search my room also. It was as open to intrusion last night as any of the others," answered Gloria.

"Will you kindly enter before us, then, ma'am?" deferentially requested the overseer.

"I'll stand by you, Madame Gloria!" exclaimed Philippa, pressing to her side. "Right face!—Forward!—MARCH!"

The two young women went to the door of Gloria's room, opened it and entered.

But immediately recoiled with a simultaneous exclamation:

"OH-H-H!"

"What is it?" inquired the overseer.

"Is anybody there?" questioned the housekeeper.

The two young men said nothing, but craned their heads to peer into the chamber.

"That accounts for the dreadful noise we heard last night," whispered Gloria.

"I should think it might account for an earthquake," replied Philippa, in the same low tone.

"But what is the matter there?" again demanded the housekeeper.

"Hadn't we better go in, ma'am?" inquired the overseer.

"Yes, come in," replied the lady, leading the way.

The whole party followed her into the apartment, around which they gazed in astonishment.

Here, indeed, were many vestiges of the lawless nocturnal visitor!

The time-honored old black-walnut escritoire had been violently thrown down; its drawers and cabinets broken, and their partitions scattered far apart, and their contents, papers, parchments, and so forth, strewn widely over the floor! Closets had been ransacked and old garments and books thrown out. The old bureau had been overhauled and Gloria's little property tumbled out on the floor. Lastly, the bed clothes, pillows, and mattresses had been tossed up in the utmost confusion!

"Did any soul ever see anything like this?" demanded the housekeeper in dismay.

"This is the work of some being more substantial than a ghost!" said the overseer, shaking his head grimly.

"I told you so. It is the work of the black dee himself! And, Madame Gloria, it was evidently *you* who was the object of his visit! He came to fetch you, Madame Gloria, as is evident from his visit to your room, and his tossing up your bed with his pitchfork in search of you. Oh, Madame Gloria, you will not think of remaining another night in the house of which old Dyvid Gryphyn seems to have given the devil the freedom?" pleaded Philippa, half in jest and half in earnest.

"No," slowly and gravely answered the young lady, "I shall not remain here after to-day. I will go to the gate lodge with you and your aunt to-night, and to-morrow morning I will set out for Wolf's Gap, where I shall remain until I can hear from my friends. Mr. Cummings, will you please lock up this room as you locked up the rest, and withdraw the key. We will all go down now, for I dare say Aunt Judy has dinner ready, and I am sure, after your long ride and fatigue, you must require refreshment," added Gloria, as she led the way from the sacked chamber, followed by all her wondering party.

CHAPTER V.

THE PARTING LOVER.

Unequal task, a passion to resign
For heart so touched, so pierced, so lost as mine;
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate,
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain, do all things but forget!

POPE.

We must follow David Lindsay.

Peter Cummings, the overseer of Gryphynshold, has already assured us that the young man reached Wolf's Gap in safety, and took the night stage-coach for Staunton.

The first night of his journey was without any incident worth recording.

The coach changed horses at Abington about mid-

night, and stopped for breakfast at Grayson about sunrise.

After which it resumed its journey. There were only a few passengers, and these were for short stages, so that at every post-house one or two got off and one or two others got on.

But in the middle of the second night's journey, when they were within a few miles of Blackburg, a fearful accident happened. They were going through a dangerous mountain pass, where, as often occurred, the narrow road ran between a rising precipice on one hand and a falling one on the other. There were then but four passengers in the coach—David Lindsay and three other men.

All were fast asleep—lulled by the motion of the coach, as they lay back on their cushions—except David Lindsay, whom the thoughts of his lost love kept awake.

In the darkness of a starless midnight, along a road so ill lighted by the two coach lamps that objects and boundaries were rather more likely to be confused than to be made clearer, the leaders drew too near the edge of the falling precipice.

For a few yards they went on safely through the fearful peril, and then, suddenly, without a moment's warning, one of the off horses made a misstep, and coach, horses and passengers plunged over the precipice, crashing as they rolled over and fell into the tops of strong trees, that broke their fall only for an instant, to let them through and down into deeper depths of forest branches, which in turn gave way beneath the weight and dropped them finally at the base of the mountain.

Now came a time of inextricable confusion and deadly panic.

Not a groan or a cry was heard; not a face could be

seen. The lamps had been shattered and the lights put out by the fall. No one had been thrown out of the coach, but all were coiled and knotted together among the cushions and padded lining, which had helped to save them, within the half-broken body. No one as yet knew whether he were dead or alive, in pain or at ease. Even the horses did not move or struggle. They might be dead.

Some minutes passed in this manner, and then a groan arose from the midst of the silence.

Then a prayer:

"Lord have mercy upon us."

Finally a thanksgiving:

"Heaven be praised we are not all dead."

And now the stunned passengers began to recover their senses, and the coiled and knotted forms to unwind and extricate themselves amid more groans and lamentations.

"Has any one got the means of making a light?" inquired the voice of a practical man.

"I have a box of wax matches," answered one old fellow, who had made himself a nuisance by smoking the whole day and night.

"I have got a few pounds of candles in my carpet-bag that I was taking home to the old woman, but I reckon it is jumbled up among us so I can't find it," said another voice, as its owner began to wriggle about in the wreck in search of his property.

"Oh, don't; don't, for the Lord's sake! You are killing me! I am in great pain!" moaned a weak voice that had not ceased to moan and groan since they had recovered consciousness, after the shock of the fall.

"I am very sorry, friend," said the candle-owner, after he had found his bag and dragged it out from a

jumble of broken glass and splinters that had fallen on the body of the coach.

"Here they are, sir," he called out.

"Give them to me," said the first speaker, who had called for light, and whose name was David Lindsay. "No, I fear I cannot do it. I find my left arm is useless; but you, gentlemen, light a pair of candles and let us look about us. It is my hope and belief that no one is fatally injured."

"Oh! I am in great pain! I am in great pain!" groaned the wounded passenger.

"I am very sorry to hear it, sir. Where are you hurt?" inquired David Lindsay, sympathetically.

"Oh! my leg! my leg! It is crushed and broken, and bent up under me!"

"We must extricate this gentleman immediately. Take courage, sir, we will soon have you out, and no doubt there is some wood-cutter's or charcoal-burner's house near to which we can carry you," said the young man, cheerfully.

By this time two candles were lit, and by their light the condition of the inside of the coach could be clearly seen. It lay upon its left side. The right side windows were overhead, but broken into the body of the coach. It required some exertion to force the crushed window open and out, and it was only done at the expense of cut and wounded hands.

The man whom I will call the candle-master was the first to raise his head through the aperture and look abroad.

And this was his report:

"It is a cloudy night. Hardly a star to be seen. We are wrecked at the foot of the mountain, and about a hundred yards from the bank of the New River. Right opposite to us, on the other shore, I see a small group

of buildings, and a solitary watch-light burning. I take it to be a ferry. If so, help is at hand, of course."

"Thank Heaven!" fervently ejaculated David Lindsay.

And then he anxiously inquired:

"Do you see the stage-coachman? We have not heard a word from him since we fell. I am anxious about the fate of the poor fellow."

The "man on the look-out" paused as if to make a new observation, and then replied:

"No, I see no coachman, and his box is nothing but a mass of splinters and rags. Ah, poor soul! you know he would have been shot from his seat at the first fall. He's done for, unless indeed he saw the danger time enough to jump off, as he might, you know. And the horses lie stock still, as if they were dead, as likely they are. Well, I am going to climb out and try to get assistance."

With this the young man, who was unhurt, or the least hurt of the party, clambered out through the broken window at the cost of scratched skin and torn raiment, and being on the outside, succeeded in opening the door and extricating his fellow-passengers.

First came the old smoker, groaning and complaining of his wounds and bruises, which, as they did not hamper his movements, seemed to be superficial.

Next came David Lindsay, whose left arm hung motionless by his side.

Yet with his right arm he lent what assistance he could to the unhurt men in tenderly removing their most seriously injured fellow-traveler from the coach and laying him carefully down on a pallet that they had made on the ground of their own overcoats.

Then the broken man, who had shrieked with agony on being drawn from the body of the coach, became

quiet, and seemed so prostrated as to be on the verge of fainting or dying.

"Has any one a brandy flask?" inquired David Lindsay.

"Yes! I never travel without my pocket-pistol," promptly replied the old smoker, drawing a little flat bottle from his breast.

"Uncork it and put the neck to his mouth—for mercy's sake, quickly!" directed the amateur doctor.

The old smoker knelt and obeyed orders.

The wounded man drank and was revived.

"Now, we must get help from the house across there, as soon as possible," exclaimed David Lindsay, going closer to the banks of the stream.

The New River here was deep and narrow. An athlete might almost have thrown a stone from one shore to the other.

The spot was highly picturesque. The wrecked stage-coach and dead horses lay at the foot of the lofty, wooden precipice down which they had fallen. Before them rolled the dark, narrow, rapid river; beyond that lay a hilly shore, and down near the water were grouped half a dozen small buildings, that might have been cottage, barn and boat-house belonging to a ferry, such as are so frequently to be found on the mountain rivers.

A single light was burning near the shore, and duplicated by reflection in the water below.

But not a sound was to be heard from that side.

"They are all asleep, doubtless," said David Lindsay, "but we must try to rouse them."

Whereupon the young man who was unhurt, put up both his hands to his mouth for a trumpet, and shouted forth:

"HALLO-O-O! YO-HO! O—HOUSE!"

He waited a few moments, and getting no response, repeated his summons; then a few moments longer, and still receiving no answer, reiterated it, adding, as he recovered his breath:

"Now, if *that* don't fetch 'em, I'll just throw off my clothes and swim the river! It is nothing."

"Not in good weather, but on a winter night you might take cramp and drown, or get cold and die of pleurisy," suggested the old smoker.

"Not a bit of it! It will be cold enough, but when I get to the other side, I'll warm myself by thrashing the first drowsy, stupid clown that I can wake up!" exclaimed the young fellow.

At this moment, among the murky buildings on the opposite shore, another light appeared and was reflected in the water beneath, while a voice shouted from across the river:

"HALL-O-O!"

"HALLO YOURSELF, you slow turtle!" shouted the young traveler.

"What's wanted?"

"A boat! There's been an accident! Stage-coach pitched over the precipice! Four horses and the coachman killed! Three passengers hurt, one badly!" shouted the young fellow.

"All right!" roared the ferryman, referring to the boat, of course, and not to the accident.

"Put a little bed or some pillows in it, for the injured man!" bawled the youth.

"Just so!" yelled the ferryman, who was already going about the business, as they could see from the motion of the light in his hand.

Presently the light disappeared, and presently after reappeared; and then in a few minutes the dip of oars was heard, and in a few minutes more the boat grounded

on the sands below the wrecked stage-coach, and two men sprang from it, and began immediately to ask a multitude of questions, which it would have taken an hour to answer in detail.

"We know nothing about the cause of the accident or who was to blame, if anybody was. I think we were asleep when it happened. The coach fell over the precipice into the tops of the trees, that must have broken the fall considerably, several times before we reached the bottom, or we should all have been crushed to death, notwithstanding these cushions and padded sides, that did also help to save our limbs," answered the young man, as he helped the two ferrymen to lift the body of the groaning victim and lay him on the bed in the boat.

"Any of the luggage in the boot saved, I wonder," said the old smoker, as he walked around the wreck of the stage-coach. But the boot had burst and let fall the heavy trunks before reaching the bottom, and now nothing remained but flapping leather rags.

"Oh, law! my box is gone!" cried the old smoker.

"You may find it, sir, all the same, either lodged in some of the bushes on the mountain side, or maybe down on the road itself, supposing it might have rolled all the way down. Better get on the boat now, sir, and look for your box to-morrow," said the elder of the two ferrymen, as he stood up on the boat, waiting for his last passenger.

The old man unwillingly abandoned the search, and got into the boat, that was swiftly rowed to the opposite bank, where all the party landed.

The wounded and groaning man suffered so much on being touched or moved, that David Lindsay suggested that they should lift him by the corners of the bed on which he lay, and so carry him to some mattress on a bedstead on the ground floor, if such could be obtained.

The elder ferryman assured him that it could.

David Lindsay's advice was followed.

The wounded traveler was conveyed to a small but clean bedroom, warmed by a wood-fire, and adjoining the parlor, and made as comfortable as his circumstances would admit, while the landlord sent one of his men on horseback to Christianburg, the nearest hamlet, to fetch a physician.

"And here is this gentleman, who is seriously hurt, though he says nothing about it," remarked the young farmer, pointing to David Lindsay, towards whom all now looked.

"My left arm is useless; that is all. Nothing can be done until the doctor comes, and even then he must attend to the more suffering man first," said David Lindsay, with a smile.

It was now so near day that the faint rosy tinge from the light of the rising sun could be seen above the opposite mountain tops.

The landlord (and ferryman), whose name was Kirk, now aroused all his family, and bade them arise and prepare breakfast for the unlucky travelers.

A few minutes after sunrise a Dr. Petit, from the neighboring hamlet, arrived, and was ushered in to the bedside of the injured passenger, whose hurts he declared to be far more painful than dangerous, consisting of a sprained ankle and cut and torn and bruised legs.

Having ministered to this man, the doctor came out and examined David Lindsay's arm, which he found broken midway between the elbow and shoulder.

With great skill he set, splintered, and bound it up, and put it in a sling.

"You will have a little local pain during the knitting together of the bone, but that will be the only uncon-

venience you will suffer," said the kind-hearted doctor as he left the young man and turned to see to the injuries of the old farmer, who was complaining very much; though nothing but a few scratches and bruises, requiring little or no treatment, were found upon him.

Breakfast was now ready, and the good doctor sat down to the table with his three patients, who were not so badly off but that they could relish the fragrant coffee, fresh venison, corn-bread and light rolls set before them.

The morning meal was not over when the people of the neighborhood, who had heard a rumor of the accident, began to assemble at the ferry to visit the scene of the calamity, and inquire into all the particulars.

Before noon it was ascertained that the coach was a total wreck, the horses killed, and the coachmam missing.

Before night the body of the unfortunate coachman was found in a fissure of rocks, about half way down the precipice. It was brought to the ferry-house for the inquest. Nearly all the luggage belonging to the passengers was recovered by the diligent search of the neighbors, lodged among the bushes on the mountain side, or fallen on the road below.

The inquest was held the same night, the verdict rendered being accidental death, and the body of the poor man was put in a rude coffin, and set in a cold loft over the stables to await the arrival of his son, who, being known to the ferryman, had been sent for.

The old smoker and the young farmer walked over to Christianburg the next day to meet the Staunton coach.

David Lindsay, feeling compassion for the man whose injuries still confined him to his bed, determined to remain a day or two longer to keep him company.

It was on the third evening after his arrival at the

ferry that he entered the common parlor of the house, and found it occupied by a stranger, who was striding up and down the floor.

He was a tall, dark, sinister-looking man, enveloped from head to foot in a long black cloak. A swarthy forehead, bushy brows, and fierce, black eyes, full of malignant fire, was all that could be seen of his face, for a flap of his black cloak was thrown over it so as to conceal the lower part.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STRANGER.

The mind that broods o'er guilty woes,
  Is like the scorpion girt by fire,
In circle narrowing as it glows,
  And maddening in its ire.
So writhes the mind remorse hath riven,
Unfit for earth, undoomed for Heaven;
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death!

BYRON.

David Lindsay drew a chair to the genial wood fire and seated himself; but his attention continually wandered toward the forbidding stranger, who, closely wrapped in his long black cloak, and with his slouched hat pulled over his brow, continued to stride up and down the floor.

Once, as David Lindsay happened to look up from his seat just as the stranger turned around in his walk, their glances met, when so dark a scowl lowered down

on the brow of the unknown, so fierce a fire flashed from his eyes that the young man, stricken as by an electric shock, recoiled and turned away.

The stranger still continued to pace up and down the floor with long strides, while the youth, sitting at the fireside, could scarcely resist the sinister fascination that drew him to look again on what he loathed, yet strangely pitied; for, under the shrouding shadows of the cloak and hat, all that could be seen of that dark form revealed despairing anguish and demoniac malignity. In a word, it was the aspect of a tortured fiend.

After a few moments the repulsive stranger snatched something from the table and strode from the room.

David Lindsay, from some impulse that he could not have explained, arose with a feeling of relief, and, though the night was intensely cold, he threw up all the windows in the room that the pure outside air might blow freely through it.

He walked slowly up and down, until the room was thoroughly ventilated, and then closed the windows again.

He had scarcely reseated himself when Aaron Kirk, the landlord's son, came in bringing a lighted lamp, which he placed upon the table.

"Do you know who the gentleman was that left the parlor about fifteen minutes since?" inquired David Lindsay.

"Blest if I do, sir. He came here first about four or five days ago and left his horse, a valuable one, which was dead beat, and hired a fresh one from father to take him down the country some'ers, and to-night he came back and brought father's horse and got his own, and now he's gone again."

"Where?" inquired David Lindsay.

"Don't know, sir, beggin' pardon; I did ventur' to

ask him if he was going to Christianburg to catch the Staunton stage-coach. He didn't make me any answer but he gave me *such a look.* Then, of course after that I didn't ask any questions. He was a good transient customer. He paid liberally for the use of our horse and the keep of his own; but I think the house is well rid of him, all the same, sir!" said the young ferryman.

"Very likely, yet I pity him; he seemed to suffer," replied David Lindsay, in a musing tone.

During the remainder of the young man's sojourn at the ferry, the dark form and face of the sinister stranger haunted his imagination painfully and persistently.

On one occasion he spoke to the landlord concerning the unknown.

"No, sir," replied Mr. Kirk, in answer to inquiries, "I am not acquainted with him. Never saw his face in my life, until he came here to hire my horse and leave his own. And then I liked his looks so little, that I wouldn't have trusted him with my horse at any price, if his own hadn't been the more valuable of the two. When he brought mine back and got his own, he asked me what was to pay. And then, you see, I thought I would find out who he was. So I politely asked him in whose name I should make out the bill and receipt. But, laws a mercy! he scowled on me like a black thunder-cloud, thumped down a bank-note for twenty dollars on the counter, and bade me take my pay and give him the change. I did so, and he mounted his horse and galloped away. I was glad enough; for all the time he stayed, I seemed to see smoke and smell brimstone."

David Lindsay smiled slightly, on perceiving that the landlord had felt as he himself had, a certain sense of

oppression, almost of suffocation, in the presence of the stranger. The next moment this thought gave place to a feeling of pity for the unknown, and he said gravely :

"The man seemed to be utterly despairing."

"Yes, he looked like he had something very heavy on his conscience. I shouldn't wonder if he was a murderer. And now I come to think of it—" added Kirk, and then he paused.

"What?" inquired David Lindsay, with much interest. "What do you think?"

"Why, he *does* look something like a man I used to know long ago, when I was a young shaver like you."

"Who was he?" inquired David Lindsay.

The two men had been standing in front of the parlor fire. It was evening, but the lamp was not yet lighted and brought in, when this conversation commenced :

"Sit down," said Mr. Kirk, taking a seat for himself. "Sit down and I will tell you. I must sit, for the very thought of that affair makes me so weak in my limbs that I really can't stand."

David Lindsay seated himself and waited to hear more.

"It was a Colonel Murdockson. He was in the Reg'lars. He was down here on leave, spending Christmas holidays with some relations."

"Yes," said David Lindsay, seeing that the landlord paused.

"Well, he was a handsome fellow, tall, and straight as an arrow, and when he drew himself up, and threw his shoulders back, and lifted his head, he was as soldierly a looking officer as you would be likely to meet in a day's march."

"And yet you say this sinister stranger looked like him?"

"Yes, only older and blacker and wickeder! This Marmaduke Murdockson was a splendid, handsome young blade, as I said, with a face as clear and white, and features as regular and delicate as any girl's; but with a pair of flashing black eyes, as well as a heavy head of curling black hair, and a full black beard that covered the whole lower part of his face and hung a foot down on his chest. I was a youngster then, carefully nursing the first down on my chin; and I remember how I used to envy his black beard! It was the only thing I did envy the handsome stranger who dazzled the whole county. My father kept this house then, and the elegant colonel used to stop here sometimes when hunting in the neighborhood, you understand."

"Certainly."

"Well, sir, as I said, he came first just before the Christmas holidays. It was in January, a week or so later, that the colonel fell into the company of the wickedest man in the wickedest race of men ever known in this, or in any other country—Dyvyd Gryphyn. If you have ever been down in the neighborhood of Wolf's Gap you must have heard of Gryphynhold and him, too."

"I have heard of both," replied David Lindsay.

"Well, sir, there must have been a spark of the devil in this dashing colonel, or he never could have struck up such a sudden and furious friendship with the devil himself, meaning Dyvyd ap Gryphyn."

"Dyvyd '*ap*' Gryphyn?" inquired David Lindsay.

"Dyvyd ap Gryphyn was what he called himself, though everybody else called him plain Dyvyd Gryphyn a name that is barbarous enough in itself without any 'aps.'"

"Go on, if you please."

"Well, sir, they two grew as thick as thieves, or sweethearts, or newly married lovers. They were

always together. They were often here, when on hunting expeditions. And mind you, sir, it was not always the winged or the four-footed creatures they were after," added the landlord mysteriously.

"What then?" inquired young Lindsay.

"Ah, sir, many a simple, confiding lass had cause to lament the day she first set eyes on the dashing colonel! Not as I believe any of 'em really let themselves be led astray, neither. That ain't the way of our good girls down in these here parts; but the splendid Marmaduke had a winning manner and a way of breaking hearts that he delighted in and boasted of, to gratify his pride and vanity."

"The demon!" indignantly exclaimed David Lindsay.

"Yes, sir; but he was a very handsome demon just about that time. And, sir, he used to brag—I have heard him do it in this very parlor, when he and Dyvyd ap Gryphyn were over their liquor, I have heard him brag that he had only to look at a woman to make her his slave!"

"Ugh!" exclaimed the honest young fisherman in unutterable disgust and abhorrence

"Well, sir, the end came sooner than any one might have thought. That friendship of theirs, sir, was like the lighted fuse of a grenade. It soon burnt to the end and exploded, as might have been expected sooner or later; though, as I said, it burst up sooner than any one expected."

"Umph!"

"The way of it was this: They were here one evening after a day's hunt. They were smoking and drinking together at that very table in this parlor, and I running in and out to answer their bell or obey their orders. They didn't mind me. I was but a slip of a

youth, and besides they were so much in liquor that they were reckless of what they said, I reckon. Well, sir, the colonel began as usual to brag of the number of hearts he had broken—"

"Was this man a devil indeed?" broke in young Lindsay.

"Something like it, sir, as you will say when you hear the end. But you have seen him, and you may judge for yourself."

"Whom do you mean? This stranger who refused to give his name?"

"Yes! It runs in my head, and I can't drive it out, that this forbidding stranger, who declined to give his name, is no other than the long missing fugitive, Marmaduke Murdockson. But to go back to that night when they sat over their liquor, one bragging of conduct of which he ought to have been deeply ashamed, and the other listening and sneering. At last Dyvyd ap Gryphyn, curling his lip, said:

"'So you think no woman whom you honor with your notice could be proof against your fascinations?'

"'I have never found such a one yet. If there is such a one I have yet to discover her,' answered the unblushing villain.

"'I'll find one for you—one who will be proof against all your allurements, my fine fellow,' said Dyvyd ap Gryphyn who, being very much intoxicated, was very much inclined to be insulting and aggressive.

"'I'll bet you a thousand dollars that you don't!' exclaimed the boasting lady-killer.

"'I'll bet you two thousand dollars that I do,' retorted Dyvyd ap Gryphyn.

"'Done,' said the other.

"And the money was put up in the form of notes of hand by both of them, and my father was called in to

hold the stakes. Then more brandy and cigars were ordered.

"'Where is this peerless Diana to whom you will introduce me?' sneeringly inquired the dashing colonel.

"'In my house at Gryphynhold,' replied his companion.

"'Oh, the sleeping beauty in the wood! The enchanted princess in the castle! the secluded Venus, of whom every one has heard so much, but no one has ever seen!' sneered the dashing colonel.

"'*You* shall see her, and lose two thousand dollars by your boasting,' retorted Gryphyn.

"The notes were then put in my father's hands. My father then sent me out to bring his cash-box that he might lock them up in the presence of the two men.

"'Now, sir,' said Gryphyn to the colonel, 'listen to me. I have some gentlemen coming to dine with me next Wednesday. Join us and I will give you a sight of the woman who will treat you with coolness or with contempt, according to your deportment toward her.

"'Yes; but you must not only give me a sight of the beauty, but a chance to win her affections,' added the colonel.

"'Oh, of course,' agreed Dyvyd ap Gryphyn. And so the talk ended, at least, for me; for having no more business in the parlor, I was sent off to put away the cash-box, and with an intimation that I need not return. I think my father did not consider the conversation of these two gentlemen edifying to his son.

"Well, Mr. Lindsay, the colonel and his friend went away the next day, and I never saw them alive afterwards. All that I have now to tell you of the issue of that fatal bet is hearsay only. You may give it what credit you please."

"Go on," said David Lindsay.

"Well, it seems that there was a beautiful young woman at the Devil's Den up there, meaning Gryphynhold, and that she lived in the closest privacy, almost like a prisoner, never being seen by any of the guests who came to the house. Some said she was Gryphyn's wife, some said that she was not. However that might be, one thing is certain, she was as beautiful as the morning star, and she was held in captivity as close as any sultan's slave."

"I have heard something about that hapless lady," said David Lindsay, compassionately.

"Well, sir, it seems that the next Wednesday night—the night of the dinner-party—an orgie was held at Gryphynhold, more like unto the carousal of fiends than the festivities of rational men. All, from the host to the youngest guest, went roaring mad with drink, and in the height of the uproar this young woman, who, whatever else she might have been, was certainly modest and retiring, was ordered down stairs by her lord and master. She came down, trembling equally to obey or disobey such a summons."

"Ah!" sighed David Lindsay, from the pity of his heart.

"Now, sir, what took place that night, Satan only knows; but at length the poor girl escaped from the drunken rabble, and ran and took sanctuary in her own room. Next morning the orgies broke up, and the guests all went away, accompanied by their host as far as Wolf's Gap, where they all stopped for lunch."

"Was Alick Cummings ferryman and landlord there at the time?"

"Yes, sir, he was; and it was from him and his sister, Mrs. Brent, who was housekeeper at Gryphynhold, that I heard all I am going to tell you. There was a quarrel over the wine. The dashing colonel claimed that he

had won the bet: that the lady had looked on him with eyes of the greatest favor, and was ready to throw herself in his arms if he only opened them! All this was the most ridiculous boasting on the part of Colonel Murdockson, who did not seem to expect any one to believe him."

"I should suppose not, indeed," said David Lindsay.

"But for all that, sir, it fired the jealousy of Dyvyd Gryphyn, who was the most furiously and frantically jealous man on the face of the earth, as you will presently see. He was the more madly jealous because he had been too drunk on the preceding night to remember what had really happened, or whether the captive beauty had really smiled on the fascinating colonel or not. He then denounced Colonel Murdockson by every ill name one man could call another. The colonel challenged him, and a duel was arranged to be fought the next morning without seconds."

"But why on earth did not some one prevent such a wicked and murderous meeting?" demanded David Lindsay, in surprise.

"Because no one knew anything about it until it was too late. Alick Cummings and others, to be sure, heard them quarrelling, but did not know that any challenge had passed."

"But the other men of the party, who had ridden from Gryphynhold with them, and must have been at the same table?"

"Oh, I should have told you, sir, that immediately after lunch at Wolf's Gap, the other gentlemen of the party took the Staunton stage-coach when it stopped for passengers, and went away, leaving Colonel Murdockson and Dyvyd Gryphyn to their brandy and cigars. though I believe the dispute about the girl had commenced before the others left. but you see it hadn't got to such

a height. Well, sir, the weather had changed, and it was coming on to snow. But Dyvyd Gryphyn came out in a fury, ordered his horse, threw himself into his saddle, and set off to Gryphynhold, where he arrived late that night."

"And committed an act of cruelty scarcely equalled in atrocity by the fellest deeds of the most fiendish monsters that ever lived!" exclaimed David Lindsay.

"Yes, sir, dragged her helpless from her bed in the dead of night, and turned her out of doors to perish in the snow. But retribution overtook him, sir, in less than twenty-four hours. However, you see, sir, little did anybody at Wolf's Gap suspect the devilish act he had been guilty of when he appeared next morning at the ferry-house, where Colonel Murdockson had stayed all night to keep his fatal appointment."

"What cold-blooded wickedness!"

"Yes, sir, it was; for when the two men walked out together early that morning, the folks at the ferry-house thought that they had made up their quarrel, and little suspected that they had gone to fight a murderous duel to the very death—but so it was. Neither of them was ever seen alive after that. By the merest chance of a hunter coming home through the dell where the duel had been fought, the dead body of Dyvyd Gryphyn was found within two hours after he had left Wolf's Gap alive. You must have heard of that duel sir, if you ever heard of Gryphynhold."

"Yes, sir, I have heard of it."

"Well, sir, the strangest part of it was this: Though the body of Dyvyd Gryphyn, being carried in a covered cart over the dreadful mountain roads, did not reach Gryphynhold until twelve o'clock noon the next day, his spirit had gone before and entered the house, and appeared to his servants at midnight, just twelve hours

after the discovery of his dead body on the duelling-ground, and twelve hours previous to the arrival of that body at Gryphynhold."

"I have heard of that circumstance. It was very wonderful—*if true*," added David Lindsay, with a smile.

"If true, sir? Why, the fact is supported by evidence that would *establish* any other fact before any court of justice in the world!" said the landlord, energetically.

"The body of Dyvyd Gryphyn was found on the duelling-ground?"

"Yes, sir, dreadfully mutilated. The coroner's inquest that sat on the remains at Gryphynhold brought in a verdict of wilful murder against Marmaduke Murdockson, who had fled from justice immediately after the occurrence. I think *that* was what made it look so black, sir. I think if he had stood his ground it would have been brought in manslaughter, or something to that same effect, I mean, and when he should have come to trial he would have been acquitted. But he fled, sir. He fled from justice. It looked very black."

"And has he never been heard of since?"

"Never, sir; never once. Not even the slightest clue has ever been obtained to his hiding-place. Luckily he left no near relations to break their hearts over his fate, and no property for distant relatives to fight over. He had nothing but his commission in the army, sir."

"And the unhappy young woman turned out to perish in the storm, was her fate never positively ascertained?"

"Well, no, sir, not positively. Some weeks after her exposure the dead body of a woman was found on the mountains; but the birds and the beasts of prey had

been the first to discover it, and so it was quite past recognition, though every one naturally supposed it to be that of poor Desolée, the young woman of Gryphynhold. Well, sir, all this happened twenty-two or twenty-three years ago. The estate has passed into other hands, and Gryphynhold has been pretty nearly forsaken, and would be forgotten as well, if it were not for the ghosts."

"'Ghosts!'" echoed David Lindsay, with a laugh.

"Ay, sir, ghosts! Passers by the road below the house have seen and heard strange things, and men who have been out racoon hunting in the night have seen a young and beautiful being clothed in white, walking, weeping, and wringing her hands."

"And you believe all this, Mr. Kirk?"

"Why not? I should believe any material fact on the same evidence. Why not believe this, even though we cannot understand or explain it?"

"Because it is unnatural and improbable, if not impossible."

"Well, sir, that is all I have to tell you about those dreadful events of long ago, except that I feel convinced in my own mind that the dark, repulsive stranger, who came here and went away so mysteriously is no other than Marmaduke Murdockson."

"What can be his motive for revisiting the scene of his crimes and dangers?"

"Ah! who can tell that? Not I, indeed."

And then excusing himself by saying that he had something to attend to, the landlord left the room.

David Lindsay spent the remainder of the evening in writing a long letter to Gloria; for a mail was to go out to Wolf's Gap by the early morning coach that would pass through Christianburg, and a special mail bag would start this night with letters from Kirk's Ferry.

This was the first opportunity the young man had found for dispatching a letter.

The next day the son of the unfortunate stage-coachman arrived at the ferry and took his father's body home for burial. On the fourth day, the wife of the wounded traveler arrived and took her place at the bedside of her husband. And not until then did the self-forgetting young fisherman feel free to resume his journey.

On the evening of the same day that saw the arrival of the sick man's wife, David Lindsay walked over to Christianburg, valise in hand, to be on the spot to take the stage that passed through in the morning.

At sunrise he was once more on the road.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LOVER'S WEIRD.

A boat at midnight sent alone
To drift upon a moonless sea,
A lute, whose leading chord is gone,
A wounded bird, that hath but one
Imperfect wing to soar upon,
Is like my soul without thee.

THOMAS MOORE.

As David Lindsay journeyed farther and farther from Gloria, the pain of absence settled deeper and deeper in his heart.

Yet he was not in despair. What faithful lover ever is?

He was youthful; she was childlike; there was time enough before them; and he hoped some day to make

himself fit to become her mate before the world. He did not think he was *now* fit to be so. He was not like the humbly-born hero of a celebrated poem, who apostrophized his love:

> "I am worthy, for I love you,
> I am worthy as a king!"

David Lindsay was too humble and reverent—not because he was a poor, lowly-born fisherman; no, for if he had been born a prince, he would have had the same humility and reverence that is inherent in every pure and elevated spirit.

The one Divine Man in his life and death, gave us the most illustrious example of this; and those who follow Him nearest, are the most like Him in this respect.

It is the lowest order of souls, whatever their social position may be, who are the most egotistical and supercilious.

David Lindsay did not think himself worthy of her who had first beamed on him like a little angel from the Lord's kingdom; but he aspired to become so, in the course of time.

Meanwhile, he felt the pain of absence very bitterly; but tried, by thinking of his duty, to divert his mind from it.

His duty lay plain enough before him. To go to Washington and deliver Gloria's letter of explanation to Miss Agrippina de Crespigney, and to try to induce that lady to go down to Gryphynhold and take Gloria under her protection; and then go down to his own little home on Sandy Isle and stay with his grand mother, to take care of her to the end of her life, even though she should live to be a hundred years old—by

which time he himself would be in the decline of life—and to use all his leisure in studying to cultivate his mind, and in every way improve himself, for Gloria's sake.

He felt that he had the power to work and the patience to wait.

It was near morning, on a spring-like day, in the first week of February, that David Lindsay arrived in Washington city by the Winchester stage.

He took a room in the nearest hotel, and lay down to obtain a few hours' rest after his fatiguing ride of several days and nights.

Having had a refreshing sleep, he arose a little after sunrise, made a careful toilet, took breakfast, and then set out in search of Miss Agrippina de Crespigney.

He was not sure where he should find her; but the fashionable hotels were, at that time, few in number in Washington, and soon run through.

He thought he would inquire first at "Gadsby's," where, he had heard Gloria say, the de Crespigneys had once stopped.

He walked down Pennsylvania avenue until he came to the corner of Sixth street, where, at that time, the old hotel stood.

He went into the office and inquired of the young man at the desk behind the counter whether Madame de Crespigney and family were at that house. Being answered in the affirmative, he next asked:

"Do you know if Miss Agrippina de Crespigney is in?"

"I do not; but if you will walk into the reception room and send up your card by a waiter, you will find out," replied the hotel clerk, whose experience soon detected in David Lindsay a young man from the "rural" districts.

Poor David Lindsay had never possessed a card in his life, and it is not certain that at this time he knew exactly what was meant.

However, he followed the waiter to the reception room, and then drew Gloria's letter from his breast pocket and looked at it. It was superscribed:

"To Miss de Crespigney—to present Mr. David Lindsay."

He gave the letter to the waiter to take up to the lady, and then his heart failed him.

There is one sort of antagonist that the bravest hero will quail at the thought of meeting! Warriors who have gone without fear straight up into the cannon's mouth, marching "to death as to a festival," have blenched before the face of a sharp, severe, austere old woman!

David Lindsay paced up and down the floor of the public room, in great dread of meeting "Miss Aggravator."

He knew she would take time to read and study Gloria's letter, and that the letter contained everything she would require to know in explanation of their strange marriage. Yet he shrank from encountering the keen eyes and waspish tongue of the old lady.

He had to wait an hour, which suspense and anxiety seemed to drag out into two or three.

At length the door opened, and Miss de Crespigney entered the room, her sallow face paler, her eyes keener, her nose sharper, her lips closer, her black curls stiffer than ever. She wore a tight-fitting dress of dark navy-blue serge.

Her whole aspect was very severe when she entered.

David Lindsay bowed and placed a chair for her.

"*Well*, young man! *Now*, what have you got to say

for yourself, eh?" she demanded, as she sat down in the chair, holding herself bolt upright.

"Only this, Miss de Crespigney, that *no* man could have done otherwise than I have done," answered David Lindsay, with a modest self-respect that inspired him at that moment, he knew not wherefore.

"THE IMPUDENCE OF THE FELLOW!"

David Lindsay, standing before her, bowed ironically. (I am afraid the devil was getting into my angel.)

"Pray, you vagabond, why did you run off with Colonel de Crespigney's niece?"

David Lindsay made no answer whatever, not even by a look.

"Do you hear me, sir?" demanded the lady.

"Yes, madam, I hear you."

"Why don't you answer, then?"

"Did you address me? I thought you spoke to some one whom you called a vagabond, not to me."

Miss Agrippina had the grace to blush.

"I am quite ready to answer any question you may please to address to me, Miss de Crespigney," said the young man, with a bow.

"Upon my sacred word and honor times have come to a pretty pass when young men of your station take such a line as that! Then, I ask you, *Mr. David Lindsay*, how you dared to run off with Colonel de Crespigney's niece?"

"To take her from Colonel de Crespigney's power. But, doubtless, the young lady has told you all that in her letter," calmly replied the young man.

"THE INSOLENCE OF THE FELLOW!"

David Lindsay bowed again and smiled.

"What do you think ought to be done to you, sir, for that deed?" angrily demanded Miss Agrippina.

"Justice," replied David Lindsay.

"Here is the life of a young and beautiful, high-born and wealthy girl ruined forever!"

"Stop there, if you please, Miss de Crespigney; for 'ruined,' say *saved from ruin.* You have read your niece's letter, and you know that awful extremity to which she was driven, and which was likely indeed to have driven her to madness, to desperation and to crime, and from which nothing but the marriage she contracted with me could have saved her."

"She might have escaped to me, and thrown herself upon my protection."

"You could not have protected her against the legal authority of her guardian, whose power over her could only cease on her marriage with another man, or her attaining her majority; nor could she have protected herself long from the importunity of the uncle whom she tenderly loved. In some weak moment she must have consented to become his wife, in what her faith has taught her to consider a sacrilegious marriage."

"It *would* have been a sacrilegious marriage!" exclaimed Miss de Crespigney.

"Her only refuge from such a fate was the marriage she contracted with me—a nominal marriage only, Miss de Crespigney—a marriage of which I shall never take the slightest advantage. What! Shall I to whom she fled for refuge from another, be the one to turn upon her as an aggressor? Put her in new terror and distress? Oh, no, no, Miss de Crespigney! Heaven forbid! My love is her full and perfect sanctuary and defence, even from myself," said the young man, earnestly, fervently.

Miss Agrippina looked at him in astonishment and admiration! gazed in his face, now glowing with the holy spirit of self-dedication, until that face became as

a revelation to her own somewhat hard, selfish and worldly nature.

"You ought to be a gentleman, young Lindsay, you ought, indeed. I do not wonder that my niece, the Countess Gloria— But what am I talking about?" she said, relapsing into her former state.

But no more words of scorn, contempt, or anger could she utter to the true gentleman standing before her.

"Will you take counsel with me, Miss de Crespigney, as to how, in this state of affairs, I can best serve the welfare of your niece?" he quietly asked.

"Yes, Mr. Lindsay, I will. Our Church, I am happy to say, does not approve of, or recognize, divorce at all, under any circumstances; nor indeed, if it did, would it be advisable to have this merely nominal marriage annulled by a full divorce, for that would leave the Countess Gloria still exposed to the importunities of Colonel de Crespigney; place her in fact exactly where she stood before. So, for every reason, a full divorce is not to be thought of," said Miss de Crespigney.

"No," answered the young man.

"But a limited divorce, Mr. Lindsay, such as our religion permits under some circumstances—a limited divorce is what would be proper here. You know what I mean?"

"Yes, madam, a full and complete separation of the married pair, without annulment of the marriage."

"That is it. Now, if you would consent to such an arrangement as that, it would be the best that could be made; for you know, my dear Mr. Lindsay, that it is scarcely fitting that you—" She paused; she could not *now* add anything that might in the slightest degree seem to reflect on the gentleman before her.

"I know, I know," answered David Lindsay, gently;

"and I will do anything, consent to anything that you and your niece shall decide upon, when you shall have consulted together. You will go to her, I hope?"

"I will set out immediately, by the very next coach which leaves for Winchester, and I will bring her to Washington with me. It is not right that she should remain in such a barbarous neighborhood as that of Gryphynhold," said Miss de Crespigney.

"May I be permitted to inquire after the health of Colonel de Crespigney, madam?" inquired the young man.

"Oh, he has been very ill, as he deserved to be. He followed you to Washington the day after your flight; arrived here in the morning to find that you had been married and had left the city the night before. Then he broke down and fell ill of a nervous fever, from which he is just now recovering. He is in this house, but he is not able to leave his room. His mother is with him. I believe that he meditates going to Europe with his mother and sisters next summer."

David Lindsay then arose to take leave, saying, as he did so:

"My post-office address is St. Inigoes, St. Mary's County. If you, or 'the Countess Gloria,' have any commands for me, please write them."

"I will do so, Mr. Lindsay. And pray let me now retract and apologize for any rude words I may have uttered under my first provocation."

"Pray do not think it necessary, my dear madam. They are already forgotten," he answered, as he bowed over her hand that she had offered him.

So they who met in antagonism, parted in harmony.

David Lindsay hurried back to his hotel, wrote and posted a letter to Gloria, then paid his bill, took his valise and hastened to the steamboat wharf, where he

was so fortunate as to catch the boat just about leaving for the Lower Potomac and Chesapeake Bay.

After a cold but quick run, he reached La Compte's Landing, and hired an old negro to take him in his boat across to Sandy Isle.

The sun was setting as he jumped ashore on the little sand-hill and walked rapidly up to the cottage.

He felt as if he had been gone years instead of weeks.

The door was shut but not fastened, so he opened it and walked in.

What a picture of comfort the interior of the little cottage looked, as the young man entered it on this cold February afternoon!

The bright wood-fire was blazing up the fire-place, the tea-kettle was singing over it; the johnny-cake was baking before it; the cat and dog were lying on the rug, curled up together in the most friendly manner. The tea-table was in the middle of the room, with the clean white cloth spread over it.

Dame Lindsay, in her neat blue cotton dress, with her white cap, neck handkerchief, and apron, was standing at the cupboard, in the act of bringing out some delf ware dishes to put on the table, when the noise of the opening door, slight as it was, caused her to look around, and she saw David Lindsay.

"Eh, lad, is it 'ee? Thank Heaven, 'ee's come at last!" she said, as she sat down her dishes and opened her arms to receive her boy.

"I am glad to find you well, dear Granny. And you got my letter all right?" said the young man, after he had returned her embrace.

"Eh, yes! Father Moriarty read it to me with his own lips. And the little lady's letter, too! Ah, David, lad, that was a dreadful thing! A dreadful thing, David!"

"What was a dreadful thing, dear Granny? Do you mean my marrying Gloria?"

"Nay, lad, 'ee couldn't ha' done otherwise when the little lady 'ee's known from childhood came to 'ee for refuge."

"That was just it, Granny, she came to me for refuge. But what did you mean by saying that was a dreadful thing?" inquired David Lindsay, uneasily, as he threw himself into a chair.

"The conduct of her guardian that drove her to such extremity! But sit down now, Davie, and take 'ee supper. I was so glad it was just ready for 'ee when 'ee come, though I didn't know 'ee was coming," said the dame, as she began to put the tea-pot and the johnny-cake on the table.

David Lindsay took his place, and his grandmother poured out a cup of tea and set before him, saying:

"Help 'ee self to bread and ham, and tell me, lad, where have 'ee left the little lady, an' why ha' ye not brought her to see me?"

"I will tell you all about it, after supper, dear Granny. It is a long story," said the young man.

"Oh! and I have got something to tell *you*, Davie!" said the dame, with such a sudden change of manner, and with so much solemnity of expression, that the young man immediately was reminded of the strange dream or vision he had had at Gryphynhold, when the soft touch had awakened him and the voice had whispered:

"Arise, David Gryphyn; and go hence, get home, for *my* mother has something to communicate to you."

"What have you got to tell me, Granny?" he inquired.

"Oh, Davie! Something so strange, so astonishing, Davie! So wonderful!"

CHAPTER VIII.

DAME LINDSAY'S SECRET.

"Haste me to know it!"
"I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this?"

SHAKESPEARE.

"What is it you have to tell me, Granny?" again inquired David Lindsay, seeing that for some reason the old woman still hesitated.

"Eh, lad, wait til' ee's done supper, and I've cleared away the table, and we can sit quiet together by the fire. Eh, Davie, it is a painful story, and 'ee'll have much to forgive," sighed the dame.

"'Much to forgive, Granny!" echoed the young man.

"Ay, lad, much to forgive us all."

"You surprise me, dear Granny. I have nothing to forgive in any one. No one ever wronged me, least of all would you have done so, who have shown me nothing but loving kindness all the days of my life."

"Yea, lad, but 'ee ha' been greatly wronged—greatly wronged," sighed the dame, shaking her head.

"Not by you, I would stake my soul," replied the young man affectionately.

"Nay, but I have kept things from 'ee, Davie, I have

kept things from 'ee as 'ee ought to have known before this. Ay, lad, I thought if I should die while 'ee was away 'ee'd never know."

"Dear Granny, I don't know what you mean, but I know whatever you have done has been done wisely and well, and from the very best motives."

"Eh, dear yes; but one cannot always tell what *is* for the best; and my judgment, lad, is not so good as it was, nor my understanding, either."

"But if your judgment approved you when it was strong, you should remember that it did so, and not let your peace be disturbed by morbid doubts now."

"Well, well, lad, 'ee shall hear after supper. Now tell me where did 'ee leave the little lady, and why didn't 'ee bring her to see me? But mayhap she was tired. Did 'ee leave her at her house at La Compte's Landing? But of course 'ee did! and of course 'ee must return to her to-night; yet still I hope 'ee can give me an hour after supper, Davie, that I may tell 'ee some things 'ee ought to know," said Granny Lindsay, as, perceiving that David had finished his meal, she arose from the table, and began to put the cups and saucers on the tea board to take them out into the back shed.

As the dame had answered her own question, David did not attempt to set her right by an explanation, while she was going back and forth between the table and the cupboard, the room and the shed.

But when she had cleared away the table, and drawn her arm-chair and seated herself with her knitting in her hands, he placed another seat and sat down near her to give and receive explanations. The dame led the way.

"Hark to the wind! It will be a bitter cold night.

for 'ee to have to cross to the main, and walk all the way down to La Compte's Landing," she said.

"I shall not have to go," he answered.

"Ah, but 'ee *must*, Davie; 'ee mustn't leave the little lady all alone the first night she comes to her own home."

"She is not at La Compte's Landing," he replied.

"Eh! what? Then 'ee left her in the city? That was wrong, Davie. 'Ee should ha' stayed with the little lady, or brought her with 'ee. The city is an ill place for the little lady to be left alone in."

"She is not in the city, Granny. She is at her own house."

"And where is that, Davie? I didn't know that the little lady had any other house than at La Compte's Landing. Where is her other house?"

"At Gryphynhold."

The knitting fell from the old dame's fingers, her hands dropped upon her lap, and she stared fixedly in the young man's face, while the pallor of death overspread her own.

"Gryphynhold!" she echoed, in a faint voice.

"Yes," answered David Lindsay, who mistook the cause of the dame's dismay. "I know it is a remote, barbarous, and very objectionable residence for a young lady, but she was determined to go there, and stay there, attracted by its romantic situation and surroundings, I think."

"Gryphynhold! Gryphynhold!" moaned the dame.

"Oh yes, Granny," continued David Lindsay, still self-deceived as to the cause of her disturbance. "But she is not alone. She has a discreet matron, Mrs. Brent, and a lively young woman, Miss Cummings, staying with her, besides a staff of faithful colored servants. And Miss de Crespigney has gone to visit her."

"Gryphynhold! Gryphynhold! Gryphynhold!" moaned the old dame, wringing her hands.

"Yes, yes, dear Granny! Necessity—which I will explain to you hereafter—obliged me to leave her there for the present. But she is all right, I assure you."

"Oh, Davie! that *you* should have entered Gryphynhold!"

"But why should I not? It is Gloria's inheritance. Her father bought it from Sir Owen Griffin, the Welsh baronet, who was the next of kin to Dyvyd Gryphyn, the last American proprietor, who died without heirs."

"I did not even know that the horrible place had passed into other hands," said Dame Lindsay, trembling.

"Granny, did you know anything about Gryphynhold?" inquired David Lindsay, now struck by the whole manner of the old dame, and seeing it in a new but confused light, for he could not understand it in the least.

"Ay, to my cost! to my cost!"

"Granny, has the secret you have to tell me anything to do with that old manor-house?"

"Everything to do with it, lad! Everything to do with it!" she groaned.

"Don't fret, Granny. Whatever you may have to tell me, I am sure of one thing—there is nothing to fret about. Here am I, a strong, hearty, steady young man, and your grandson, able to take good care of you and myself, too."

"Yes, Davie. 'Ee *is* my grandson. Nothing can change that, indeed, whatever else may be changed. Eh! how can I ever tell 'ee, lad, all I have to tell 'ee?" she sighed.

"Perhaps if I relate a strange dream or vision I had at Gryphynhold, it may help you," said David Lindsay.

"Eh, a dream, lad? I had a dream, too. A dream that warned me I must no longer hide the truth from 'ee, Davie!" exclaimed the dame, in surprise.

"Tell me your dream first, granny."

"Ay. It was the first night I got home after my long absence at St. Inigoes. I had got your letter and the little lady's letter, which came to me enclosed in one to Father Moriarty; so I knew why you had gone, and all about it; but it was the first night I had ever slept alone on the island, and I felt so lonesome that I was fit to cry. I fastened up the house and went to bed, but I couldn't sleep. I laid awake, watching the fire, and that was sort of company for me, and Priscilla and Nicholas, the cat and dog that were sleeping on the hearth, and I was a wondering how the poor things had managed to live, much more to grow so fat and sleek the whole week you and I were away—"

"Why, granny, I took out all the meat, both fresh and salt, and set it in the shed for Nicholas and Priscilla, and a tub of water, too, and I spoke to the old watchman at the landing to row over here every day to look after Winny and the pigs and chickens, and said he might have the milk and eggs for his trouble. Why, I told you so when I wrote."

"Yes, I know you did, and it set my mind at ease about *them*; but you never said how you had provided for Priscilla and Nicholas, and I expected to find them half starved, with nothing but what they could catch to live on. And so I was lying in the bed that night, watching them as they curled up before the fire, wondering how they had lived and grown fat, until, at last, the fire burned down low—so low that I could not see them any longer, or anything else. Then I lay and

listened to the wind howling around the roof and raging at the doors, as if it would ha' whirled the house up bodily and carried it off to sea, and I felt that lonesome and forsaken I was fit to cry."

"Poor Granny! I thought of you, and so did Gloria."

"I know, lad! I know! I am not blaming you. But that night I was not like myself. I was sick at heart, and so I was unjust; and I said to myself, as I lay there in the dark and lonesome room—I said to myself:

"'Of all the children I have raised, not one remains with me, and I am alone in my old age—alone in my old age.'

"And then, Davie—you will hardly be able to believe it—I heard a low voice close to my ear—a voice softer and sweeter than the cooing of the cushat dove, murmur in my ear:

"'Mother.'

"I knew the voice, Davie! I knew it, and a wonderful peace fell over me; but still, though I knew the voice I breathed the question:

"'Who calls?'

"'It is I, your daughter, Desolée,' returned the sweet notes.

"'Are you near me, my child?' I breathed.

"'I am always near you, mother. Always with you.'

"'Let me see you, Desolée, my child. I will not be afraid,' I breathed.

"'Nay, you cannot see me, mother, nor will you see me till your hour of release shall come, and you enter the world of light where I live.'

"'Where is that world of light, Desolée?' I breathed.

"'*Here*, right here; within you and around you.'

"'Desolée, why is it that I can hear you, yet I cannot see you?'

"'Because your ears are partly opened into my world, but not your eyes.'

"'But some have seen spirits—so 'tis said.'

"'Yes, the few—the very few to whom it has been given.'

"'Desolée,' I said, 'my soul is troubled about Davie. Should I die now, before he comes back, he will never know the secret we have kept from him.'

"'You will see him soon. I will send him to you. Tell him the secret of his life. He can bear it now. And I release you from your promise.'

"'May I tell him all?' I breathed.

"'Yes, all. Now, mother, sleep,' the soft voice cooed.

"I was almost dying. When I answered the sweet notes I did not *speak* the words, I seemed to *breathe them*, and not with the breath of my body but with the breath of my soul. In the same way when I heard the voice, it did not seem to be with the ear of my body but with the hearing of my soul. And then when I slept it seemed less like going to sleep than like fainting into forgetfulness. I never woke until morning; but my dream was as clear to me as anything that ever happened."

"It was a dream, then?"

"Yes, lad, it must have been a dream, though it was the clearest, plainest, realest dream I ever had in all my life. And it comforted me somehow. I think my child came to me in a dream, as angels and spirits used to come to the patriarchs of old."

"You speak of your child and your daughter, and you call her 'Desolée.' I did not know that you had any daughter at all, or any other child than my father," said the young man.

"Yes, lad, I had a daughter, if to have taken a babe,

from the hour of its birth, to sleep in my bosom, and feed at my breast, and bring it up in my home, and be a mother to it until it grew to young womanhood, could make that babe my daughter! It is a part of the secret I have to tell 'ee, lad! But first let me hear 'ee dream; for I have an idea that it will be found to be connected with mine. She told me that she would send 'ee to me."

"And she *did*, Granny. Now listen: It was on the first night that I slept in the old manor-house of Gryphynhold. I had lain awake nearly all night, from the restlessness one feels in a strange bed, you know, Granny."

"Ay, lad."

"Well, it was near morning when I fell asleep. How long I slept, I do not know; but I was awakened from a state of unconsciousness by the passing of a light hand over my brow. I called out, 'Who is there?' But as you said, granny, it seemed to be more like the calling of my soul than my body. And a sweet, soft, flute-like voice, that I seemed in some strange way to hear in my spirit, answered and said:

"'Your mother. Arise, David Gryphyn, and go home. *My* mother has something to communicate to you.'

"I started up, wondering whether I had really heard the voice, or only dreamed of it. I threw open the windows. The sun was rising. I searched the room. It was empty. I examined the doors. They were locked and bolted fast, as I had left them on the night previous."

"Most wonderful," said Dame Lindsay, thoughtfully.

"Do you think it was the same person of whom you dreamed, Granny?"

"Yes, Davie, it was the same person."

"And who was it?"

"*Your mother!*"

"But—but my mother was your son's wife, your daughter-in-law, Kate Lindsay, and her voice was not soft and sweet, but strong and firm."

"Your mother, Davie, was Desolée Dubois, my dear foster-daughter, dear to me, and near to me as if I had borne her and brought her forth; for *her* mother died on the day that the child was born; and I put the babe to my breast, as I had a month-old boy at the time, and being a buxom young wife of twenty-five, was well able to feed both children—'my twins,' as my husband, goodman, called them."

"Then you are not my grandmother after all!" said the young man in a choking voice, as the tears started to his eyes; for he felt at that moment he had lost a beloved relative by a stroke more effectual than death itself!

"Oh, Davie, Davie, lad! that was the very reason why I did not want to tell ee! I knew 'ee would feel just so! I knew 'ee would say just that! But I *am* 'ee grandmother! If taking 'ee mother to my breast and feeding her from my bosom and bringing her up to womanhood, would not make me her child's grandmother, I hardly know what would! I *am* 'ee grandmother, Davie!—the only grandmother 'ee ever had, as 'ee is the only grandchild I ever had! So 'ee mustn't disown me, Davie!" moaned the dame.

David Lindsay arose and knelt down before her and took her aged hands in his own, and pressed them to his lips and heart; then gazing in her sweet old face, he said:

"The only parent I have known, since I was a little helpless lad! the one I love most in the world, except *one* other, how could I bear that you should disown me? I am sorry the tie by blood is not between us, but no tie

of blood could, no accident of birth could be so strong, as the bond of love between you and me!"

"Aye, lad, that must be so; yet I am sorry 'ee thinks I am not 'ee grandmother, after all."

"Let us never speak of it again!" said the young man; pressing both the withered hands to his lips again.

"Nay, lad, now the worst is over for us, I must tell ee the whole story. Rise, lad, and sit beside me. 'Ee must know the whole story, and 'ee's rights, and then ee'll see, mayhap, 'ee's a match, in birth at least, for the haughtiest lady in the land—let alone our meek little angel, who always loved the cottage better than the palace, and the society of the simple poor better than that of the proud."

"Oh! Granny, if you will tell me anything that will draw me nearer in any good way to her, even in the circumstance of family, you will make me so much the happier!"

"What does 'ee mean, lad? Isn't 'ee happy with the little lady?"

David Lindsay paused to reflect. He did not wish to let the good dame into the whole secret of his merely nominal marriage and present separation from his bride, and so he answered truly, though evasively:

"She is an angel of goodness, Granny, as you know. She might be willing to forget the wide difference in our social positions, but the world would not. For the sake of her standing in the world, I would like to be nearer to her in position."

"That 'ee shall be, Davie, never fear."

"That I will be, sooner or later, by my own energy, dear Granny, if not by the favor of fortune."

"Ay, lad, I believe 'ee!"

"But now, dear Granny, to your story," he said as he

arose from his half-kneeling position beside her and resumed his seat on the opposite side of the fire-place.

And as they sat there before the cottage fire, with the cat and dog curled up on the hearth between them, and the wind of the winter night piping around the house, Dame Lindsay told the following tale of old times to her listening lad.

CHAPTER IX.

DAME LINDSAY'S STORY.

Let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about; so shall ye hear
Of carnal, bloody and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

SHAKESPEARE.

"David, 'ee has heard, or if 'ee has not heard, 'ee has read in history books all about the horrors of Saint Domingo, where the slaves rose one awful night against their masters and massacred men, women and children; set fire to houses, and then surrounded them to cast back into the flames all who attempted to escape, and so burned them down to the ground with all their inmates in them, and so laid waste the lovely land and turned the blooming island, that was like a garden of Eden, into a Gehenna, a desert, a howling wilderness, inhabited by demons! 'Ee has heard that, Davie?"

"Oh, yes, dear Granny, I have read all that—now

men, maddened by blackest treachery and bitterest wrongs, seemed turned into avenging fiends, and wrought ruin upon the guilty and innocent alike. You know they had a maddening provocation. The French began it. The blacks had been freed by the government while their services were needed as soldiers, and when they were no longer needed, they were betrayed and reduced to slavery again. Such foul treachery was enough to madden men. It maddened them, and they revolted and massacred their masters and burned their dwellings and wasted the land. I had to explain this to you, Granny, in justice to the poor wretches, devils though they were. Now go on with your story, Granny."

"Well, Davie, lad, I never knew the matter myself; but I do know, from what I have heard on the best authority, that they did act not only like devils, but like devils gone raving mad."

"They *were* raving mad."

"They slaughtered nearly all the white people on the island. Nearly all, but not quite all, David. Some few escaped by the help of faithful servants, who secretly concealed them and secretly aided them to reach some port from which they got off, and many of these poor servants paid for their fidelity with their lives, being put to death by the insurgents."

"Who treated them as traitors, I suppose," said David Lindsay.

"Yes, I reckon so. Well, Davie, among them that were murdered was Monsieur Autome Dubois. His plantation-house was burned, and his body consumed in the flames. Among them that were saved was Madame Dubois, his young wife, who was concealed by her devoted slave, José, and afterward by night he secretly conveyed her to Port-au-Prince, and put her safely on board a Baltimore clipper that was about to sail. Poor

thing! She was half an idiot by that time with all that she had seen and suffered. She thought her husband was on board the vessel, else she never could have been persuaded to leave the island. Her faithful servant José, came with her. Well, Davie, lad, all this I have told 'ee, I learned long afterwards from hearsay."

"Yes, Granny, of course I understand all that."

"Well, now, Davie, what I am going to tell you is from my own knowledge."

"Yes, Granny."

"It was one night when I was a young woman, and had been married about a year, and had a little baby boy about four weeks old; and I was the happiest little wife and mother in all this world.

"Well, Davie, it was evening, and my good man had come in and had his tea, and I had undressed my baby and put him to bed, and we two were sitting before the little bright fire, for the night was chilly, and Jim was making a dip-net, and I was making a little white dimity cloak for my baby to wear, when we was to take him to church to be christened by Father Moriarty. Father Moriarty was a young priest then, just come to the parish.

"Well, Davie, we were sitting here, Jim and me, as happy as a king, and much as you and I sit now. It was about half past eight o'clock, when we heard the sound of footsteps crunching over the gravel, and voices talking, and all coming up to our door.

"'Ee may depend, lad, that Jim and me wondered who it could be a coming on the island at that time o' the night. Such a thing had never happened before in our memories. But before we could ask each other what it meant, there come a pealing rap at the door, and Jim jumped up and opened it.

"And there, Davie, stood the mate of the Baltimore

clipper, *Canvas-back*, who was an old friend of Jim's, and says he :

"'Lindsay, for the Lord's sake, let us have a shutter or a door, or something, with some soft bed-comforters and pillows on it, to fetch up a very sick lady from the shore! She is a refugee from the massacre in Saint Domingo. But you haven't heard about that yet, and I haven't got time to tell you now. Get the things I asked for, that's a good soul, for the lady will die if she is left where she is!'

"With that, Davie, without asking so much as a question, good Jim began to take the front door off its hinges —for the window shutters were too short, you see—and to call to me to fetch pillows and comforters. But the mate of the *Canvas-back* kept on explaining and apologizing, and saying :

"'She was taken very ill on the ship with something worse than sea-sickness; but the motion made her so much worse that if she had remained on board she must have died; so, when we came opposite here, knowing you to be a humane man, we just laid to and put a lot of blankets in the boat, and the lady among them, and took her black servant and rowed her to this place. She is lying in the boat on the blankets.'

"'All right, mate, I am ready to go with you,' said my dear Jim, and out he went, with the door under one arm, and a load of bedding under the other. The mate relieved him of some of the last, and, with the lantern in his hand, led the way to the shore where the boat lay.

"Well, Davie, I put away the little white dimity cloak I had been sewing on, and I mended the fire and hung the kettle over it, for I said to myself, no matter what the nature of the lady's illness might be, hot water would be sure to be wanted.

"By the time I had done all that, lad, the men came back from the boat and came into the house—four of them—one at each corner—bearing the lady, laid upon the best quilts, on the door. There was Jim and the mate at the head, and a sailor and an old, white-haired black man at the foot.

"They laid their burden down, and then the mate said:

"'You'll excuse me, I know, Jim, if I have to hurry away. No one knows better than yourself what the duty of the second officer is on a clipper.'

"'All right, mate. Go, if you must. We'll do the best we can for the poor lady,' said my good Jim.

"And then the mate and the sailor left the house and went back to their ship, leaving the lady lying on the door-bed, and the old negro man kneeling down by her side and praying over her in an outlandish tongue.

"I stooped down to look at her, to see what was best to do first. Davie, she was the most beautiful being that human eyes ever beheld; her features were all small and regular except her eyes, which were wonderfully large and black, with very long, thick, black eyelashes; her skin was as white and clear and delicate as a white japonica leaf, and her long, lustrous black hair came down each side her face and breast, reaching half way down to her feet, like the ends of a long, rippling, black satin scarf.

"She was a little out of her head, and looked at me, and babbled sweet, soft words in her foreign tongue. I could not understand her talk, but I could understand her smile. It was loving and grateful. So I took her hand and kissed it, that she might understand *me*, and know that she was with friends. And then I turned to my dear Jim, and said:

"'The first thing we must do, is to get her to bed, for

she is very, very ill. And the next thing we must send for a doctor to treat her, and a priest to talk to her, for the priests understand all languages.'

"And I took hold of the comforters she was lying on and drew her by them off the door, and let Jim have it to hang on the hinges again, and while he was doing that I undressed the poor lady, with my back to Jim and the old negro, and dressed her in one of my best night-gowns.

"And I called Jim, and told him what to do, and then he lifted her up as if she had been a baby—oh, she was just as limber in body and as gentle in mind as if she had been a little child—and he laid her in our bed.

"There was no getting a doctor or a priest that night, at any price, I knew; but I did the best I could for her myself, and she soon fell asleep. I had a spare bed in the loft. The one you have now, Davie, and I sent Jim up there to sleep, and I made the old negro a pallet up there on the floor, and then I sat down by the sick lady to watch her all night. She slept like one tired out. I suppose it was the stillness and silence of the night after the motion and noise of the ship—anyway she slept until morning.

"But long before day I woke up Jim to send him to St. Inigoes for a doctor and a priest, and I gave him a cup of coffee and bit of corn bread, and started him.

"The lady woke up much better and in her right mind, for the fever was off; but she opened her great, soft dark eyes, and gazed around her in surprise, and then began to babble sweet words to me that I could not understand, though I thought it was likely she was asking how she came there.

"So I beckoned the old darkey to come to the bedside to see his mistress. And she smiled to see him, and they began to babble the music of an unknown

tongue; only his voice was to hers like the bass to the treble notes on the piano. But I knew he was explaining to her how she had been landed from the ship and brought to us, and how we had received her, and cared for her, for presently she turned her lovely eyes on me, and held out her hand.

"I went to her and she took my hand and kissed it many times, looking in my face at intervals with a soul full of gratitude.

"I made her tea and toast and an omelette; but she could take nothing but the tea, and the old darkey ate the rest of her breakfast.

"It was near noon when Doctor Dutton and Father Moriarty came back with Jim. The doctor went to his patient first, while the priest sat near the front door, and he questioned her; but she only babbled in the unknown tongue, and he had to call Father Moriarty to interpret for him.

"Well, Davie, by questioning the lady and her servant they learned for the first time all about the horrors of the slave rising in Saint Domingo, and how, by the help of the negro, the lady had escaped with her life, and nothing else. All this Dr. Dutton and Father Moriarty told me afterward.

"The doctor gave me full directions what to do for my inmate, who, he said, was suffering from remittent fever, and he left me medicine for her and went away.

"But Father Moriarty stayed nearly all day, either talking with the lady, or questioning the servant. And when he went away he gave me a strict charge about the lady, to treat her with the greatest care and kindness and respect, and I should not miss my reward.

"I told him that to relieve the lady's suffering and to see her at ease was all the reward I or Jim either would ever want.

"Well, Davie, lad, I'm making an awsome long story of this, but I'll try to shorten it. The lady lingered a long time with her remittent fever, which at last left her so weak that she could only sit propped up in my easy-chair for a few hours in the middle of the day, and oh! her greatest comfort was to hold my baby on her knees and coo to it and sing to it, in her sweet unknown language, for you see, Davie, she herself was expecting to be a mother.

"She could not talk to me, nor I to her, except when Father Moriarty came to interpret between us. Once, when she had my baby on her lap, she lifted him and held him softly to her bosom and smiled, and said something to Father Moriarty, who turned to me and repeated:

"'She says that the baby is a balm to her broken and bleeding heart; that the baby draws all the fever and soreness from it, and heals its wounds.' That was the way she talked, Davie.

"Well, lad, the poor beautiful creature had been with us about ten days, when one night, in the middle of the night, the baby she was expecting came—a pretty, little, tiny girl, it was, with black hair and eyes like its mother's. There was no one to attend to mother or child but me and Jim and the old colored man; and, of course, I had to do everything about the room, and be doctor and nurse also. The others did all they could outside.

"My good Jim started after the doctor in the middle of the night. but didn't get back with him until morning. Then the poor lady was sinking fast. My heart was almost broken. I asked the doctor if he had been on hand sooner. could he have saved her life? He said no; no mortal skill could have saved her life. Then I felt better; for 'ee knows, Davie, lad, that we can all

submit more cheerfully to what could *not* have been helped, than to what *might* have been prevented.

"Dear Jim, who went immediately to fetch Father Moriarty, returned with him about noon. The dying lady received from his hands the last offices of the Church and consolations of religion. While the priest was at the bedside of the lady, I sat in a remote part of the room, to give them as much privacy as possible. However, I couldn't have heard to understand anything that passed, for they both spoke in whispers, and in the lady's own language.

"I had her poor little baby on my lap, and was nursing it at my bosom, when at last Father Moriarty came and beckoned me to approach the bed. I went, taking the baby with me. I saw the lady had changed, even in the last hour.

"The father then told me he was going to baptize the child, and asked me if I would be its godmother, and if my husband would be its godfather. I said 'yes,' and I went to the back door and called Jim in from the shed, and we went up to the bedside, and Father Moriarty took the baby in his arms and baptized it by the name of Marie Desolée, for the mother said: 'She is desolate.'

"She held her arms out feebly, but they dropped upon the coverlet. Father Moriarty signed to me to lay the baby in them. I did so. She looked on the little infant with a look of such heavenly love as I have never seen in any face but once since. And then she drew her right hand out from under her head, lifted her own eyes toward heaven, and murmured some sweet, earnest words in her own language that I knew were prayers and blessings for the baby, and then turned those eyes pleadingly on me.

"'She wishes to leave her child to you; will you take it?' Father Moriarty asked.

"Now, I don't know how it was, Davie, but never in my life did such strong words of acceptance, of affection and devotion come to my lips as came then; and I uttered them earnestly, and they satisfied the mother who was passing away, for she smiled, though she could no longer speak; but she put her hand upon her baby's head, until a few moments later she drew her last breath—yes, drew it like a sigh of relief.

"Well, lad, the remains of the beautiful lady were laid in the church-yard at St. Inigoes. Jim and I brought up the little baby with our own. There was, strictly speaking, but five weeks difference in their ages, but my boy was nearly twice as big as the little girl. The two children shared the same bed at night and the same cradle by day, the same mother's milk and the same father's love.

"Jim and I never had any more children, but we loved those two better than our own lives. We never let on to any one, who didn't know it before, but they were both our children. They never knew but what they were twin brother and sister, and they grew as fond of each other as twins generally are.

"When they were old enough we sent them together to the Sunday school at St. Inigoes, where they learned to read. Afterward we sent them to the parish school where they learned to write and cipher.

"Well, Davie, little Desoléé grew up as beautiful in person and as angelic in spirit as her mother had been. She loved Jim and me with a love passing the love of daughters; with a love that more than paid us for all we had ever done for her.

Here Dame Lindsay's voice broke down in sobs, and she wept bitterly.

David Lindsay deeply moved at an excess of emotion he had never seen her betray in all his previous life, went to her side and by every tender word and gentle caress sought to soothe her strange agitation.

At length he succeeded, or else the gust of emotion exhausted itself; for Dame Lindsay gradually recovered her composure, wiped the tears from her eyes, and, with a sigh of relief, resumed her narrative:

"All this trouble happened so long ago, Davie, lad—so long ago that I thought I had got all over the grief—the grief that broke poor Jim's heart and almost broke my own.

"But 'ee sees, lad, talking about it brings it all back as fresh as if it had happened only yesterday. And we loved her so, lad! We loved her so! She was the life of our hearts and the light of our home, until—" She paused.

"Until what, dear Granny?" inquired the lad.

"*Until he came!*"

"Who?"

"He, the destroyer! He, the accursed demon!"

"Who? Who?" demanded the youth.

"DYVYD GRYPHYN!"

CHAPTER X.

THE CHARM OF THE SERPENT.

Fair as the first that fell of womankind,
When on that dread but lovely serpent smiling,
Whose image then was stamped upon her mind,
Though then beguiled, was never yet beguiling.

BYRON.

Such was the daughter of the southern seas,
Herself as a billow in her energies
To bear the bark of other's happiness,
Nor feel a sorrow till their joy grew less.

IBID.

"We four, Jim and I, and Jimmy and Desolée, were the happiest people in the world, I do think. We loved each other so dearly; but we each loved Desolée best of all. She was so lovely. Beautiful in face and form she was, but more beautiful in expression, and most beautiful in soul.

"Oh! we were too fond of her, too proud of her! Why, when any strangers saw her for the first time they could hardly keep their eyes off her;-and some few strangers came to the neighborhood during the summer season, and came to church with the families on the main where they happened to be visiting.

"But no one except the priest, the doctor, and ourselves knew but what Desolée was our own child; for

'ee sees, Davie, lad, we lived such lonely lives here on this little island, never seeing anybody except when we went to church. So hardly any one knew but what our adopted darling was our own child. Not even Jimmy, her foster-brother, knew but what she was his own sister.

"And as time passed, proving that there was no hope of the fugitives from Saint Domingo ever going back to get any of their property, Father Moriarty himself saw no better fate for the little orphan than to be brought up as our own child.

"Well, Davie, as I said, we were all as happy as the day is long, until one summer when my darling was about seventeen years old. We went to church one Sunday near the first of June, and there was a perfect stranger present. He sat in General Stuart's pew, in the middle aisle, near the altar. We sat in the free seats in the front corner a little to the left of him, and full in his view.

"Every one in a lonesome country church looks at a stranger. I always do. And the first glance showed me that this was the very handsomest man I had ever set eyes on. He had a tall, finely-formed, commanding figure, with a stately, well-set head, high, noble features, large, sparkling black eyes, and a full suit of glossy black hair and beard.

"Ah, Davie! I was not the only one that looked at him. Our poor darling glanced shyly at the stranger, and then dropped her eyes, for she had encountered his gaze fixed upon her. The services had not yet commenced. Still I should have been attending to my private devotions in the house of the Lord rather than to anything else; but I could not. I could only slyly watch that man, with his handsome face turned toward us, and his beautiful eyes resting on our darling. Every

time he found me out in watching him he turned his gaze in some other way, but it was soon back again seeking our beauty.

"I don't think I should have minded his gazing at our darling so much, for 'ee sees, Davie, all strangers were struck by her when they first saw her; but—*she looked at him*—modestly, bashfully, shyly, as a pleased child might look at something or some one it was half willing and half afraid to glance at.

"Davie, she could not help it. Did 'ee ever hear, lad, of the charm of the snake for the bird? That was it, lad. The snake was charming our bird! I felt it! I felt it, Davie! Though I couldn't have explained it then.

"All through the service it was the same. I saw my child's eyes wander shyly from her prayer book to the eyes that were drawing them, and then drop again on the page. And all through the sermon it was the same. Very little of Father Moriarty's did she hear, I think, although it happened to be strangely in point, for the subject was the serpent tempting Eve, and the text was this: 'Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field, which the Lord God had made,' and well the good man taught us from it.

"When the sermon was ended, and the benediction was given, we all went home. We talked of the stranger, as we always talked of strangers in our lonesome neighborhood, and we all agreed that he was the handsomest and finest looking man we had ever seen, and that he must be some great person—all except Desolée. She said nothing, but sat back in her seat at the stern of the boat, silent and thoughtful, until Jimmy asked:

"'What do you think of this splendid major-general, sis?'

"She answered:

"'I don't know.'

"And, indeed, I don't suppose she did know. She had never been so very shy of speaking of any stranger before, but had always had a great many bright, witty things to say.

"Well, we got home, and at our dinner-table we forgot all about the stranger. Nor did we think of him again until about dusk the next day, when my two Jims, father and son, came in from the fishing landing, where—it being the height of the season—they were busy all day long—even taking their dinners with them to save the loss of time in coming home at noon.

"When the two came in that night, Jim, my husband, said:

"'Well, we have seen the splendid stranger! He has been with General Stuart at the fishing landing. He is not himself a major-general commanding, as we thought he was from his looks; but he is Mr. Dyvyd Gryphyn of Gryphynhold.'

"'Now, did you ever hear such an outlandish name for a man or a place in all the days of your life?' asked my son Jimmy.

"'What sort of a man is he?' I inquired.

"'Oh, he is just bully!' said Jimmy, heartily.

"'And he is an affable, pleasant-spoken gentleman, added Jimmy's father.

"'And he is so pleased with our place, you know. He offered father a good sum of money to let him pitch a tent on our shore for seclusion, to study and to fish in quiet,' added Jimmy.

"'But did you take his offer?' I inquired, with a feeling of misgiving I could no way account for.

"'Why, yes,' said my Jim. 'What could a man say to a gentleman but thank him for his liberal offer and

accept it? So he has borrowed General Stuart's big tent and its furniture, and he is coming over here to-morrow to pick out a place to pitch it.'

"'And how is he going to live, and who is going to cook for him?'

"Oh, he has got a negro servant with him, an old fellow who has gone with him all over the world, and they are going to rough it in camping out this fine weather.'

"'I don't know why a gentleman should like to do such a thing,' I said, with a feeling of dissatisfaction that I could not justify to myself, for there didn't seem to be any good reason for it.

"'Well,' said my Jim, 'I suppose it is love of change. The gentleman is tired of fine houses and fine living, and would like to rough it a little while for the fun of the thing; not that I think he would like it long.'

"I turned and looked at Desolée, who had not said a word during the conversation. She sat with her head bent low over her sewing. I told her to put away her work, as it was too dark for her to see, and to help me to get the supper ready, and she got up with her usual sweet willingness and did as I requested.

"The next day, while Jim and Jimmy were at the fishing landing, Dyvyd Gryphyn came on General Stuart's big boat, bringing tent and tent fixtures and furniture, and his own man-servant and several men of the general's to help him to raise his tent. Well, lad, he came up to this house and introduced himself to me and to Desolée. He was very polite and pleasing. He was older than I had supposed him to be from seeing him in the church. Now I saw him in the broad sunshine. I guessed he must have been about forty-five; and, withal, the handsomest man I had ever beheld at that age, or at any age. Still his *years* made me feel

safer with him, for he was quite old enough to be my darling's father. He spoke to her, too, in a fatherly sort of way, and spoke of himself as an old fellow who wanted rest; and all that reassured me, although it ought not to have done so, for, though about forty-five years of age, he looked in all the glory of perfected manhood, and never, I do believe, in all his younger days could he have been so strong, so ardent, so handsome and so dangerous as he was then.

"But, you see, the very thought of his age deceived me into a false security. Well, he and his servants settled themselves in their tent down there near the landing; but almost every day he was up at the house on some excuse or another. Oh! he won my darling's heart by the tone of his voice and the glance of his eyes without ever saying a word of love to her.

"He won all our hearts by the charm of his manner. There did not seem to be any fault that we could find with him. My distrust vanished. He became every day more and more at home at our house and more intimate with us. To use a common expression, we all thought 'the sun and moon rose and set with him.' I know not what spell was upon me, but I no longer feared for our darling, or hesitated to leave her alone with him in this room, if my work called me out of it.

"That was a fatal confidence, Davie. 'Ee sees that he made use of these opportunities to court my darling, and she—oh! she had warm Southern blood, quick to love.

"Ah, Davie, the end came sooner than might have been expected! One evening in July our girl did not come in to tea. We thought she was in the little garden gathering herbs or flowers, or seeds to put away, or that she was walking by herself along the shore, and so we waited for a little while, and then, as she did not

appear, Jimmy went out to look for her. It does not take long to look all over the little place, 'ee knows, Davie, and so in about twenty minutes Jimmy came back and said he could not find her.

"Now she had never to our knowledge gone near the tent of Dyvyd Gryphyn; but when she could be found nowhere else, Jim, my husband, went over there to inquire after her, and came back with a face as white as a sheet, and told us that Mr. Gryphyn and his servant were gone, and General Stuart's men were taking away the tent and fixtures. To all of Jim's questions they answered that they did not know where Mr. Gryphyn had gone; but that early in the morning his man had brought a note to General Stuart, asking him to send some of his people that night to take down the tent.

"Oh, Davie, I hope 'ee'll never in all 'ee life pass such a night of agony as we passed after that! Jim and Jimmy went on the main to make inquiries, but could learn nothing, until they went down to La Compte's Landing to inquire there; for they remembered *that* was the afternoon for the Baltimore steamer to stop. There they found out that a gentleman and a young girl, answering to the description of Dyvyd Gryphyn and Desolée, had arrived in a row-boat, just before the steamboat stopped on her way to Baltimore, and that they had gone on board!

"That was the news Jim and Jimmy brought back to me at midnight. I had been up stairs to her little loft where she slept in those days, and where *you* have slept since then, and I had given a look around, but found nothing unusual. Now it came into my head to go up and search carefully, if, by any chance, she had thought in her madness to leave us any explanation of her absence.

"Well, lad, after searching a while, I found a little

note under the pin-cushion on her table. Oh, such a piteous little plea, telling us that she could not *help* what she was about to do—that she was in the power of a spell too strong for her; that Dyvyd Gryphyn was her lover, her husband, her master, her fate! That she had no choice but love him and obey him; to do whatever he bade her to do; to follow him whithersoever he should call her to go even though it were to her own death. She wrote that she would be happy in all this, were it not for the sorrow she feared we would feel on her account. She implored us not to be sorry for her, and not to be angry with her, and she said that she would write to us from every stopping place.

"Well, Davie, the question with us then was this: Had the man married her when he stole her from us? The next morning my poor Jim left all his work and went on board a schooner bound for Baltimore, and found out that they had landed, but that was all! Searching for them was like looking for a needle in a haystack. After a few days he got news that they had left for New York. Off went my poor inexperienced Jim after them; but New York was worse than Baltimore for losing trace of runaways. Poor Jim stayed in New York, inquiring and searching, for he was determined to find them if he could, and make the man marry our darling or restore her to our care.

"But all in vain were his efforts. He stayed there until he had spent all his money, and then, as he could not get employment, he shipped himself on board of a brig bound from New York to Baltimore, and worked his passage that far on his way home. In the same way in Baltimore he got on board the steamer that was bound for Norfolk and would stop at La Compte's Landing, and he worked his passage the rest of the way, and so

he finally got home to receive news here of his lost child.

"For, Davie, I had two letters waiting for him, one from Desolée, written on her arrival at Baltimore, and one written on the eve of her sailing from New York for Liverpool. These letters came directed under cover to Father Moriarty, who brought them to me. The first letter reassured me at once, telling me that she had been married at the Church of the Holy Communion in Baltimore, and inclosing her marriage certificate. The second letter told us that she was going to Europe, and would come to see us on her return, and write to us often during her absence. Both letters were filled with expressions of love for us and prayers for forgiveness. Now this was the good news with which I was able to welcome Jim home. But, oh, Davie, how he loved that child! He could never seem to get over the sudden loss of her in that way.

"'If the gentleman wanted to marry our girl honest and straightforward, why didn't he say so? We thought so highly of him, he might have known we would not have refused such a good offer for her as that would have seemed to be. Why should he have stolen her away from us in that underhand, dishonorable way, leaving people at liberty to speak evil of her good name?' he would say.

"'Mayhap, Jim, it was foolish pride, that did not like to face all his fine friends with marrying a poor girl right under their noses, and so he took her away to marry her quietly at a distance; and that won't prevent his making her a good husband, after all, Jim,' I said, to soothe him; but all in vain.

"Jim never was well from that day. Perhaps he got the seeds of some low fever when he was going about in crowded, unhealthy places in the cities, such as he

never was used to here; for you know poor Jim couldn't afford to lodge in any better places. Anyway, he moped about the house for a day or two and then took to his bed and never rose from it again until he rose beyond it to the better life.

"He passed away in September. The doctor said he had had malaria fever, and that he might have recovered if his nervous system had not been too much depressed to enable him to rally from it. That is what the doctor said. But 'Jim's nervous system!' I said to myself—'why, Jim, who was as strong and hearty as a young lion, never had the least bit of a nervous system until Dyvyd Gryphyn stole his darling and broke his heart.' Oh, Davie, we put away poor Jim's body in the earth, and then Jimmy and I lived together. Ah, how lonely we were! It took all our Christian faith to support life. Jim was gone, and our darling was gone, and we could never hear from her, no more than we could hear from him. We had never heard from her once since that letter she wrote to us from New York—not once during poor Jim's last illness! And oh, Davie! it was enough to break one's heart to see how anxiously he looked for the letter that never, never came, and he dying! longing and dying!

"When Father Moriarty would come in to visit him, it was enough to make one weep to see the way he would turn his failing eyes on the priest and ask him:

"'Have you got a letter for us, father?—a letter from abroad?'

"'No, my son; we must be patient,' our priest would say.

"And then Jim would sigh and turn his face to the wall.

"One day Jimmy said to me:

"'Mother, it almost crazes me to see poor father's

distress. It is enough to make a fellow write a letter and fix it up for him as if it came from sister.'

"I saw the temptation that had assailed my boy; so I said to him:

"'No, Jimmy; 'ee must do nothing of the sort. 'Ee mustn't deceive 'ee father, even to give peace to his last hours. Leave that peace-giving to the Lord.'

"And later on Father Moriarty reasoned with Jim and asked him if he would not try to cast *that* burden where he was obliged to cast much heavier ones—on the Lord. And at last Jim found the grace to do so, and I thank Heaven he departed in perfect peace.

"Well, my dear Davie, after we had laid the body of my poor Jim in the ground, we came back with only one thought—to do our duty while we had to stay here behind. I was often sorry for poor Jimmy to think such sorrow had come to him in his youth when he was so young; and especially when I saw that in all his trouble he considered his mother first. Oh, Davie! if there was no other life after this, how puzzling this life would be! There was my poor Jimmy in his young manhood stricken with sorrow for the loss of his father, and with deeper sorrow for the loss of his sister—for though he thought she was his sister and only his sister, he loved her with more than a brother's love—there was my poor Jimmy putting away his own trouble and thinking only of me; while I, saying to myself that I was in the decline of life—though only forty years old—was thinking that it did not matter much whether *I* was happy or miserable, I was so near the next and certain life beyond this, but was only pitying poor Jimmy, who had the whole of this life to live.

"That year was a sad, sorrowful year. In the next, light came. At the Agricultural Fair at Leonardtown

in the month of September, Jimmy met his future wife. He was pleased with her from the start. She was an orphan, the niece of an overseer on one of the St. Mary's plantations. He told me all about her when he came home. I knew all about her family—I had come from the same neighborhood—and so I encouraged him to seek the girl for his bride. Well, my boy went a-wooing and in good time brought home his wife. Ah! she was a strong, handsome, hearty lassie, full of sound health and joyous spirits—just the one to come into our sad, depressed family, and give us new life. *She* was full of life—active, energetic, buoyant, joyous, with a quick step, a firm voice, and a ringing laugh. 'Ee knew her as your mother, Davie, just as you knew Jimmy as 'ee father, but they were of no kin to 'ee, my lad. There was no bond between 'ee but the bond of love, which, when all is said, is much stronger than the bond of blood.

"What a blessing my son's wife, my bonny Kate, was to me, indeed! She was a true daughter, and from the day of her coming we were so much the happier.

CHAPTER XI.

THE STING OF THE SERPENT.

This foulest fiend of darkness.

MATURIN.

"Another year passed away, and this was two years and a half since the loss of my poor darling Desolée. We had not heard from her in all that time; we had resigned the hope of ever hearing from her, when one

night in February, just as we were all thinking of going to bed, the door was opened without any knock, or any sort of warning, and a pale, fragile woman entered the room.

"'Who are you, and how in the world did you get here?' I inquired, in my first surprise.

"'*O-h-h-h, mother!* Don't you know me?' answered the stranger.

"And I knew Desolée at once, and with a cry of joy I clasped her to my breast! And soon I cried out to the others:

"Oh, Jimmy! Oh, Kate! It is my daughter! It is your sister! It is Desolée!'

"By that time she had fainted on my bosom. But oh! we gave her a welcome. If the prodigal son who had sinned from selfishness and recklessness and sensuality, was to be received and pardoned and caressed, how much more the daughter who had erred from only misdirected love!

"When she awoke from her state of unconsciousness, she found herself in bed, with three loving friends around her, only seeking who could serve her best, and her only words were:

"'I don't deserve it. I don't deserve it; but if you knew how I have suffered, you would forgive me.'

"Kisses and caresses stopped her mouth. We would not even let her explain anything just then.

"But the next hour, when Jimmy and Kate had gone up stairs, she had me all to herself, sitting by her bed. Oh, Davie, what a tale she told me!

"Dyvyd Gryphyn had sought to obtain her love on lighter terms than marriage, when once he thought he had got her into his power by taking her to Baltimore.

"But she had reminded him of the promise of mar-

riage upon which alone she had consented to leave her home and go with him.

"He then told her that her good name was already lost in her elopement, and that she had nothing more to lose, but much to gain in becoming his companion without marriage.

"But she told him she had her own soul to lose, which she would never risk in such a way. That she would never be his companion without marriage, and if he should decline to perform his promise to her, she would return to her friends and throw herself upon their mercy.

"Then he twitted her with her want of money.

"But she told him that she would go to some Christian minister, and tell her whole story, and beg to be put to any hard work until her friends could be heard from; and if the Christian minister could not help her, then she would seek some magistrate and denounce herself as a run-away daughter, and beg to be put in prison until her father and mother could be told.

"And here my poor child assured me that it was from no selfish pride that she thus withstood Dyvyd Gryphyn, but because her conscience would never have permitted her to have left her home with him except upon the promise of marriage, and would not afterward permit her to remain with him unless that promise was fulfilled.

"'It was very bitter, my own dear mother,' she said —'it was very bitter to withstand him whom I so loved and reverenced; but I knew not any comfort in love without religion! My love *was* religion! To my husband I would have given everything—my will, myself, my soul! But to my lover who would not acknowledge the Lord in our love—who would not sanctify our

union—much as I loved him, I could give nothing—nothing!

"'Well, mother, he married me,' she continued—'he married me, and he took me to Europe, and we traveled over the Continent. But he was not happy with me. Sometimes he seemed to love me, and sometimes he seemed to hate me without a cause! He would never acknowledge me as his wife. He told me I had attained that position by acting on his passions; but that he would never acknowledge my right to it. That, in justice, I was his companion and no more.

"'That hurt me, mother; but still as I knew I *was* his wife and he *was* my husband, I was enabled to submit, and I *did* submit. It was pleasing to yield to my husband where it would have been a bitter humiliation if he had not been so.

"'But, ah Heaven, I was not educated or accomplished. He did not introduce me as his wife among his equals abroad; he secluded me from respectable society, and only presented me to the men and women of that world of which you never heard, dear mother, and of which I knew nothing until my initiation into it by him.

"'He introduced me as his companion, and, of course, no one respected me as his wife. Some men paid particular attention to me, believing me to be free, free in every good and bad sense of the word! and this consequence of his own conduct excited a furious jealousy which he always visited upon my head.

"'At length there came an end to this. When his money was nearly all spent, he had to return to his native country and to his patrimonial estate at Gryphynhold. He took me there, but did not introduce me to his servants as his wife. Ah, Heaven! he seemed

to derive pleasure from humiliating me, and making me hang my head before his humblest slave.

"'I could hardly bear their eyes upon me—though knowing all the time that I was my husband's blameless, wedded wife. One day the housekeeper, Mrs. Brent, came to me and said:

"'"Madame, I have been housekeeper here at Gryphynhold for years, but I must leave now."

"'My cheeks grew hot, but I summoned courage to ask her:

"'"Is it on my account you leave?"

"She said it was.

"'Then I laid my hand on the Bible and said: "I am Dyvyd Gryphyn's wedded wife. Look me straight in the eyes and tell me if I speak truly." She did so, and answered: "You speak truly;" and after a little while she asked me:

"'"Why does he not acknowledge you, ma'am?"

"'Then I told her my whole story. You see, mother, there was one thing I could *not* do even to please *him*. I could not face the honest women in the household while they believed me to be other than the wife of their master. So I told Mrs. Brent my whole story, and begged her to set the other domestics right.

"'Soon after this, mother,' continued the poor girl, 'my first child was born, a little lass that I named after you—Margaret; but I called her Peggy, as father used to call you, you know. He would not let her be baptized by any minister. He did not believe in the Christian religion any more than he did in marriage. But I myself privately baptized my baby.

"She did not stay with us long, mother. She soon went to heaven. Although she had been my only comfort, I did not mourn for her much. I was satisfied that she was safe—so safe! I thought what must have been her

fate, to grow up in such a house as Gryphynhold, under the influence of a father who did not believe in the Lord, or in the institution of marriage, or in anything holy or sacred.

"'Everything grew worse after the baby went away. He used to drink very hard; sometimes he would go away and stay for weeks, and then the house would be at peace; but he would return, bringing a company of revelers with him, who would turn the place into a hell on earth.

"'And then, mother, I used to think of that Scripture parable of the single devil that was cast out of a person only to return with a legion of devils worse than himself.

"'He was as inconsistent as a madman. I sometimes think he was a madman, and therefore not to be held responsible for his conduct. He sometimes took the greatest pride in showing me off to his boon companions, and then became furious if I were admired, and visited his fury on me.

"'Oh, dear mother,' my poor darling went on, 'I hate to tell you all this, but it is on my mind, and it must come off. One night he returned home after a long absence, bringing with him a number of his companions. Among them Colonel Murdockson, whom I had never seen.

"'After dinner, when they were all mad with drink, he sent me a scrawled order to dress myself in my handsomest dress and richest jewels and come down. I did not know they were all drunk. I did not dare to disobey, so I dressed and went down to them. My dress was a wine-colored velvet, with a low neck and short sleeves trimmed with point lace, that he himself had ordered for me while we were in Paris. It was the

only winter evening dress I had. I tell you this because of what followed.

"'He presented me to his company not as Mrs. Gryphyn, but as Mlle. Desolée. And they saluted me at first with respect, but soon began to compliment me with a directness that made my face burn. Colonel Murdockson sat by me and would whisper to me. At last he said something about the beauty of my arms and neck. Then I got up to leave the table, but the man caught hold of me to keep me in my place.

"'I broke away from him and ran out of the room and up the stairs; but I was overtaken on the landing by Dyvyd Gryphyn, who struck me sharply across the naked neck with the horsewhip he had seized from the rack in passing.

"'I screamed and fled, for the whip had cut into my flesh like a sword of fire. My flight seemed to infuriate him, for he rushed upon me and seized me before I could open the door of my room, and he showered blows from his whip over my bare arms and shoulders until I dropped, bleeding and exhausted, at the threshold of my room. Then he opened the door and thrust me in, with a mocking laugh and jeer, saying:

"'"*Now* I reckon you will not be so ready to display your *lovely neck and arms*. Their beauty is spoiled for the present."

"'I heard these words as in a dream just as I lost consciousness.'"

"Do not tell me any more, grandmother!" exclaimed David Lindsay, starting up and beginning to walk the floor in strong excitement. "Do not! It is enough to drive one mad to hear such a story! The man—the *monster*—should have been locked up in a cell for the rest of his life!"

"Ah, Davie," replied Dame Lindsay, "it at this dis-

tance of time it distresses 'ee so much to hear of this at second hand, what must it have been for me to sit by the bedside of my child that night and gaze upon her pale and wasted face, and meet her sad eyes, and hear the story from her own lips?"

"Ah! what indeed!" exclaimed the young man.

"But 'ee must hear it out, Davie. There is nothing quite as bad as that, not even his last atrocity. My girl went on with her story.

"'Mother,' she said, 'when I came to myself it must have been very late, or rather, early in the morning, for the house was very still, and the long wax candles that had been lighted on my bureau, when I went to dress to go down to that orgie of demons, had burned low. I was very weak; but my wounds had ceased to bleed, and I arose, took off my fine velvet dress, and went to the wash-stand and washed the blood from my arms and neck, and put on a gown and went to bed.

"'In the morning I was not able to rise. Dyvyd Gryphyn never came near me to apologize for his drunken fury, nor did I expect or desire him to come. Mrs. Brent came and seemed shocked at the state of my room, and especially of the wash-stand, and she asked me questions. I would not give her any false explanation. I told her that I did not wish to answer; and as my scars were all well covered by the sleeves and yoke of my large white gown, she never knew of that terrible whipping, though I think she suspected Dyvyd Gryphyn of some hand in my illness.

"'In the course of the day I heard that he had left Gryphynhold with his wild companions. I kept my bed all the morning, but in the afternoon I arose. Dyvyd Gryphyn was still absent—to my great relief; for you may judge what an ogre he had grown to be to me

That day was also a quiet, restful season. I went to bed early, still feeling rather weak.

"'I soon fell into a sound sleep, from which I was rudely awakened at midnight by some one shaking me roughly by the shoulders. I started up to see my husband standing before me like a demon of darkness. With a terrible oath, and calling me by an infamous name, he ordered me to get up and put on my clothes. I was too much frightened to disobey or to expostulate. I arose and did as he commanded, dressing myself in my usual house dress. He then swore at me, and told me to put on my bonnet and cloak.

"'I obeyed, trembling, and wondering what he meant to do with me. He soon showed me. He drove me before him down the stairs and out of the front door. He thrust me forth, and with more oaths and vile names, told me to be gone, for he had done with me forever.

"'I heard the clock strike one, as he banged the door upon me, and locked and bolted and barred it against me. I stood for a moment on the stone steps outside. The night was dark as pitch, and it was snowing fast. Was I frightened, or inclined to stop there and beg for re-admittance? Oh, no, no, no! Turned out to perish in a snow-storm at midnight, as I seemed to be, I felt only the relief of a great deliverance.

"'I remembered an old negro woman's hut, not far off, to which I had been accustomed to go on little errands of mercy. I found my way to that, and by knocking I at last woke up old Aunt Jenny, who was very much astonished to find me there. She took me in at once, and made me lie down in her bed, while she kindled up her fire and prepared a cup of tea.

"'After I had drank it, I told her all about how I had been thrust out at midnight. She was not so much sur-

prised at that as I thought she would have been. She said it was all of a piece with Dyvyd Gryphyn's character and the characters of his forefathers, not one of whom had ever died in his bed, or of a natural death. "And if he does," she added, "he will be the first that ever did."

"'That night I slept the sleep of fatigue for some hours. But early in the morning I got up. The snow had covered the ground, but had ceased to fall, and the sun was shining. I told Aunt Jenny that I must be off before any one should see me, because I was afraid my tyrant would change his insane mind again and search for me, and find and force me back to his devil's hold again.

"Aunt Jenny agreed with me that any fate would be better than to return to that man's power, so she fastened her door to prevent interruption, and then told me I had better disguise myself by putting on the Sunday clothes of her own boy, who was away at work at Wolf's Gap.

"'She got them out for me, and while I was putting them on she prepared a homely breakfast of coffee, corn bread and salt herring, and she put up a bundle of provisions to last me several days.

"'Fortunately I had found in the pocket of my dress my purse, containing about sixty dollars in notes and coin. I gave the good creature twenty-five dollars in payment of her son's suit of clothes, which she hesitated to take until she saw how much I still had left, when she gratefully accepted it.

"'Half an hour later I set forth, dressed in a decent suit of boy's clothes, consisting of jacket, trowsers and overcoat—of coarse, cassinet cloth. Around my throat was wound a woolen scarf, in which the lower part of my face was hidden. On my head a coon-skin cap, with

the deep leather visor drawn down over my eyes, and shading the upper part of my face. My long hair was wound up under a red bandanna handkerchief, under my cap. On my feet a pair of strong leather boots that I wore over my own shoes, and then found them too large for me. On my hands a pair of coarse sheepskin gloves. Over my left shoulder a stout hickory stick, on which a great bundle containing my own clothes tied up in one of Aunt Jenny's gay Madras head-handkerchiefs, and a little bundle containing my provisions, tied up in a small crash napkin. In my right hand a strong walking staff to help me on the mountain paths.

"'And so I set forth—oh, so happily! No bird let loose from its cage; no prisoner delivered from his jail; no slave set free; no sinner pardoned and redeemed from sin, ever felt a more blessed sense of liberty than I did! One must have been, like me, in purgatory, and in the power of tormenting fiends, to realize the full delights of such a deliverance and the pleasure of merely breathing the purer atmosphere!

"'Aunt Jenny had warned me to stop for lodging only at the huts of the colored people, or the poor white people, for she said, "the poor are good to the poor."

"'It took me all day, by following the mountain path, to reach Wolf's Gap. It was night when I reached the ferry. I was glad of that, for no one could then see my face distinctly. So I paid my penny fare and crossed the river. I did not go to the ferry-house, but stopped to sleep in the hut of a poor negro woman.

"'Early the next day I set out and walked on, sometimes singing with irrepressible joy in my freedom. I will not weary you with every detail of my journey, dear mother,' continued my girl. 'I will only tell you that the farther I got from Gryphynhold, the freer and happier I felt. Of course I followed the turnpike roads

from village to village. Very often I got a lift in a market wagon or a farmer's cart. When I was near Staunton I thought I should be safe to put on my own clothes. So I went into a thicket in the middle of a mild, sunny day, and I took off the overcoat, jacket and pants, and put on my own maroon colored merino dress, and my cloth cloak and quilted silk hood, and tied up all the other things in as small a bundle as I could, and took them on my arm, woman fashion.

"'Then I walked into Staunton and went to the stage-office and took an inside place for Winchester. After that I had no more hardship, for I rode all the way to Winchester and from thence to Washington, and there I took the steamboat to La Compte's landing, which I reached yesterday afternoon, and where the first bad news met me. For there, mother, when I asked after you all at the islet, they told me that father was dead—that he died broken-hearted for the loss of his child.'

"'They told 'ee that cruel thing, Desolée!' I exclaimed.

"'Yes, mother, for they didn't suspect who I was, not even when I engaged the old watchman to bring me over here in his boat,' said my girl.

"'They told 'ee wrong, Desolée; he died of malaria fever,' I said, to console her; which was true also, 'ee knows, Davie. Then I asked her why she had not written after she left New York. She looked very much surprised, and declared that she had written every week, and had given her letters to her husband to post, and that, from getting no answers, she supposed that we were still angry with her and that she was still unforgiven.

"A little more explanation between us proved that Dyvyd Gryphyn must have destroyed her letters.

"I had noticed, with painful anxiety, that her narrative was frequently interrupted by a terrible cough. I asked her how she had got it. She told me that she had taken cold during the time she had changed her clothes in the wood, but she made light of her indisposition, and said that she knew she should soon get well and strong, now that she was at home.

"Well, Davie, lad, it was nearly eleven o'clock at night when she finished telling me her story. And then I undressed and laid down beside her, and we both slept tranquilly until morning.

"But, Davie, she never got better. She failed and faded day after day. I saw, too, that some secret trouble was on her mind, oppressing her spirits and disturbing her rest. I was anxious to know what it could be.

"At length she took courage to tell me that secret."

CHAPTER XII.

DESOLEE'S SECRET.

So lived, so died she. Never more on her
Shall sorrow light, or shame.

BYRON.

"It was on a blustering, rainy night in the first week in February, Davie," continued Dame Lindsay. "My son and his wife had bidden us good-night, and had gone up stairs to bed. Desolée and myself sat over the fire together, as we often sat for hours after the other two had left us alone.

"She seemed even more down-hearted than ever.

She sat with her hands clasped on her lap, and her great, dark eyes, looking larger and darker from the thinness and paleness of her face, staring into the fire. I watched her with an aching heart for a few minutes, and then I spoke:

"'Desolée,' I said, 'what is there on 'ee mind that 'ee cannot tell *me?* Surely if there is any one in the world 'ee could trust with any secret at all, it would be *me.* Tell me, then, and relieve 'ee mind. Lay the burden of 'ee sorrow on the bosom where 'ee head has so often reposed.'

"Then she arose and sat upon my lap, put her arm around my neck, and sobbed forth her secret.

"'Oh, mother! mother! Oh, mother! mother!' she cried, 'I am doomed to bring another child into this world!'

"'And is *that* the secret that troubles 'ee, Desolée?' I inquired, in real surprise; for to my mind the coming of a babe seemed a joy.

"'Oh, yes! yes! but is not that enough! That I should be so doomed!'

"'Do not say "doomed," my daughter; say favored; say blessed. I am glad 'ee will have a little angel from Heaven to comfort 'ee. I wish the house was full of little children that we might have so much more of Heaven with us. I can only wish 'ee joy, Desolée,' I said, as I kissed her.

"'But, oh, mother! A child of *him!* A child of Dyvyd Gryphyn! A child of an accursed race! Oh, mother! when my little girl was taken I felt comforted—comforted, for I knew she was taken away from the evil. I knew she was so safe. But this child may live may live to inherit all the father's demon nature, and commit all the father's crimes,' she sobbed.

"Nay, nay, but this is foolish of 'ee, Desolee,' I said;

'for though 'ee child may be born with much inherited evil, on one side, yet he will have much good on the other, and if it lives, 'ee and me, by the blessing of the Lord, will so train it up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord" that all his evils shall be put out of him, and goods take their place. Be grateful and joyful to the Lord, who will give 'ee a child to rear up for Him, and be faithful to the trust. And, meantime, take care of 'ee health and good spirits for 'ee child's sake; but are 'ee sure the child is coming, Desolée?" I asked.

"'Yes, mother, quite sure,' she answered, in a low tone of voice. 'But I did not know—I did not even suspect such a fact at the time I fled from Gryphynhold. Only within a few weeks did I begin to suspect it, but now I am sure.'

"'Thank Heaven,' I said. 'And now be a brave, good little woman, and 'ee will be blessed in 'ee child.'

"And so I encouraged her, not only that night, but always afterward, until she recovered her spirits, if not her health. She never recovered her health.

"Good Kate, when she found out what was coming, became even kinder to poor Desolée than she had been before.

"'You don't know how I envy you, Desolée!" she often said. 'You can't know how I envy you because you will have a baby. I shall never be a mother, Desolée! That is my great grief!'

"'You shall have my babe and be its mother; for I shall leave it to you,' would my poor girl reply.

"And then we would chide her for such words, telling her that she would live to see her child grow up and make her life happy.

"But she would smile and shake her head, and say:

"'I have already lived my life here. I shall stay, per-

haps, until I place my babe in your arms, and then I shall go.'

"It seemed of no use to argue with her. She insisted that she should go, yet so cheerfully that we could scarcely think that she believed her own prediction.

"Never was a child expected in any family with more joy than hers was. On the next visit of Father Moriarty, I told him Desolée's notion that she was going to die, and he reasoned with her, but without effect.

"The winter passed, and the spring opened, and we all busied ourselves with preparations to receive the little stranger. I knit socks and sacks, Kate made flannel underclothes, and Desolée embroidered pretty white cambric slips.

"At length, on a fine summer morning, 'ee camē to us to bless us, Davie Lindsay, and 'ee's been a blessing ever since!

"My poor Desolée never got well; but she lived some weeks after 'ee came, Davie; and, at intervals, she left us directions what to do with 'ee.

"She gave 'ee to Kate and Jimmy to be brought up as their own son. And so that 'ee might have a right to their family name she had 'ee baptized by the name of David Lindsay. And then, in the presence of Father Moriarty, who performed the rites, she made us all promise to keep the secret of 'ee parentage from 'ee and from everybody, until 'ee should grow to man's estate. She dreaded, more than all evils, that 'ee should, in some way, fall into the hands of Dyvyd Gryphyn, and be brought up in his evil ways. So the secret of 'ee parentage was to be kept from 'ee till 'ee could be trained up in the ways of wisdom and goodness, and be strong enough to resist evil.

"Then to protect 'ee from suffering any loss of estate by this secret, 'ee parents' certificate of marriage was

given to Father Moriarty, to be put away with the doctor's certificate of 'ee birth and the priest's register of 'ee baptism.

"After that was all settled, my poor girl seemed to have nothing left to keep her in this world. Her strength gradually failed. She grew weaker and quieter every day, until one evening, in early autumn, she fell asleep and never woke any more in this world.

"A few days after that, we laid her body down by the side of her mother's, in the old churchyard at St. Inigoes, and then we tried to console ourselves in taking care of thee, Davie. 'Ee's weeping, lad! Don't weep! All this happened so many years ago!"

"Yes, I know it, but it seems very fresh to me to-day!" said the young man, whose tears had been falling fast during the latter part of the dame's story.

"So many years ago, Davie. And Jimmy and Kate brought 'ee up as their own son, and did a good part by 'ee as long as they lived in this world. 'Ee knows that, Davie, lad."

"Indeed I do know it," replied the young man.

"And after they two went to their heavenly home, I did the best I could for 'ee, lad. At least I hope I did."

"You did, you did, dear Granny!"

"And 'ee sees 'ee would ha' been the heir of Gryphynhold, if Dyvyd Gryphyn hadn't sold it."

"He did not sell it, Granny! Didn't I tell you?"

"'Ee told me that Dyvyd Gryphyn had sold it long ago to the great Portuguese Don, the father of our little lady."

"No, dear Granny, you are mistaken. I told you that the Count de la Vera had bought the estate from the heir-at-law, or the supposed heir-at-law, of Dyvyd Gryphyn."

"Was he dead then—Dyvyd Gryphyn?"

"Yes, dear Granny; I thought I had told you so!"

"No; or if 'ee did, I couldn't have understood 'ee! So Dyvyd Gryphyn is dead! How did he die? Not in his bed I will be bound! For none of his race ever did!"

"Dear Granny, if my poor, unhappy young mother had lingered one day longer in the neighborhood of Gryphynhold, she would have heard the truth. Dyvyd Gryphyn was killed in a duel by Colonel Murdockson, with whom he had picked a quarrel on the day after that fatal revel."

"Ay, ay, it was all of a piece with the fate of his evil race. But who was it that claimed to be heir-at-law and sold Gryphynhold to the Portuguese Don?"

"A Welsh baronet, Granny, Sir Owen Gryphyn, or Griffin, I think he was called."

"Well, no matter what he was called, he was not Dyvyd Gryphyn's heir-at-law, as long as Dyvyd Gryphyn had left a lawful son. He had no legal right to sell Gryphynhold, nor had the Portuguese Don the right to buy it and leave it to his daughter. But no matter who sold it and who bought it, 'EE, David Lindsay Gryphyn lawfully owns it, and on the strength of the register of 'ee mother's marriage and the register of 'ee own birth and baptism, 'ee can walk in and put out any other claimant."

"You forget, dear Granny, that our Gloria is in possession of Gryphynhold, and that I would never disturb her in its possession."

"Nay, certainly! why should 'ee, when 'ee's her husband, and she and all that she has is 'ee own?"

"I shall say nothing about my claim to the estate," said David Lindsay.

"Nay, there I think 'ee wrong, Davie. It is because 'ee does not know a true woman's heart, such as the

heart of the little lady is. Ah, Davie, the little lady would rejoice with an exceeding great joy to discover that she owed her home of Gryphynhold to her husband rather than that he owed it to her."

David Lindsay did not immediately reply. He was reflecting whether he should explain to his old friend the terms upon which he had parted with his bride. After a few moments of thought he decided not to reveal facts which might only disturb the mind of the old woman without being productive of any good results.

"I shall say nothing about my claim at present," he repeated.

"And now, Davie," continued the dame, "tell me what brought 'ee back here without the young lady?"

"I had some arrangements to make with her friends and guardian," answered the young man.

"Aye, of course. I did not think of that. Well, Davie, lad, does 'ee know that it is past midnight? 'Ee and 'ee old granny have been talking so busily here that we haven't noticed how the time has flown. Get the Book, Davie, and read the evening service for us. And then go up stairs to bed, lad. 'Ee'll find 'ee little room all ready for 'ee, just as if 'ee had been expected home every night," said Dame Lindsay.

David Lindsay drew the little table to the front of the fire, and placed the two lighted candles upon it, and then lifted the prayer book from the top of the chest of drawers and brought it forward.

He read the prayers appointed for that evening, the old dame making the responses from memory.

When their devotions were concluded, David Lindsay closed the book and replaced it on the chest of drawers, and then put the candles back upon the marble shelf, pushed the little table back to the wall, and took up the

tongs to put the chunks of wood together on the hearth, preparatory to covering up the fire for the night.

"I haven't had anybody to do *that* for me, since 'ee went away, Davie—and *before* 'ee went away I never had to do it for myself!" said the old dame, smilingly.

"You will never have to do it again, dear Granny," said the young man.

"Eh, but I must, when 'ee goes back to 'ee little lady!" replied the old woman.

"When I go back to my little lady I think it quite likely you will accompany me, Granny," replied David Lindsay.

"Ah, no, lad! Young married folk are better by themselves, and I shall do quite well here by myself; or I can get some colored woman to stay with me for small wages."

Before David Lindsay could reply to this observation, there came something quite unprecedented in the history of the island—something that startled both the old woman and the young man out of their propriety.

It was a loud, resounding rap at the cottage door.

"What in the world can that mean at this hour of the night, Davie?" inquired Dame Lindsay, as she dropped back into the chair from which she had sprung up.

"I'll go and see," practically replied the young man, setting down the candle he had taken to light him up the stairs, and walking up to the door, which he opened.

Two dark forms stood without. One carried a lantern, by whose feeble light it could be seen that the newcomers were negro men.

"What do you want at this late hour?" inquired the young man.

"Mrs. Lindsay, sir. Is Mrs. Lindsay in?" said the man with the lantern.

"Yes, but what do you wish of Mrs. Lindsay at this hour?" demanded David.

"Well, sir, we want her to go up to General Stuart's house, and we have brought a boat to carry her."

"But it is an hour past midnight! What on earth can any one want with such an old person, at such an hour, at General Stuart's? She cannot go, of course! It is too late and too cold. It might cost her her life!" the young man expostulated.

"Davie, dear, let me hear what the men have got to say! It may be some sick person wants me to nurse. And if that be so, I must go, 'ee knows," said the old dame, coming up to the door.

"Granny, you are not able to do so. It is monstrous to require it of you!" exclaimed David Lindsay.

But the old woman quietly put him aside, and said to the men on the outside:

"Come in, and close the door. I cannot stand and talk to you while it is open."

They obeyed her.

As soon as they stood within the lighted room, Dame Lindsay recognized both, and exclaimed:

"Why, it is General Stuart's Ben and George! What do 'ee want with me, boys? Is anybody sick? But, of course, there must be, if 'ee's sent to fetch me. Who is it?"

"If you please, Mist'ess, dere's a gem'an dying up at our house, as wants to see you most particular about most important business. De doctor say how he can't live to see another sunrise. Fader Moriarty is wid him and hab sent you dis note," said Ben, the man who carried the lantern, as he handed a sealed letter to Dame Lindsay.

"Read it, Davie; read it," said the old woman, passing it over to the young man, who withdrew with it to the other end of the room, out of hearing of the messengers, and signed for her to follow him.

Dame Lindsay took a lighted candle from the mantelpiece and joined David, who broke the seal, and in a low voice read as follows:

"Woodlands, March 1st, 18—

"To Mrs. Margaret Lindsay: *My dear Daughter*—Late as the hour will be when this shall reach you, I pray you to accompany the messenger back to this place. A penitent sinner lies dying here who wishes to make a confession to you, and to obtain your forgiveness for a great wrong before he shall depart. I should press you to come, under such circumstances, even if your own near interests were not—*as they are*—at stake. The future prospects of your adopted grandson, David Lindsay, are involved. A revelation concerning the fate of Dyvyd Gryphyn is to be made. Therefore, as you value the future welfare and prosperity of David Lindsay, do not fear to trust yourself out across the water this bitter winter night, and do not fail to come. I only lament from my heart the unlucky absence of your grandson, and wish that he could accompany you. Pray lose no time, but come at once.

"Your father in religion,

Patrick Moriarty."

"Oh, Davie, lad, what do you think of that?" inquired the old dame in great trouble.

"I think the dying man is no other than Colonel Murdockson, the murderer of Dyvyd Gryphyn!"

"Eh?"

"Yes, he who, after that bloody duel, became a fugitive from justice, and has never been heard of since!"

"Ah, Davie! what is 'ee telling me?"

"What I think to be the truth, dear Granny. And, moreover, I have reason to suppose that this Colonel Murdockson revisited the neighborhood of Gryphynhold before he came to this place!"

"Eh, Davie, why should 'ee think so?"

"Because I believe I saw him at Kirk's Ferry."

"You saw him?"

"Yes."

"Colonel Murdockson?"

"Himself."

"The man who killed Dyvyd Gryphyn in a duel?"

"The very same!"

"Eh, lad, how should 'ee know, who had never seen him?"

"I did not know. But my attention was attracted by a man so remarkable, so sinister-looking, so repellent, that, after his departure, the ferryman, Kirk, told me, in answer to some observations I had made on the conduct of the stranger, that he believed him to be no other than Marmaduke Murdockson, the duellist who had killed Dyvyd Gryphyn, and had been a fugitive from justice ever since."

"Eh, Davie, lad, but that is very strange. And why should he come here, where he was never known to any one?"

"Ah, Heaven knows, unless from his fatal connection with David Gryphyn, who was too well known here, and who carried off from this neighborhood the unhappy lady whose evil destiny it was to be the cause—the innocent cause—of their fatal encounter. The man he killed might have intrusted him with some message or mission to her or her friends which he has kept from us."

"Eh, so he might in the remorse of his dying hour."

"That is the only theory I can form; but of course the quickest way to solve the problem will be for us to go at once to Woodlands."

"Ay, lad, so it will. And 'ee'll go with me?"

"Certainly, Granny."

"Father Moriarty will be surprised and rejoiced to see 'ee, David. 'Ee knows that he lamented 'ee absence and wished for 'ee in his note," said Dame Lindsay, as she went to her chest of drawers and took out that heavy Scotch plaid shawl, the gift of Gloria, and wrapped her plump little figure completely up in it.

Then she took her little black satin cottage bonnet and tied it on her head, and declared herself to be ready.

David Lindsay carefully led her out, followed by the two colored men.

Then he returned into the cottage, put out the lights, locked up the doors and finally left the house, drew the old woman's arm within his own, and led her carefully down to the shore, where General Stuart's boat awaited them.

David put her in the best seat in the stern, and folded the great shawl closely around her, and then told the men to get into their places and take their oars, and row as rapidly as possible down the bay, that the aged woman might not be exposed to the cold a moment longer than necessary.

The men willingly complied with his requests, and laid themselves to their oars with so much vigor that the little boat seemed to fly over the surface of the water.

Woodlands, General Stuart's seat, lay on the shore about half way down between the Promontory and La Compte's landing.

In about twenty minutes the boat grounded on the sands below the manor-house.

David Lindsay lifted the old dame from the boat and across the wet sands, and set her, dry-shod, on the gravel drive leading from the shore through the front lawn and up to the house, where the lights from many windows proved that the family were all astir, and that something of unusual importance was going on.

A colored servant came to the front door and admitted them.

"Is the gentleman who sent for me still living?" anxiously inquired the dame.

"Yes," answered the servant, "but he is very low."

"I thank Heaven that he is living."

"You will please to wait here until I go up and tell Father Moriarty that you have come," said the man, opening a door on the right hand of the hall, and admitting them into a snug parlor, where a fine wood fire was burning.

David Lindsay wheeled a comfortable cushioned arm-chair up to the hearth for the old dame, who seated herself to wait for the summons.

CHAPTER XIII.

GLORIA'S DECISION.

Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt with by attorneyship.

SHAKESPEARE.

When Gloria left the disordered room at Gryphynhold, which had been the scene of the mysterious midnight visitor's raid, she went down into the hall, and finding some of the younger negro men belonging to the plantation, who had been drawn to the house by the rumor of the startling occurrence, she ordered them to go to the gate cottage and open and air it, and build fires, to prepare it for the reception of herself and her two companions.

Meanwhile the overseer and his sons sat down in the kitchen to a substantial dinner that had been spread for them by Mrs. Brent.

The young negro men having procured the keys from the housekeeper, went to the gate-house to execute the orders of their young mistress.

As soon as the place was ready to receive her, Gloria went thither, accompanied by Mrs. Brent and Philippa Cummings.

"I shall have to burden you and Philippa, Mrs. Brent, for a day or two, until my trunks can be packed for transportation, and a good carriage procured to take me to Wolf's Gap, where I shall remain to await the arri-

val of my aunt," said the young lady, as she seated herself comfortably before the great wood fire in the yawning chimney-place.

"Why, don't you remember, dear, that I volunteered to take Philippa, and go with you on that long-promised visit to my brother? That is, if you have no objection to our company on the road," the housekeeper explained.

"Oh, Mrs. Brent! You know that I have none! I shall be *very* glad to have you with me; but I had forgotten, amid so much to excite and confuse me, that you had proposed going."

So it was settled.

In two days after that, all the arrangements were made for their journey. No comfortable cushioned coach could be procured for Gloria and her companions; but, as the experienced old overseer assured her, the great heavy farm wagon, well covered and drawn by the strong draught horses, was a much safer conveyance along the dangerous mountain roads than any lighter vehicle could be, as there could be no possibility of the animals running away.

So on a bright morning, early in February, when the ground was frozen hard, affording good roads, the ponderous farm-wagon stood on the road, outside the great gate, near the gate-house.

It was packed with Gloria's trunks and Mrs. Brent's and Philippa's boxes and baskets stowed away in the rear.

Two chip-bottom chairs, sitting in the middle and braced against the trunks, afforded convenient seats for Gloria and Mrs. Brent.

Philippa sat on the front seat beside her uncle, who drove the horses.

And so they started for Wolf's Gap, leaving the overseer's boys to put out the fires and lock up the cottage.

When Gloria first traversed the grand pass of the Iron Mountain, in coming from Wolf's Gap to Gryphynhold, it was night, and she saw little or nothing of the scenery.

Now in going from Grypaynhold to Wolf's Gap, she traveled by day, and enjoyed the delight of beholding one of the wildest and most beautiful mountain landscapes in the world.

All around and above her towered sublime heights clothed with evergreen trees, verdant now in midwinter as other trees in summer. Below her lay the open, undulating country, varied with hill and dale, field and forest, river and brooks.

She could see these only from the front opening of the wagon, and but imperfectly. How much she wished to have the whole cover taken off, that she might enjoy it all; but old Mrs. Brent was afraid of taking cold, and Gloria was one of those who obeyed the Divine precept: "In honor preferring one another."

It was near sun-down when they reached Wolf's Gap, where a hearty welcome from worthy Alexander Cummings and his wife awaited them.

Gloria paused one moment on the porch, in front of the ferry-house, before going in, to admire the sublime and beautiful scenery around her.

On every side towered lofty precipices, clothed with pine and cedar woods. Through them wound the river, reflecting not only their forms, but the brilliant colors of the afternoon sky, clearly as in a mirror.

"It will not be irksome for me to stay here, in the midst of such magnificent and lovely scenery, even if I have to stay a very long time!" she said, as. at length, she reluctantly turned her back upon it and entered the house.

She was shown to the best room the little ferry-

tavern could command—a front room over the parlor, with four windows—two in front, with a view of the river and opposite mountains; and two on the side, looking out upon a rolling landscape of hill and dale, field and forest.

Clean white dimity curtains veiled these windows, and a great hickory-wood fire in the broad, open chimney-place warmed this room.

"I think I could pass some weeks pleasantly in this place," said Gloria, as she took possession of her apartment.

"I am so glad you like it," politely replied Mrs. Cummings, a fair, plump, light-hearted, and good-natured matron of fifty years, who attended her lady guest.

"I had better go over now, ma'am, and see if there is any letter for you. The stage has just come," said the overseer of Gryphynhold, who had helped to bring up her trunks, and now stood outside the door.

"Go, then, Mr. Cummings," she replied; and the overseer departed.

Gloria threw herself in a chair beside the front window, from which she presently saw the stage-coach depart on its way to Hilltop, North Carolina. There she remained to gaze on the beauty of the fading sunset sky reflected in the river, until darkness overshadowed all.

As she was about to draw the curtain there came a rap at her door, followed, upon her permission, by the entrance of Philippa, bringing a letter in her hand.

"This is for you, Madame Gloria, and it is lucky you are here to receive it, else you might not have got it for a week or so; not indeed until Uncle Peter Cummings should have had some business more important than the post-office to bring him to Wolf's Gap," said

the girl, placing the letter in the hands of the young lady.

"I thank you, Philippa," said Gloria, as, with a kind gesture, she dismissed her attendant.

Then she opened her letter. It was from David Lindsay—the first letter he had ever written to her. But ah! it was not the "love-letter" the inconsistent little lady had expected from the lover bridegroom whom she had repulsed and rejected.

The letter was kind, considerate, respectful, and no more. It was not in David Lindsay's noble nature to practice upon her sympathies. The letter told her of the accident that had happened to the stage-coach at Kirk's Ferry, which ended in the killing of the coachman and horses, and the injury of some of the passengers; but he did not even allude to his own broken arm. He concluded by saying that he should write to her from every stage in his journey, and should ever hold himself bound and ready to serve her in any way that might promote her welfare and happiness.

"Ah, me! Ah, me!" sighed the capricious beauty. "If now he would only forget my first impulsive, unreasonable rejection of him, and only come back and be my husband in *fact*, as he is in *truth*, that would promote my welfare and happiness, and only that! But *he* rejects *me*, now! He thinks all my advances toward a full reconciliation spring only from sympathy and compassion instead of from the true love and honor that I really bear him. Oh, Heaven! how can I convince him! How will it all end? I cannot be always courting, even my own husband," she said, with an impatient stamp of her little foot.

Gloria remained two weeks at Wolf's Gap, enjoying the fine scenery, fine even in mid-winter, because of its magnificent forests of pines and cedars clothing its

majestic mountain heights; and taking interest also in the ever-shifting events of the arrival and departure of stage-coaches, with their freight of new and strange faces, and the coming and going of carts, carriages and horses to cross the ferry.

"It is to me a novel phase of life, and it amuses me," she said, one day, to Philippa.

"Yes, Madame Gloria. You see we are not all of us dead, even among these dull mountains," answered the saucy girl.

By every mail, which arrived twice a week, she received letters from David Lindsay, written from every stage of his journey, and always disappointing to her, because written strictly from the position into which she herself had forced him—that of her faithful friend and servant for life.

She left standing orders with Mr. Alexander Cummings, the landlord, that any passengers for Gryphynhold, who might arrive at his house, should be reported at once to her, so that if Miss Agrippina de Crespigney should arrive *en route* to the Iron Mountain, in search of her niece, her journey might be stopped there.

It was destined that Gloria herself should be the first to witness the arrival of her expected friend.

She was seated at the front window of her private apartment, watching what to her was always an object of interest, the approach of the Mountain stage-coach, by the flat-boat across the river, when she descried, at one of the coach-windows, the familiar, long, thin, dark face, and the stiff, black, cork-screw curls of the old spinster.

"It is Aunt Agrippina. I will go down and meet her," joyfully exclaimed the young lady, as she hurried out of her room.

Just as she reached the front door, she saw Miss de

Crespigney alighting from the stage-coach, and heard her commanding voice demanding:

"What sort of a conveyance can I get in this uncivilized place to take me on to Gryphynhold this afternoon."

"You need not get any, Aunt Agrippina. I have come this far on my road home to meet you," answered Gloria, speaking for every one else as she advanced to meet her relative.

"Oh, you are there, are you? I am glad of it. Come now, take me to your own room, if you have one, and if not, to some other private place where we can have a talk together," said the old lady, in a sharp voice as she strode into the hall.

"Come to my chamber, if you please, aunt," replied the young lady, as she led the way to the stairs, stopping only for an instant to order tea and toast sent up immediately.

When they had reached that upper chamber, Gloria drew the large arm-chair to the fire and invited her aunt to sit down in it, while she relieved the old lady of her bonnet and wraps.

"It is not every one, I can tell you, my dear, who would have come two hundred miles in the depth of winter, over such barbarous roads, to serve a willful, capricious creature like you!" she exclaimed, as, being freed from all her outer garments, she reclined back in her easy-chair, and stretched her slippered feet to the fire.

"I know it, dear aunt, and I am grateful accordingly," replied the young lady.

At this moment the tea and toast arrived, with the addition of poached eggs and broiled birds.

"And how is it that I find you here instead of at

Gryphynhold?" inquired the old lady, as she discussed the delicacies placed before her.

"Because I was ejected from the manor-house," answered Gloria.

"Ejected! By whom? Who undertook to eject you from your own house? And upon what pretence? You were a fool for vacating, that is all! By whom were you ejected, I say? We will take the law of him, whoever he was!" wrathfully inquired the old lady.

"I was driven forth by one who is not amenable to human laws!" said Gloria, gravely.

"'One not amenable to human laws!' Upon my word, he must have been a very potent high mightiness! I did not know we could boast such in our country! Who was he, pray?"

"A ghost!"

"Eh?"

"I was ejected from Gryphynhold by a ghost?"

"A ghost! Rubbish! What ghost?"

"The ghost of Dyvyd Gryphyn!"

"'*The ghost of Dyvyd Gryphyn?*'" echoed Miss Agrippina, in a tone of supreme contempt. "Upon my word, Gloria, I thought you had more sense than to talk such nonsense."

"So did I! I always thought I had a great deal more sense than to be affected by such 'nonsense,' as you call it; but one night at Gryphynhold has convinced me of my mistake."

"To suffer yourself to be scared away by rats running about between the floors and walls, or the wind beating against the doors and windows of an old house—bah!" exclaimed Miss de Crespigney, in high scorn.

"Who told you that it was the wind or the rats that frightened me? Truly, I was well used to *them* at Promontory Hall. No, Aunt Agrippina, it was neither

the wind nor the rats that drove me away, unless one or the other could have taken the form of a man, or of a demon, and burst through barred and bolted doors, and traversed a hall and staircase at midnight, in the sight —in full sight—of three amazed and terror-stricken women! But if you will listen I will tell you all about it," concluded Gloria, as she rang for a servant to come and remove the tea-service.

"Well, tell me; but mind, I shall not believe it all the same. I am curious, but not credulous," said Miss Agrippina.

So when the service was removed, and the little table restored to order, Gloria gave Miss de Crespigney a graphic and vivid account of the startling incidents that made night hideous on the occasion of her last lodging at Gryphynhold.

"It was some bold ruffian bent on robbery! That is what it was!" exclaimed Miss de Crespigney, with asperity.

"How could any ruffian flash in an instant through strong iron-barred oaken doors? That is what I would like to know!" inquired Gloria.

"It remains to be proved that the doors *were* barred! You may have been mistaken. However, I will not dispute with you. If you like to believe in ghosts you can do so. It is an age of free thought. I have more important subjects to discuss with you, Gloria"

CHAPTER XIV.

GLORIA'S GRIEF.

In revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow;
So I do penance for contemning love.
Hinder not my course.
I'll be as patient as the gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last one hath brought me to my love.

SHAKESPEARE.

"Oh, Aunt Agrippina!" exclaimed Gloria. "If you are going to discuss my frantic marriage, I can add nothing to what I have already written to you!"

"You shrink from the subject, Gloria, and well you may," severely retorted the old lady, "for a more frenzied act I never heard of in the whole course of my existence! That *any* woman should be so oblivious of all sense of delicacy and propriety as to ask *any* man to marry her, passes all my powers of mind to understand. But that the Countess de la Vera should invite a poor, unlearned young laborer to be her husband, was just frenzy and more than frenzy!"

"And I was driven to 'frenzy and more than frenzy!' as I should have been driven to the state of a demoniac and a criminal—as I should have been driven to temporal and eternal destruction—if I had not fled for

refuge to a marriage with David Lindsay. But that I found a sure defence in him, the fate of Beatrice Cenci would have been my fate!"

"Don't say such horrible things, girl! They are enough to curdle one's blood and bleach one's hair!" cried Miss Agrippina.

"They are not near so horrible as the reality was. *Think* what my extremity must have been before I could have asked David Lindsay to make me his wife!"

"Why under Heaven could you not have told Marcel de Crespigney that his suit to you was uncanonical, sinful, sacrilegious, and so dismissed it?" sharply demanded Miss de Crespigney.

"Why under Heaven can we not say to a fire that has seized upon a building: Your action is irregular, inconvenient, and destructive, and so extinguish it?" retorted Gloria.

"This is not a subject for mockery!"

"No, indeed, it is not! Aunt Agrippina, I am in my right mind now, for the first time in many months. You cannot even imagine the distress, the desperation and the danger that I was in during my last stay in my uncle's house."

"In what danger could you have been? You will not pretend to tell me that my nephew was capable of any rudeness unbecoming to a gentleman, an officer, and a De Crespigney?" inquired the old lady, loftily.

"No! no! no!" emphatically answered Gloria; "but there are potencies more subtle and more to be feared than such as you mention, Aunt Agrippina. You know how devotedly I always loved Marcel from my infancy up, but I loved him as my young uncle, or elder brother or companion, or any one rather than a suitor for my hand in marriage. As a suitor I shrank from him in disgust and abhorrence unutterable. But there were

times when I saw him suffer so much from my coldness or anger that I could feel nothing but the deepest and most self-forgetting sympathy and compassion for him, and the impulse to exclaim : 'If you cannot live happily without me, dear Marcel, take me. I do not care for any so that I can see you happy.' Yes, often and often was I impulsed to say these fatal words."

"If you had spoken such weak and wicked words, and acted upon them, I would never have seen you or spoken to you or to Marcel again—never!" exclaimed Miss Agrippina, with asperity.

"I do not think you ever would have had the chance to do so, auntie, for such an act would have been followed by a reaction that would have ended in a catastrophe."

"Pray don't talk in that way. What do you mean?"

"Oh! Aunt Agrippina, I used sometimes to dream that I had been so mad as to marry Marcel, and that I was trying to hide myself from him, in the greatest fear and distress lest he should find me. At other times I dreamed that in my horror and anguish at having made him my husband I had murdered him, and was flying from justice—flying for my life—and I would wake from such dreams shaking with horror, or bathed in a cold perspiration. I grew, at length, so confused and distraught that I had dreams within dreams, and scarcely knew these from realities. But, surely, Aunt Agrippina, I have written enough to make you understand, without the need of further explanation," said Gloria, pleadingly.

Miss Agrippina understood well enough. She had understood all along, only she could not deny herself the gratification of reproaching her niece.

"And you know I was quite alone with Marcel, except

for the colored servants. I had no one to advise with, no one to modify his influence over me."

"But why have thrown yourself into the young fisherman's arms? Why not have selected a gentleman? Why not have gone and asked old General Stuart to marry you? It would have been a far more proper proceeding. And I dare say he would have taken you at your word. He has been trying in vain to get a young wife for the last twenty years!" persisted the persecuting old lady.

"Oh, Aunt Agrippina, how *can* you say such cruel things to me?" exclaimed Gloria, flushing scarlet over her face, neck, and bosom. "There was never any one under the wide canopy of heaven of whom I could have asked such a question, in whom I could have placed such a sacred trust, but David Lindsay, my childhood's own dear playmate and companion! We had been like a dear only brother and sister from childhood up. For he had no sister, nor I any brother, nor had either of us any little friend but the other. On last Christmas Eve he saved my life at the hazard of his own; and afterward I found out—without his meaning that I should—how much he loved me. To whom could I go, in my extremity, but to him?"

"One would think, to hear you talk, that it was not so much necessity as inclination that caused you to marry him."

"Oh, Aunt Agrippina, I do not deserve such unkind words!"

"Yet one might judge from your manner that you really like the young laborer."

"I do more than like him. I love him very dearly, Aunt Agrippina, but not in the way you so cruelly hint. I love and honor David Lindsay more than I do any other man in the whole world, and the longer I live and the

more I see of others, and the better I know him, the more highly I love and honor David Lindsay."

"You had better hold to your engagement with him then!" said Miss de Crespigney, sarcastically.

"No; I do not wish to be his wife! I do not wish to be anybody's wife! I *don't!* I *don't!*" exclaimed the girl, with the passionate and childish reiteration to which she was sometimes addicted.

"I think you are right, there," said the ancient maiden lady, with a nod of approval—"quite right there! Marriage is mostly a mistake. I never married, and I have been free from care and trouble all my life! The happiest people I have known have been the single ones, and the most unhappy have been the married ones."

"That is my experience, too!" assented the young girl, with the wise look of a long and large observation of man and manners. "Quite my own experience! The most blessed people I have ever met were the Holy Sisters of the Sacred Heart, and the most miserable—ah, me! the most miserable were poor uncle and auntie. No, I will never be the wife of any man; but if I should be, I will be David Lindsay's wife."

"Of course, since you have pledged yourself to him at the altar, you must be his wife or no one's. Our holy religion does not admit of such trifling with the sacrament of marriage. Under exceptional circumstances like yours, it will permit legal separations, but no breaking of the marriage bonds by divorce. However, as you do not wish to marry, the limited separation is all that you will require—and your bond to this young man will have one good thing in it—it will be its saving power in preventing you ever wedding again, even if you were to change your childish mind."

"I shall never change my mind. I shall never see

any one worthier of love and trust than David Lindsay is, and since he cannot be my husband except in name, no one else shall be. He deserves *that* much fidelity from me."

"He is a very worthy young man of his class," Miss Agrippina relentingly admitted. "A very worthy young man, as he has proved himself by his conduct in this whole unfortunate affair; for let me tell you, Gloria, after all he *is* your lawful husband, and he might have given you, and given us all, no end of trouble if he had been selfishly inclined to do so."

"David Lindsay give me trouble from any selfish motive of his own? Never, Aunt Agrippina! My life and soul on David Lindsay's truth and honor!"

"He has proved himself worthy of your good opinion, my dear. Instead of becoming troublesome, he has consented to take himself off to his remote fishing island, and never to trouble you again. Why, he did not even require to be *bought off*, as he might have done."

"AUNT AGRIPPINA!" indignantly exclaimed Gloria, flushing crimson to the very edges of her hair

"Why, what is the matter with you, my dear?" inquired Miss de Crespigney, wholly misunderstanding her. "Why are you so excited, Gloria? I said, and emphatically repeat, that he might have required to be bought off, and at a pretty good price, too. And I rather think that both you and your friends would have been willing to have paid down a pretty heavy sum to secure his absence and his silence if he had asked it, as he might have done."

Gloria started up from her chair and began to walk the floor with rapid steps, as was her custom when much disturbed.

"I cannot think what I have said to upset you so, my

dear. However, he did *not* require anything, and so we will not have to disburse a single dollar on his account. Yet still, though he is too right-minded to ask anything, yet if you have the proper pride yourself, you will settle something on him—say, five hundred a year, or so."

Gloria had been more and more excited, and had walked faster and faster. Now she turned upon Miss de Crespigney with flashing eyes and glowing cheeks, exclaiming:

"Aunt Agrippina! For shame! How *can* you! How *can* you! *You*, a gentlewoman by birth and breeding, offer such an insult to the purest and noblest gentleman that ever lived on this earth! I *am* ashamed of all you De Crespigneys!"

"Countess Gloria, your language is most offensive! It is most outrageous! What have I said or done to draw down this tirade upon myself?" demanded Miss Agrippina, with suppressed rage. "If this were not Lent, I should get into a passion, but I will not suffer myself to be provoked to anger by a perverse child! Countess Gloria, I forgive you," concluded the old lady, as she crossed herself devoutly.

"Forgive me then, Aunt Agrippina. I was wrong to speak to you in such words—to you, who have been so good and kind as to come all this long journey just to look at a 'perverse child,'" said Gloria, all her sudden blaze of anger burned quickly out as a fire of straws, when she resumed her seat by the old lady's side, and added:

"But, Aunt Agrippina, didn't you see enough of David Lindsay during your last interview with him to perceive, through his country-made clothes, rough hands and sun-burnt face, the true gentleman? Dear auntie, does the outside deceive you so easily? Have you never seen a vulgar brute in a swallow-tailed broad-

cloth coat and white kid gloves? Or a gentleman in a fustian jacket, without any gloves at all? I grant you that the fine coat and dainty gloves naturally appertain to the gentleman, and the rough roundabout and the bare hands to the other man. But have you never seen these appropriate costumes reversed? I have, more than once."

"Well, maybe I have, too, to tell the truth," the old lady frankly admitted.

"Now, Aunt Agrippina, during your interview with David Lindsay, could you have looked him in the face and offered him a bribe to keep away from us?"

"Well, now, no—not just then, perhaps. (If it were not Lent I should permit myself to get angry at all this cross-questioning)," mentally added the old lady.

"Not then, nor could you really have ventured to offer David Lindsay money to take himself away. I only wonder you ever dreamed that any one could do so."

"My dear, it is my private opinion that you will end all this by taking David Lindsay for your husband in good earnest!" said Miss de Crespigney, staring at her niece in dismay.

"I could not possibly take a purer or nobler man," answered Gloria.

Miss de Crespigney stared longer, with increasing dismay.

"The Countess de la Vera ought not to contemplate such degradation as the most remote possibility," she severely replied.

"You must not call it a degradation, Aunt Agrippina! I will not have you speak so! But there! I do not wish to quarrel with you again."

"Gloria, I have come, at your bidding, a long way to serve you. At some risk to health and life, too, for a

woman of my age. Now that my journey may not be all in vain, especially since it was undertaken at your request, promise me one thing."

"What is that, Aunt Agrippina?"

"Promise me that you will not reunite yourself with David Lindsay for one year at least."

"I can easily pledge myself to *that*, aunt, since David Lindsay himself has put me on probation," replied Gloria, with a singular smile.

"Eh?" exclaimed Miss de Crespigney, in consternation.

"Yes, ma'am. You see I had repented of my cruel, ungrateful rejection of his love at the very altar of our marriage, and I implored him to stay with me, and promised to make as good a wife as I could, but he firmly though kindly insisted that I should take time to consult you and know my own mind before settling my destiny."

"Well, upon my word and honor, Gloria, you are more of an idiot and he more of a gentleman than I thought!" exclaimed the old lady.

"I told you so, auntie," replied the girl, in no whit offended by these words.

"But you pledge yourself not to reunite with David Lindsay for the space of one year?"

"Yes, Aunt Agrippina, I do; I pledge myself to be as cold, heartless, worldly and good-for-nothing as a woman can possibly be, for the space of twelve months," answered the girl.

"You shall not say such shocking things to me, Gloria. I did not ask you for any such pledge as that. You shall not talk so sinfully—in Lent, too!" exclaimed Miss de Crespigney, in righteous indignation.

"I only called acts and promised acts by their right names, auntie. However, as I said, I will not dispute

with you. I give you the promise you require of me, *for one year*. No longer. After that—"

"After that I shall not be afraid of your making a fool of yourself, Gloria. Under my chaperonage, you must enter society as the Countess de la Vera—that is your inherited title as well as your hereditary name. No marriage can deprive you of your title, as it would of your family name. You will be known—not as Miss de la Vera, nor as Mrs. Lindsay—bah!—but as the Countess de la Vera. Your birth, your beauty, your wealth, your title, will give you the passport into the best circles—only the low-born young husband must be utterly ignored. Do you consent to this plan, Countess Maria Gloria de la Vera?"

"I consent to all. I consent to everything. I pledge myself to enter upon 'all the pomps and vanities of this wicked world' that I once renounced in baptism. And I renounce all the duties and obligations to which I pledged myself in marriage!" said Gloria, solemnly.

"Hold your profane tongue, girl! I will not listen to such wicked words. *In Lent, too!*"

"I beg your pardon, auntie. But really, after all, I was only calling things by their right names. However, I *do* promise to do *your* will for the next twelve months, and after that—"

"You will have gained experience in society, and you will be a woman of the world!"

"Oh, Aunt Agrippina, how you shock me!" said Gloria demurely, drawing down the corners of her mouth—"to talk of my becoming a woman of the world! In Lent, too!"

"I meant—I didn't mean—" began the old lady, confused by being in some sense caught in her own words. "I meant a woman—I didn't mean a woman of the wicked world, but a woman of the—cultivated world!"

"Oh, I understand! A country woman among the tillers of the soil!"

"Gloria, you are an incorrigible torment!"

"Sorry to hear it, dear auntie; but tell me, now, how is poor Marcel?"

"Do you care to hear about him at all?"

"You know I do. I *always* loved him, and now that I am safe from his insanities, I no longer fear him, and, therefore, no longer hate him. I love him as of old. Poor Marcel!"

"Well, my dear, your flight nearly killed him, and would have served him right if it had quite done so. He followed you to Washington in great excitement, and when he found that you were gone, he fell into a brain fever. Of course, he had come to our hotel in the first instance, and was taken ill there, and nursed through his illness by his mother and myself. They are all going to Europe together in May. I should have gone with them, but your letter, and consequently my duty, brought me here."

"Dear auntie, to take so much trouble for me!"

"If you will only be guided by my counsel, the trouble will be a pleasure, Gloria. To begin with, where do you propose to go first?"

"I thought of going to La Compte's Landing," said Gloria, hesitatingly.

"Fiddle! That place is half as bad as Gryphynhold! No, my dear. Let us go to New Orleans and remain until the middle of May. Then we will go to Newport or to Nahant for the summer and early autumn, and to Washington for the winter. At all these places I expect you to be the reigning belle, *ma comptesse*."

"It—was in Washington I was married, you know," whispered Gloria.

"That does not matter. No one but the priest, the

sacristans, and three old women in humble life were present at the marriage. The priest and sacristans never gossip of such events, and the old women could not have known who you really were. You were probably addressed by your first name, Maria, when the questions of the ritual were put to you?"

"Yes," answered Gloria; "but will it not be a social deception to conceal the fact of my being a married woman?" uneasily inquired Gloria.

"We shall not conceal your marriage, nor proclaim it; we shall simply say nothing about it. That ceremony in old St. Matthew's Church and the peasant bridegroom to whom you pledged yourself must be alike ignored. Of course, you must keep your marriage vow so far as never thinking of another marriage, or permitting even the most distant advances of another suitor for your hand."

"Of course, all sense of right would prevent me from doing that."

"And now let us settle when we shall go from this barbarous neighborhood."

"To-morrow, if you like," said Gloria.

"Then to-morrow let it be. We must get our places booked in the Nashville stage-coach that passes through here in the morning, I believe," said Miss de Crespigney.

Gloria corroborated her statement, and then the friends separated for the time, Miss de Crespigney going to the room that had been prepared for her, and Gloria going to seek Mrs. Brent and Philippa Cummings, for the purpose of persuading the latter, with her aunt's approbation, to accompany her to the South.

The next morning Gloria de la Vera, attended by Miss de Crespigney and Philippa Cummings, set out in the stage-coach for Nashville, *en route* for New Orleans.

CHAPTER XV.

A MONSTER'S DEATH.

The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the church's prayers.
"Oh look, my son, upon this sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine!
Oh, think on faith and bliss—
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this!" SCOTT.

Dame Lindsay sat where we left her, in the large arm-chair before the great, open wood-fire in the broad old chimney-place of the oak parlor at Woodlands.

David Lindsay walked up and down the floor with slow and silent footsteps.

Not a word had passed between the two since their entrance into the room. Both were almost breathlessly awaiting the summons to the sick chamber.

The clock was on the stroke of midnight when the door noiselessly opened, and a tall, thin, gray-haired, venerable-looking man entered the room.

He was clothed in a long, narrow, black frock-coat, buttoned closely up to his chin; a narrow white band around his neck; and on his head a small black skull-cap, from beneath which his scant white hair hung like a silver fringe.

He was Father Moriarty, one of the priests of St. Inigoes.

David Lindsay paused in his walk and turned about, while the old lady arose to receive the father.

He silently nodded to the young man, kindly took the hand of the old woman and signed to her to resume her seat.

"Oh, Father Moriarty, who is really that stranger dying up stairs?" breathlessly inquired Dame Lindsay, who, confused by the strangeness of all that had happened, almost doubted the evidence of her own memory and understanding.

"The dying stranger is really Dyvyd Gryphyn, whose body was so long supposed to have been buried in the graveyard at Gryphynhold," replied the priest.

"Dyvyd Gryphyn! Heaven of heavens!" exclaimed the old woman, clasping her hands together, as she dropped into a seat.

David Lindsay drew forward another arm-chair for the father, and with a courteous gesture invited him to take it.

The priest nodded and seated himself.

David Lindsay, with all his childhood's reverence for the aged clergy, remained standing, with his hand lightly resting upon the back of his grandmother's chair.

"And how could such a mistake have been made in Dyvyd Gryphyn's own neighborhood, as to have had another man's body supposed to be his, and buried in his own family burial ground, as such?" solemnly inquired Dame Lindsay.

"The explanation is a long one. I will give it to you in due order," replied Father Moriarty.

David Lindsay, standing there, took no part in the conversation, yet lost no word of the priest's discourse.

"And does that wretched man now really wish to see me?"

"Yes, the only wish he has expressed was to see you. You were sent for at his request."

"Well, I have come in answer to his call. I am ready to wait on him at once."

"He is sleeping now, for the first time since his arrival, and he must not be disturbed. The doctor says that to awaken him now might prove fatal. But the doctor is sitting by his bedside, and will let us know the moment he awakes," said Father Moriarty.

"And is the man really dying?" inquired the old woman.

"He is really dying; but he has a constitution of the most wonderful strength, sustained, too, by a will of almost miraculous power. In all my long experience, I have never seen such a man! Why, he was dying, really dying, when he rode up to this house on horseback about three or four hours ago!"

"Heavens, Father Moriarty!"

"Yes, he was. I was here at the time, giving the last consolations of the Church to one of the old colored women who was near her end, when I saw from the cabin door a large black horse walk into the yard, ridden by a powerful giant of a man, who seemed to me to be intoxicated from the manner in which he rode; but the hour was late, and the sky was so dark that I could not see distinctly who he was. I supposed him to be some friend of General Stuart who had been out dining and taking too much wine, and as I had just got through with my duties to my penitent, and was afraid that the reeling giant would fall from his horse, I ran across the yard and took hold of the trailing bridle. At the same moment of seeing me the stranger seemed to rally all his strength of mind and body for what must have been

to him a great effort, and alighted from his horse and stood up, but swaying from side to side like a tall pillar about to fall. I drew his arm over my shoulder to steady him, and called a man—the husband of the sick woman in the cabin—to come to the other side. And so between us we took the giant into the house. But, my child, when we had seated him in the deep arm-chair, nearly under the light of the hall lamp, I knew him to be Dyvyd Gryphyn, of Gryphynhold, at the same moment that he recognized me. And then to my horror, I discovered his condition. I saw that he was not intoxicated, but dying."

"Gracious Heaven, how dreadful!"

"It seems he had reached La Compte's Landing by the steamboat a few hours previously, and had hired the horse to bring him here, and had ridden all the intervening distance in this dying condition."

"Oh, Father Moriarty!"

"His hands and feet were already congested, his pulse could not be counted, his breath was coming in short gasps, and his eyes were filming over, as he sat back in that chair."

"Oh, how horrible!" moaned the dame, while David Lindsay covered his brow with his hand and groaned inwardly.

"And what should you think, my children, the wretched man would first have said to me on regaining his breath again, after dropping into his chair?"

"Ah, how can we tell, unless it was to ask you to pray for him," said Dame Lindsay, with a sigh.

"No! He gasped forth the words, 'I am dying, priest—get me to bed. It has been said no Gryphyn of Gryphynhold ever yet died in his bed. I am determined to die in mine. Get me there. I will not consent to die till I get there and give the lie to all croakers!' and he

broke into a low, feeble, gurgling laugh that almost killed him, for again his eyes filmed over, his head sunk back, and his breath came in quick, spasmodic gasps."

"May the Lord forgive him," sighed good Dame Lindsay, clasping her hands and raising her eyes to heaven.

"Amen!"

"And then you got him to bed, Father Moriarty?"

"Yes, I called assistance and we got him up stairs to a spare room, and put him to bed, fearing all the time that he would breathe his last under our hands. Yet, when he was once laid on the bed, and we saw that he still lived, though breathing with difficulty, I thought to send for the nearest physician, but was told that the doctor who had been in attendance on the sick servant had not yet left the house, and was then taking a parting glass of wine with the general in this parlor."

"That was providential."

"Yes. I sent down to both gentlemen to tell them what had happened, and of the liberty I had been suddenly compelled to take with one of the general's spare bed-rooms."

"Ay, and then?"

"Both gentlemen were promptly at the bedside of Dyvyd Gryphyn, whom General Stuart immediately recognized, even after a twenty years' absence."

"Twenty-three years, father, from the time he first came to this neighborhood; but Dyvyd Gryphyn's features were such that, once seen, they could never be forgotten."

"No, for their peculiar characteristics would have outlasted all the changes of age. General Stuart recognized him as I had done. The doctor gave him a stimulant that so revived him as to enable him to reply to the kind and hospitable words of his host. But the doctor after

ward took us aside and formally announced to us that which we knew at sight—that the man was dying. General Stuart left the room to send for his horsekeeper. And when he had gone Dyvyd Gryphyn, acting no doubt under the influence of the powerful stimulant he had taken, shocked us all by suddenly rising up out of his bed and stalking across the floor to a large, cushioned easy-chair, and dropping into it. We hurried to his side and we thought he was gone, for his head had fallen upon his chest and his eyes had glazed."

"*Oh-h-h!* this is dreadful to hear!" murmured the good old dame to herself.

"But we found he was still breathing, though in low, quick gasps. The doctor administered another and much stronger stimulant, which again revived him. He lifted his head, fixed his changing eyes defiantly upon me, and gasped forth the words:

"'Priest—I have changed my mind—I will not go back on the traditions of my race—I will not die in a bed—none of them have done so—let other men and women and children die in their beds—but I, a Gryphyn of Gryphynhold, will die head erect, and eyes looking straight before me!' Then turning to the doctor, he said: "'You know that I am going fast—and that you cannot deceive me with any false hopes of living—so much as a week—but you can tell me whether I have time—to send for a woman—I must see Mrs. Lindsay—Sandy Isle.'

"The doctor assured him that there would be time; and I myself went down and asked General Stuart to dispatch a man and boat to bring you over. I was very glad to be told that your grandson, David Lindsay, had come with you—though he cannot know as yet, I suppose, how important his presence really is."

"Yes," said Dame Lindsay, "he knows all."

CHAPTER XVI.

FATHER AND SON.

That thus a son should stand
Before a father's face!

BYRON.

Divine is love,
That lays forgiveness at thy feet,
And prays with thee to lift it.

A. A. PROCTOR.

A low rap sounded on the door.

"Come in," said the priest.

A colored man entered the room, bowed and said:

"If you please, sar, de doctor say how Marse Gryphyn is awake and wants to see Mist'ess Lindsay."

"Go and say we will come immediately," replied Father Moriarty.

The man nodded and went away.

"Come, dame, we have no time to lose. Come at once," said the priest, rising.

Dame Lindsay arose to follow him, trembling a little.

"You, also, my son, must come with us," continued Father Moriarty, addressing the young man.

David Lindsay arose in instinctive obedience to the command of one whom he had always venerated, but

even then he stood for a moment hesitating, while a short but violent struggle took place between his strong sense of duty on one hand, and a deep feeling of repulsion for the remorseless monster who had cruelly abused his helpless young mother, and turned her out of doors at midnight to perish in the winter storm. That she had not died of exposure was due to no relenting of the brute's ruthless purpose.

David Lindsay hesitated, but finally the sense of duty conquered, and he followed the priest and the dame up stairs.

They entered a large front chamber, upholstered in dingy crimson moreen, warmed by a great open fire of hickory logs, and lighted by a pair of tall tallow candles in old silver candlesticks upon the high chimney-shelf.

One notable object in the room would instantly have attracted the notice of any visitor on first entering it.

This was the tall, gaunt, dark figure of a man of almost gigantic proportions, wrapped in a long, flowered cashmere dressing-gown, and reclining back in a high, crimson-cushioned invalid chair. Long black hair and beard, untrimmed, hung down in elf locks upon his shoulders and breast, and brought out in strong relief the haggard, bloodless face, in whose high features the Indian type was still strongly marked. His head and shoulders had fallen helplessly back, and his hands lay listlessly on the cushioned arms of the chair. He was breathing in quick, short gasps. Even a child might have known that he was dying.

"Mr. Gryphyn, here is Mrs. Lindsay, whom you wished to see," said the priest, leading the old dame up to the invalid's chair.

"Ah—nearer!" gasped Dyvyd Gryphyn, attempting to turn his head, but failing and falling back

Dame Lindsay stood immediately in front of him, as close as she could get.

He made several ineffectual efforts to lift his hand or nod his head for something that he wanted. He failed because he had no longer any strength to move.

The doctor administered a powerful stimulant that gave him momentary and fictitious strength.

Then he lifted his hand, pointed to where his coat hung, and let the hand drop heavily again.

The man-servant who was in the room brought forward the coat and held it up before its owner. But Gryphyn's mind seemed to wander and forget why he had wanted it.

"It must be something in the pockets. Search the pockets," said the priest.

The servant obeyed and drew forth a bundle of papers tied with red tape.

Dyvyd Gryphyn smiled grimly as he recognized them, and recovered his memory. He turned his fading eyes on Dame Lindsay, and panted:

"Take them."

The servant handed the papers over to Dame Lindsay, who took possession of them, and looked anxiously for an explanation.

With a supreme effort the dying giant rallied all his strength, and said:

"They will secure—your grandson—in his rights—brandy, Doctor—I must speak."

The doctor poured out half a goblet full of cogniac, and held it to the patient's lips, who first swallowed with difficulty, but afterward with more ease as the stimulant took effect.

When he had drank the whole he breathed a little more freely, and muttered: "New life!" and went on with his discourse.

"These will secure your grandson his rights—not that I care for *him*; but only that he may oust the interlopers from the home of my forefathers. He is my only son—my heir-at-law—and the estate is strictly entailed. He is secured, doubly, trebly secured in his rights—"

Here Dyvyd Gryphyn paused for a minute, and Father Moriarty, seeing now his best opportunity, said:

"Your son is here, Mr. Gryphyn, only waiting your permission to approach you."

"Let him come. Let's have a look at him," said the strange father with a grim smile.

Father Moriarty beckoned David Lindsay to draw near.

The young man came, and as Dame Lindsay gave way, he stood in her place before his father's chair.

"Some one—bring a light—and hold it to his face. I want to see him and my sight is going," said Gryphyn.

"I am very sorry to see you suffering in this way, sir," said David Lindsay, now speaking sincerely, for he felt grave pity for this dying colossus, struggling so desperately with death.

"You lie, you dog! You doubly lie. In the first place, I am not suffering, in the second, you don't care a curse whether I suffer or not! Bring that light, some one! Let us take a look at young filial piety!"

After this explosion he sank back, and panted for some minutes before speaking again.

Meanwhile the servant had taken one of the candles from the mantel-shelf, and held it close under the face of David Lindsay, saying:

"Excuse me, sar. It is de marse's orders."

Recovering somewhat of his fitful sight and breath, Dyvyd Gryphyn gazed upon the form and features of the noble young man, rather as if he had been a crimi-

nal brought up before him for identification, than as a son for recognition.

"Not a line of me in his figure or face! No, nor in heart or mind either, I'll go bail! I don't really know whether he is my son or not, and (with a shocking oath) I don't care! so that he bears my name and ousts the interlopers who dared to purchase my father's house in the absence of his son!"

"Mr. Gryphyn," said Father Moriarty, approaching him, "I attended your late wife on her deathbed, received her last confession, and administered to her the last consolations of religion. I have known this young man from his infancy up to the present time. I know him to be your son, and a good and gracious, pure and noble youth. Will you not speak kindly to him? Have you no good words for him?"

"No! I am no saint, Mr. Moriarty; but"—with a frightful imprecation upon his own soul—"neither am I a hypocrite! I don't pretend to any interest that I don't feel. I don't care a curse for that fellow, except as the tool of my vengeance! I want to secure his rights, so that he may oust those interlopers! I hope it will ruin them! I hope they have got nothing to fall back upon after Gryphynhold. So that he ousts them and brings them to beggary, he may afterwards go and get himself hanged, for aught I care!"

This effort cost the speaker so much of his poor strength, that at its end his head suddenly fell upon his chest, and his whole form sank forward, as if it would have dropped from his chair.

The priest and David Lindsay raised him and replaced him, leaning backward.

"Lift him and lay him on his bed," whispered the doctor.

The priest and the son did as they were required,

and Dyvyd Gryphyn lay stretched on his back, no longer able to speak or move, but passively gasping away his life.

This bedstead stood at the farther end of the room, with its head against the wall, and its foot opposite the south front windows.

On the right-hand side stood David Lindsay and the priest.

On the left-hand side stood Dame Lindsay and the doctor.

All eyes were fixed upon the face of the dying man, who seemed to have lost consciousness of their presence.

Suddenly a change came over the countenance of David Lindsay. His eyes were attracted to the open space midway between the bed and the ceiling above it. Surprise, amazement, awe, and something between a holy fear and joy came over his face. For a few moments, while he kept his eyes fixed upon that open space in solemn wonder, his breath seemed suspended, and his lips moved as with inward speech.

His companions had scarcely time to notice this phenomenon before it changed in aspect.

David Lindsay's face cleared and calmed. He bowed his head reverently, as if in assent to something. Then he turned his face toward his father.

A look of fear and horror had come over the countenance of the fast-going man.

David Lindsay stooped near him, and in sweet and solemn accents, murmured:

"Father, can you hear me?"

Some slight softening of the horrid rigidity of that iron-bound countenance seemed to show that he did hear.

"Father, I am impressed by my mother to speak her

forgiveness to you. In the name of my mother I do forgive you. And we will both pray the Lord to forgive, redeem, and save you at the last."

"Amen!" breathed all present.

The sternly, grimly horrible face softened yet more. Was it only the relaxation of nerve and muscle in sinking into the last sleep, or was it that the haughty, scornful spirit had been touched and humbled at the last, and had accepted the forgiveness it had been too arrogant to ask? Who could tell? Not Dyvyd Gryphyn himself, for he never spoke or breathed again.

The whole party stood for a few minutes around the bed in solemn silence.

Then the doctor drew the sheet up over the dead face, and signed for every one to follow him from the room, which he locked up, giving the key to the man-servant to take to his master.

Day was now dawning, and Dame Lindsay proposed to return home at once; but father Moriarty represented that it would be better that she should remain at Woodlands for the present, as he wished to examine with her the important papers left in her charge by the late Dyvyd Gryphyn.

Then Mrs. Gray, the housekeeper at Woodlands, who had been on the watch for the reappearance of the old dame, came up to her and cordially invited her to a bedroom, where she could lie down and get two or three hours' sleep before breakfast.

The old dame was seventy-two years old, and of course not so well able to bear loss of rest as at the earlier period when the figures of her age had not been reversed and she was twenty-seven.

She followed the housekeeper to a comfortable back chamber, where there was a good fire and a soft bed.

Then she loosened her clothes and lay down, and soon fell fast asleep.

Meanwhile the doctor, after an early cup of coffee, set out for his home at St. Inigoes, promising to send the undertaker back to Woodlands.

David Lindsay borrowed the row-boat and set out for Sandy Isle to attend to the live stock there, but promised to return by the time his grandmother should be up.

Dame Lindsay slept three hours, and waking up, felt scandalized to perceive by the little wooden timepiece on the mantel-shelf that it was ten o'clock.

However, she washed her face in the tin basin in the little corner wash-stand, and felt much refreshed.

Then she smoothed her hair, put on her cap, tightened up her dress, and went down stairs to look for Father Moriarty and David Lindsay.

But the first person she found was the hospitable housekeeper, who told her that everybody had done breakfast; but coffee and hot muffins and broiled chickens would be ready for Mrs. Lindsay in a few minutes, and so she carried the old woman off to the dining-room and made her comfortable.

After her breakfast, Dame Lindsay went and found her grandson, who had returned from the island, and was sitting in the common parlor with Father Moriarty.

Both arose and gave the old woman the easiest chair and warmest corner.

And when she was seated David told her of his morning's trip to Sandy isle, and reported all well at their little cottage home.

Then Father Moriarty inquired if she had the documents left with her by Mr. Gryphyn.

In answer Dame Lindsay drew them from her pocket and handed them over to the priest.

"Shall we examine them now, David?" inquired the latter.

"If you please, sir. It seems to me no better time could be found," answered the young man.

Father Moriarty untied the parcel.

It contained some yellow, time worn parchments, which, when examined, proved to be old title-deeds relating to the Gryphynhold estate—the most ancient being the first royal patent, signed with the great seal of James the First, granting certain tracts of land, situated in "Our Province of Virginia," to a certain Owen Gryphyn ap Gryphyn, of Llanwyngin, County of Cheshire, Wales, and to his heirs or assigns forever.

Then there was an almost equally ancient deed of entail, settling the whole estate upon the eldest son and his heirs. Next there was the marriage certificate of Dyvyd Gryphyn of Gryphynhold to Marie Desolée Dubois.

"Then the marriage certificate my girl sent me must have been only a copy of that?" said Dame Lindsay, when this paper was produced.

"Certainly, that was an attested copy. Did you not know it?" inquired the priest.

"Oh, no. How should I? I gave it right over to you, Father Moriarty. But, sir, what is that other fresh, clean, folded paper at the bottom of the packet?"

"That," said the priest, taking it up and unfolding it, "is a statement written, signed and sealed by Dyvyd Gryphyn and attested before a notary. It is directed to me, to be opened and read in the presence of his son and the friends of his son."

"Meaning you and me, Father Moriarty, for I do not know any other friends that our boy has who would be so much concerned for him," said Dame Lindsay.

"Meaning us, I suppose," assented the priest; then,

turning to David Lindsay: "Have I your sanction for reading this statement now?"

"Certainly, Father Moriarty," answered the young man.

The priest unfolded the paper and read as follows—noticing, as did both his hearers, a certain wildness, extravagance and incoherence in the style, that showed some degree of insanity in palliation of the writer's vices, crimes and excesses:

CHAPTER XVII.

A DESPERADO.

Techy and wayward was his infancy;
His school-days frightful, desperate, wild and furious
His prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous;
His age confirmed, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody.

SHAKESPEARE.

He was one
Whom the just blows and buffets of the world
Had so incensed, that he was reckless what
He did to spite the world. Yea, he was one
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
That he would set his life on any chance
To mend it or to lose it.

SHAKESPEARE.

"In the near prospect of death, I desire to make a statement, which, in some measure, may be called a confession.

"Yet let no one mistake my motive in doing this thing.

"If I am not a Christian saint, neither am I a cowardly hypocrite.

"No fear of future consequences moves me to this course.

"No remorse for any act in my life drives me to this confession.

"No love for the son whom I have never seen, of whose very existence I was ignorant until within a few months past, urges me to make this statement.

"No! Such weak and silly sentiments and affections fit only to frighten women, children and cowards, have no lodgment in my nature, nor in the nature of the giant race from which I sprang.

"No! neither fear, remorse, nor love, leads me on my present course; but the spirit of vengeance! the desire to be revenged upon the usurpers who have taken advantage of my expatriation to possess themselves of my patrimony. To be revenged upon them, to dispossess them of their purchased estate, to bring them to poverty, to beggary, to ruin.

"That was why I, a fugitive from the law, came back from my long exile as soon as ever I heard that the home of my fathers was in the hands of strangers—came back to brave death, even death on the scaffold, so as to wrench the possession from them. That was why, when I discovered that I had a living son, I wrote this statement to give him the power over them.

"I was supposed to be dead and buried these twenty years past, and another man, my foe and my victim, was supposed to have been my murderer and to be a fugitive from justice.

"The case was exactly the reverse of what it appeared to be. The other man was dead and buried under my name, and I, his slayer, was an exile under his name, wandering in foreign countries.

"Let me explain:

"This man, Marmaduke Murdockson, and I had a fierce quarrel—about a woman, of course; from the days of Eve women have caused all the worst troubles in this world. Murdockson had made a little too free with this woman, who belonged to me. No matter who she was; she belonged to me.

"He boasted of her good opinion of himself. I knew he lied, and I told him so. He challenged me on the spot. We arranged a hostile meeting where there were to be no witnesses.

"But first I went home in the dead of night to rid me of that woman who had brought this trouble. I had an old grudge against her besides this. Some years before I had met her in Maryland. She was beautiful, and I grew mad to possess her. I won her regard, but soon found out that I must give up my pursuit of her or make her my wife. She would go with me on no other terms. I was mad for her, so I married her. I could not help it. She compelled me to marry her.

"I married her, but I never forgave her. Very soon I tired of her, and then I hated her that she had bound me in the bondage of marriage.

"That night, having so fair an excuse, in the boasting of Murdockson, I went home in the dead of night and rid myself of the woman, as I then supposed, forever. I was mistaken; but let that pass.

"The next morning I went to Wolf's Gap to keep my appointment with Murdockson. He was on the ground before me. I had not intended to murder him. I had meant to meet him fairly and risk my own life against his.

"But when I saw him standing there so coolly insolent, and heard him laugh and say:

"'To the victor belong the spoils. If you fall, Gryphyn,

I shall do my best to console the little beauty up at Gryphynhold.'

"Then I lost my self-possession and my senses. I raised my pistol and fired. He sprang up into the air and fell heavily, shot through the heart. When I went up to him he was dead. It was all over so suddenly that I could scarcely realize what had happened.

But soon reflection came. I felt neither remorse nor fear, but I did not wish to undergo the nuisance of an arrest and trial, if no worse came of it. I was, besides, disgusted with life in that neighborhood, and so I speedily determined to cover up my tracks and leave it. The carcass on the ground had grown cold. I undressed *it*, and then undressed myself, and changed clothes with it. Murdockson and myself were about the same size. Then I severed the head from the body, took it away to some distance and buried it. Then I came back and cut and burnt holes through all the clothing down to the shot wound in the chest. Then I completed the change in all other respects—even putting my seal ring on the finger of the dead hand, and replacing my purse, handkerchief, and keys in the pocket, and my watch in the fob of the coat in which I had dressed the body. I threw down my own hat beside him, and took his and put it upon my own head.

"It had begun to snow while I was engaged in these operations, and by the time I had completed them it was snowing fast. I therefore quickly gathered up all *his* belongings, disposed of them about my person, went to the place where I had seen *his* horse tied, and untied the animal and led him into the deep woods, and secured him there, where I remained until it was quite dark.

"Meanwhile, I knew that the thick falling snow had covered up all my tracks. When it was quite dark I

mounted the horse and rode down to the shore of the river.

"I could not venture to cross the ferry, so I turned up the stream until I reached a fording place, and I crossed there and rode on toward Gryphynhold.

"I reached the park about midnight. The gate was locked and barred, and the gatekeeper gone to bed. The lights were all out in his cottage. So much the better, I thought; for I wanted no witnesses to my return, or even of my continued existence. My horse was Murdockson's trained hunter, on which he had ridden with me behind many a famous pack of hounds, and cleared many a fence and ditch.

"I put Black Beelzbub to the park wall and cleared it, and galloped on to the house. All was dark there. Everybody asleep hours ago, I thought. So much the better again! No evidence of my life was desirable.

"The door was locked and barred and bolted; but there was a strip of window around the frame, with the glass out, and only the iron sashes left. I put my hands through these spaces, first on one side and then on the other, and took out the key from the inside, and put it in the keyhole on the outside and turned the lock. Then I put my hand through the broken space again and slipped the bolts and bars from the grooves. They fell with a crash and the door was open. I entered the hall, but was a little dismayed at first on seeing my housekeeper sitting before the hall-fire, evidently waiting for my return. She had waked up in utter amazement.

"Without giving her time to recover, I rushed upstairs to my own room, locked the door, and hastily secured all the money and jewels that I had in my strong box—several thousand dollars in bank notes, and some valuable diamonds, all of which I concealed about my person. Then I packed one change of clothes in a

small valise, and slipped down the back stairs and out at the back door; found my horse, or rather Murdockson's, where I had left him, mounted and fled.

"Ha—ha—ha! I have chanced to hear since then how my *ghost* appeared at Gryphynhold at midnight—yea,

"'In the dead waste and middle of the night,'

some hours after my dead body had been found on the dueling ground behind Wolf's Gap. So much for a well-authenticated, blood-curdling and hair-raising ghost story.

"That night I forded the river again, and before the next morning I was far on my road northward. Just before sunrise I found myself on the banks of a broad and rapid river in a solitary place. There, though it was mid-winter, I undressed, took a bath in the flowing stream, and put on the fresh suit of clothes.

"Then I tied up Murdockson's burnt and stained clothes with some heavy fragment of rock, and threw them as far as I could into the river. I saw them sink, and then remounted my horse and rode down the bank of the river until I came to a town.

"There I got breakfast, left my horse in pledge for a fresh one, and, of course, a very much inferior one, which I hired to pursue my journey.

"News did not travel very fast in those days; besides, I avoided stage-coaches and public roads wherever I had been seen before, traveling on horseback through by-ways, and putting up at small, out of the way inns and farm-houses, and whenever I wanted a fresh horse, changing the one I rode for a less valuable animal, until at last, when I reached Richmond, the creature I bestrode would not have brought a hundred dollars at private sale.

"I did not stop at our State's capital, for though I had never been there before, yet some one from my neighborhood might probably see and recognize me.

"I took passage on a schooner bound for Baltimore, where I arrived in the course of a week.

"It was in Baltimore that I got the first news of Gryphynhold.

"The story of the 'Tragedy of Wolf's Gap,' as it was called, had just reached the city and got into the papers. Men were discussing it while they smoked and chewed tobacco around the rusty stove of the low tavern, to which, for more security, I had chosen to go. For I might have met some old acquaintance at either of the better class hotels.

"Of course, I listened to what was going on. And a good-natured, unsuspicious idiot, seeing that I seemed to take an interest in the subject, told me all about it—much more than I knew or ever could have known, myself.

"He told me how one Colonel Marmaduke Murdockson, who was one of the most notorious villains in the world, had ran off with the sweetheart of an amiable young gentleman of the name of Gryphyn, just before the two last mentioned were about to be married. How Mr. Gryphyn had challenged Colonel Murdockson, and they met to fight a duel without witnesses; but that Colonel Murdockson evidently fired before the time and killed his adversary. And then the atrocious murderer mutilated the body and fled the country.

"'However,' pursued my informant, 'the coroner's jury found a verdict of murder against Marmaduke Murdockson, and the governor has offered a reward for his apprehension.'

"'And what has become of the young woman who was

the cause of this uproar?' I inquired, feeling some curiosity as to the fate of Desolée.

"'Oh! she! she is missing, too. Gone off with Marmaduke Murdockson. But there's the Baltimore *Watchman*, sir, with the full account of all the particulars. You can read it for yourself,' said my new friend, handing me the much-worn morning paper of the preceding day.

"I took possession to read at my leisure. My thoughts were then occupied with the fate of Desolée. I was speculating whether she had perished on the mountain during that midnight storm, and whether her body had fallen into some inaccessible ravine where it would never be found.

"Also, now that a reward had been offered for the apprehension of Murdockson, I felt that I must hurry out of the country and put the broad ocean between myself and 'the avengers of blood;' for though I was not Murdockson, yet an intelligent search for Murdockson might result in finding *me* and ultimately discovering the truth in regard to the man who was buried for me.

"That same day I took passage on a clipper bound for Liverpool; not, however, before I had exchanged my United States bank notes for English sovereigns, for which, of course, I had to pay a heavy premium.

"I reached London finally with a small capital in gold and diamonds of about five thousand pounds. With that I engaged in the only profession for which I was fitted by birth, education, and talent—the profession of gambling. For that branch of industry I possessed not only talent and training, but transcendant genius and passion. I prospered in it greatly. I was the modern Midas; everything I touched turned to gold. Rivers of gold flowed by me. Mountains of gold arose around

me. So rich was I that the market value of my abandoned home at Gryphynhold sank to a mere bagatelle, not worth a thought from me—the *market* value, I said; but it had another value—that of being MINE.

"Yes, I was fabulously rich—'rolling in gold,' as the negroes say. But my success was of the sort that finally defeats itself; like the race horse, so sure always to win that after a while no other horse can be found to run against him.

"When my success became so well known in London I did not lose or affect to lose in order to lessen it, or restore the shaken confidence of others in their own luck or skill. I went to another place, hastening to get there before my fame should precede me.

"Thus from London I went to Paris, from Paris to Baden, thence to Hamburg, so in succession through all the towns and cities on the Continent, and at the end of twenty years back to London, where another generation had come up, and my unfailing successes had been forgotten. I was rich enough to retire, but I could no more stop gaming than I could stop breathing.

"Beginning a second time in London, I went over the same ground there and on the Continent, but not with my pristine brilliancy of success. I had something of a European reputation by this time, which made against me. Besides, I was growing old, and a fatal disease was gaining power over me.

"You see I was already forty-five when I married Marie Desolée Dubois. I was fifty when I fled from my home. Twenty years of exile brought me to the three-score years and ten that are said to be the limit of man's life.

"The long lapse of time, the failure of health and strength, and, more than all, of success in my passion

for gambling, combined to inspire me with the desire to return home and look upon my native land once more.

"I do not know, however, that I should have put this purpose into practice, if it had not been that a mere chance revealed to me the fact that my house and manor of Gryphynhold had passed into the hands of strangers.

"The chance was this: I was seated at one of the tables in the coffee-room at Simpson's in London, when the name, 'Sir David Wynne Griffin,' spoken among a group of men at the next table, caught my attention. I knew it to be the name of a Welsh baronet, the descendant of the elder branch of our family, whom I hated because he had modernized and euphonized our rugged old patronymic. I listened.

"'Yes,' said the elder man of the group, evidently speaking of the baronet under discussion, 'he was poor enough when he came into his property about twenty years ago; but fortunately, just then a wild American relative—a very distant one, you may judge—got himself killed in a brawl, and dying inestate, his heirs were advertised for. Sir David being next of kin, responded through his solicitor, and came into possession of the wild bear's den without any difficulty. He sold it for a good price to a wealthy Cuban, who had more money than he knew what to do with, it seems. And with the proceeds of the sale the baronet lifted the mortgages off his patrimonial estate of Llanwyngin, and paid the rest of his debts.'

"With those words the group of men arose and sauntered away from the table.

"I cannot express with what rage and fury this intelligence filled me—that my house and the home of my ancestors had been sold and passed into the hands of strangers!

"When I recovered some self-possession, I started up to follow the men who had been talking about it; but they had already dispersed.

"Then I resolved to go home, be the consequences what they might in all other respects, so that I could expel the usurpers and triumph."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE END OF DYVYD GRYPHYN'S STORY.

And Lara sleeps not where his fathers sleep;
But where he died his grave was dug as deep;
Nor is his mortal slumber less profound,
Tho' priest nor blessed nor marble deck'd the mound.

BYRON.

"It was mid-winter—a dreary season to cross the ocean—and my fatal malady was gaining on me, making me more unfit for exertion or exposure every day"—continued the narrative of Dyvyd Gryphyn—"but this latter circumstance, instead of preventing my departure altogether, only served to hasten it.

"I embarked at Southampton on the first of January, and reached New York on the fifteenth.

"The voyage had invigorated rather than injured me.

"I did not loiter in the city, but set out at once for Virginia, going by steamer to Richmond, and thence by stage-coach down the valley, until I reached the little town of Fincastle.

"I purchased a good horse and pursued my journey

on horseback, stopping frequently for rest and refreshment, until I reached Kirk's Ferry.

"There I left my horse and engaged another one, on which I rode toward Gryphynhold with the fixed determination to kill the interloper who had taken possession of my own patrimonial home.

"I did not cross the river at the ferry. I avoided Wolf's Gap because I did not wish to be recognized before I had an opportunity to reconnoitre Gryphynhold.

"I rode up to the fording place and crossed there, and rode on through the narrow mountain pass until I came upon the estate.

"The night had closed in with clouds and dense darkness.

It reminded me of another night—the last I had ever spent at the old place—and then, by a flash of memory, I suddenly recollected that this night was the twenty-second anniversary of my flight from Gryphynhold.

"It was beginning to snow fast when I came upon a log cabin on the edge of the pine woods.

"More than twenty years before I had known it as the habitation of an old woman named Rizpah—or Jenny, as she was nicknamed—who had been my own nurse in my infancy. I did not, of course, know whether she were still living or not. She must have been seventy at the time of my flight; but these negroes often live to a great age. She might be still living.

"I saw a dim light gleaming through the crevice of the closed door, and I alighted and tied my horse, and went and listened at the crack.

"I heard no sound.

"I tried the door and found it unfastened. I opened it a little way and looked in.

"There, by the light of a pine wood fire, I saw an

aged crone, seated on a low chair, bending over the hearth.

"I knew, if this were Rizpah, I might trust her; if she were some other negro, I need not make myself known.

"I ventured to call her name:

"'Mammy Rizpah!'

"'Ah! what voice was that? It sounded like—it sounded like—' muttered the old creature.

"Then I slipped into the hut, and up to the light of the fire, and said:

"'Rizpah, don't you know me?'

"'Oh! is it you, young marster, come home at last? Well, well, I knowed I would see you ag'n 'fore ebber I died,' she said, to my great amazement.

"'Why, Rizpah, did you not think, with all the rest, that I was dead and buried long ago?'

"'No, young marse, not me—not Rizpah. Dat dead body might 'cieve eberybody else, 'cause de head was gone, and it was dressed in your clothes, but not me, young marse!'

"I must here remark that to the woman of ninety the man of seventy was still the young marse she had known in his childhood and youth.

"'How was it that you knew the body was not mine?' I now inquired.

"'Set down, young marse, and I will tell you. Don't you keep standin' dere. I ain't much s'prised to see you, neither. De sperits told me you was a comin',' she said, in a weird manner.

"'The spirits?' I said.

"'Ay, honey. You must know, young marster, when a 'oman gets as ole as me, dey has one foot in dis world and one in t'oder. Dem sperits in t'oder world told me as you was a comin'."

"'Well, I will not contradict you; but did the spirits also tell you that the body which was found and identified as mine was somebody else's?'

"'No, marse; no sperits had no call to tell me dat. I knowed it myse'f. Dat body might 'pose on oders; it couldn't 'pose on me, who nussed an' washed an' dressed you when you was a baby; an' tended you when you was a growin' boy, an' waited on you when you was a man. No, not me—not Rizpah! Whey was de scar ob de cut on your leg, which I had such a time to cure? An' whey was de mark ob de burn on your back? Not on dat body what was buried for yourn, young marse.'

"'Did you tell the people that the body was not mine?' I inquired, with some interest.

"'Who! *me?* Who! Rizpah? No, young marse, I kept your secret faithful; for I *did* see as it *was* your secret. So dey buried dat body as yourn, young marse, an' put a headstone ober it, likewise.'

"While I was wondering at the intelligent perspicacity of the old woman, I suddenly thought to ask her a question:

"'Do you know, Rizpah, whatever became of Marie Desolée?"

"'Oh! young marse, no, I dunno!' she answered.

"'Then she did not perish in the storm that night?"

"'No, young marse; you ain't got that heavy sin to answer for. It would ha' been a heavier sin than you fink, maybe, for she wouldn't a perished by herse'f. It was de moder ob your chile as you turned out dat night, my poor, mis'able young marse!' said the hag.

"I was very much astonished. I had not dreamed of that contingency; and so I told the old crone.

"'She didn't know it herself, young marse, so how

could she tell you? But I knowed it soon as ebber I seed her, 'cause I has hab much 'sperience in sich.'

"'Then you saw her?' I exclaimed, in much more surprise than I had yet felt.

"'Oh! young marse, yes, I seed her! She come to me to purtection dat werry same night she wur turned out in de storm! De Lord forgib you for it, sar! I's prayed for dat often. She come to me, she did, and I succored her, I did, and sent her 'way next mornin' disguised in my own boy Phil's Sunday clothes.'

"'Where did she go?' I inquired in anxiety.

"'Lord knows! young marse. She was agwine to *make* for her own home whey she was borned an' brought up; but wedder or no she ebber got dere I can't tell.'

"On hearing this, I took a sudden resolution to go down to the eastern shore of Maryland to re-visit Sandy Isle, where I had first met Desolée, and to find out whether she still lived, or, if she had died, whether she had left a child. But first I would effect the purpose for which I had come down to Virginia.

"I put another question to the old woman.

"'Do you know much about the man who dared to purchase this property owned by a living but absent landholder?'

"'Which you means does I know de man what bought Gryphynwolf?'

"'Yes.'

"'No, young marse, I dunno him. He done dead and gone long ago, an' lef' only one chile, his darter, which is de airess an' has jus' got married an' come here to lib. Law, young marse, she ain't nuffin but a chile herself.'

"'Was she brought up here?' I next inquired.

"'No, young marse—her parients nebber came here

to lib till she come two or free days ago. Ef we haddent been told, we should nebber ha' known by any change as de ole place had a new marster. All de same people was kep' on to de plantation, eben down to de same oberseer and de same housekeeper.'

"'Humph! Were the domestics bought, as well as the estate?' I could not help asking.

"'Yes, marse, either bought or hired, but no one come nigh de place to lib on it or to make any change until de young airess got married an' come home 'bout two or free days ago.'

"'Whom did this Cuban girl marry?' I inquired.

"'Dunno, young marse; his name is—his name is—Stay! I *has* heerd it, and it has something to do wid something to wear—his name is— Fustian? No. What is it, den? Serge? No. Camlet? Oh! I know what it is! I knowed it was something like cloth It is Linsey-woolsey! Dat's his name—Linsey-woolsey!' said the old hag, triumphantly.

"'I suspect it is Lindsay,' I said, with no disposition to laugh, for the name was that of Desolée's mother, or foster-mother; though I did not suppose any connection between the heiress of Gryphynshold's husband and my humble mother-in-law.

"'Yes, honey, dat's just what I said—Linsey-woolsey,' persisted the crone, with the obtuseness and stolidity of her race and age.

"I thought. My revenge fell to the ground. The purchaser of Gryphynhold was dead. His representative was a young girl, just married, and her husband was the master of Gryphynhold! Very well. If he held the wrongful master's place, he should share the wrongful master's doom.

"'This young Lindsay is now at the hall, you say?' I inquired

"'No, marster, I nebber said dat. I said how he *was* dere; but he has gone back whey he come from, on business, and left de young lady along o' Mrs. Brent at de house. He goed away dis werry morning. Marse Oberseer Cummings took him to Wolf's Gap in the mule wagon, and mos' jes' pass by here on his way back to de house, jes' before you come.'

"'And the young lady is alone with Mrs. Brent at the house?' I inquired.

"'Wid Mrs. Brent and Miss Phil and the colored people,' she answered.

"I reflected deeply for a few minutes. The principal thought was of Desolée and her child. They might both be living. If so, what a revenge I had in prospect against the usurpers of my property! A revenge that I might now take, without exposing my own life or liberty as the slayer of Marmaduke Murdockson and a returned fugitive from justice! My resolution was quickly taken—to get into the house of Gryphynhold and get possession of certain papers, concealed in the secret drawer of an old writing desk that used to stand in my chamber, and, as the old woman had declared that nothing had been changed, probably stood there still.

"After getting possession of these documents, I would go down to the Eastern shore of Maryland and hunt up Desolée and her child. If that child should be living, the papers I should hold, and others I should execute, would enable him, after my death, to eject the usurpers of his father's estate. If the living child should be a girl, the result would be the same. Then I could die in peace!

"I bound old Rizpah by a solemn promise never to reveal to any human being the fact of my return, but

to keep as silently and sacredly as ever the secret she had kept so long.

"Then I got from her some corn and oatmeal to feed my horse. I took the saddle off his back and brought it into her hut.

"Then I walked the remainder of the distance to Gryphynhold.

"The gate of the park was unlocked and the gate-house was untenanted. I passed through and entered the neglected drive that led up to the house. The snow was now very deep and still falling fast. I remember thinking how strange a coincidence it was that I should be going again at midnight, in a snow-storm, on a secret visit to Gryphynhold, on the twenty-second anniversary of the night when I had made my last visit and flight.

"As I approached the house, I noticed that all was dark within, except the great central hall, from which a dim light shone through the strip around the frame of the front door—just as it had on that notable night twenty-one years before!

"I laughed aloud as I stepped upon the threshold, for there was the strip with all the glass out, and even some of the iron sashes rusted and broken away—altogether much more dilapidated than it had been on that other memorable occasion when I made use of it twenty-one years before.

"I stooped and peered through the broken glass on the scene within. It was an interesting one to a secret spectator. There were two fire-places in that old hall—one on the right as I looked in, near the front door. This was black and cold. But there was one on the left, farther down, near the back door. This was dimly lighted by a sulky and smouldering fire, around which were gathered three frightened-looking women. As I

live, I believe the old housekeeper was just then telling them the horrible things that had happened that night twenty-two years before!

"I laughed within myself to think how I should frighten them out of their senses presently. An opportune gust of wind arose—it was the clearing off wind, as we were wont to call it in those parts. It came up very suddenly; but the three women were too deeply absorbed to notice it—the old housekeeper telling her marvelous story, the two girls listening to it. I chuckled to think how I should startle them in a a moment, putting them to fight like a flock of birds.

"The moment the wind sprang up, rattling the doors and windows, I slipped my hand through the strip and drew out the door-key. Then, under cover of the noise made by the wind, I unlocked the door. Finally, I put my hand through the opening again, and drew back the bolts, and slipped the bars from their grooves, and purposely let them fall with a clang loud enough to wake the dead, and I burst open the door and rushed in with the wind!

"You should have seen and heard the women! A shriek, piercing enough to have split the shingles off the roof, rose from the three throats as they rushed together, and clinging for mutual protection, sunk to the floor.

"All that I saw, and chuckled to see, in the moment that I rushed through the hall and up the stairs. I had the upper part of the house all to myself then; for I knew that the wealth of the world would not have bribed one of those women to ascend those stairs.

"I went up to my own old chamber, where I found a fire burning in the chimney-place, and a pair of lighted candles in the fixed brackets at each end of the mantelpiece.

"I locked the door, though there was no possibility of

intrusion, and I went leisurely to work ransacking the old escritoire. I had more trouble than I had bargained for to find the papers, however. For one thing, I had forgotten the concealed spring of the secret drawer. After working an hour or more to no purpose, and finding out what a worm-eaten and dilapidated old concern this piece of antique furniture really was, I lost patience and going to one side of the escritoire, I exerted all my strength and threw it heavily down upon the floor, with a crash that shook the house and broke the old cabinet all to pieces, scattering its contents abroad,

"Then I laughed within myself to think what a new panic this tremendous noise would throw the women into. Yes, I laughed, though the unusual exertion of my strength in knocking down the old desk had brought on an acute attack of my malady, so that I was forced to drop upon the bed and lie there inactive for several hours.

"The brandy-flask in my breast-pocket gave me some relief.

"About sunrise I arose and diverted myself with overhauling bureaus, tables, and bedding, and throwing everything into weird disorder for the edification of the women when they should come to look upon this scene of the 'ghost's' midnight visit.

"Then, having secured all my papers, I went down stairs.

"The hall was now quite deserted. I felt an impulse to look again upon the women whom I had frightened out of their wits. I rightly conjectured that they had taken refuge from the haunted house in the kitchen at the back of the building. I crept along silently through the back passages until I reached the door leading into the kitchen. It was closed, but not latched. I therefore silently opened it and looked in. There were now but

two women present—the old housekeeper and the young lady. Both were standing before the kitchen fire, with their backs toward me. The old housekeeper was just congratulating herself and her companion on the fact that the sun had risen, adding that she never was afraid of anything by daylight.

"At that I laughed aloud.

"She started, turned, saw me, and with an ear-splitting scream, fell to the floor in a fainting fit.

"I did not wait to pick her up, but fled and hid myself; for the young lady—a little hornet she must have been—gave chase.

"I lay hidden until she gave up the search. Then I went out by the front door, at which I had come in, and using the transom in the same way, I put my hands through, first on one side of the door-frame, and then on the other, and locked, bolted and barred the door as 'securely' as I had found it.

"Then I hurried to old Rizpah's hut, and stayed hidden there until nightfall, when I re-mounted my horse and left Gryphynhold.

"I crossed the river at the ford that night, and rode on as far as Christianburg. I remained in the woods all day, fed my horse with the food I had brought in my saddle-bags, and refreshed myself with some cold bread and chicken provided by old Rizpah, and brandy from the flask that was my constant companion.

"At nightfall I resumed my journey, and reached Kirk's Ferry, where I arrived at sunrise. But here again I remained in the nearest thicket all day, and only at nightfall ventured to cross the ferry and return the horse I had got there, and reclaim the one I had left there.

"At the ferry I was much annoyed, for the first time, since my return to my native country. The curiosity

ot the landlord was intrusive in questions, and ingenious in devices to find out who I was. But I defeated his ingenuity and disappointed his curiosity.

"Not only was I worried by the landlord, but I was strangely troubled by the face of a perfectly inoffensive young man who was staying at the house. I somehow could not keep my eyes off him, nor could I bear to meet his.

"In a word, I left Kirk's Ferry that evening, but I had only ridden as far as Lexington when an attack of my incurable malady seized and prostrated me for days.

"As soon as I recovered, I sold my horse and determined to travel to Richmond by stage and thence to La Compte's Landing by steamer. I could not travel very fast, being obliged to stop at night. But in due time I reached Richmond and took the Baltimore boat that on its way would stop at La Compte's Landing.

"There I arrived about two weeks ago. I questioned the old man on the wharf—the very same negro who had been flagman when I had first visited the neighborhood twenty-five years ago—and I asked him concerning the family at Sandy Isle, and whether the young woman who had been missing so many years before had ever returned to the neighborhood.

"I found he could tell me all about what I most wished to know.

"He did not recognize me at all, and was, for that reason perhaps, all the more communicative.

"Yes, he told me Marie Desolée had returned to her friends many years before. The old flagman himself had taken her across in his row boat from La Compte's Landing to Sandy Island.

"She had lived there about six months, keeping very close, never going away even to church, and seeing nobody but the doctor and the priest. They said she

was in a decline, but the old flagman thought her heart was broken. Bosh!

"She lived on until the summer, and then died, leaving an infant son.

"'Hurrah!' I thought; 'a son! But stay! perhaps he did not live.'. I listened anxiously for the remainder of the old man's account.

"The boy thrived, he told me, and Jim and Kate Lindsay, who had no children, adopted him and brought him up as their own, and would like to have made everybody believe it; but the people knew well enough that David Lindsay was Marie Desolée's child, though they had such a liking for old Dame Lindsay that they never let on about it; indeed, the old flagman thought the young man didn't know himself that he wasn't old Mrs. Lindsay's real born grandson.

"But all the same Father Moriarty had baptized him at his mother's death-bed, and his real name must be on the parish register, if it was nowhere else.

"So my son lived! My revenge was in my own hands. I determined to find him out at once. I asked the old man if he could take me immediately over to Sandy Isle in his row-boat.

"He told me that he could, but there was no one there. Old Mrs. Lindsay had gone to keep house for the priests at St. Inigoes, until they could get another old woman.

"'And young Mr. David, where is he?' I inquired, still bent on seeking him out at once.

"'Oh, he! de young rascal!' exclaimed the flagman. 'He done gone away too, de scamp! Done run away 'long o' de purtiest gal and de richest heiress in de whole country, and he nuffin' but a poor fisherman, de young willian!'

"I astonished the negro by bursting out into a loud

laugh and fairly rolling with laughter! How could I help it, thinking how blood *would tell*. Here was my son, whom I had never seen, in whose training I had no hand, true to the traditions of his race, running off with the greatest beauty and the richest heiress to be had—as all his forefathers had done before him—except myself, who had carried off a beauty who was not an heiress.

"'Who was this young lady?' I inquired of the astonished negro, as soon as I had done laughing.

"'Miss Delia Werry, de niece and heiress ob Colonel Marshalus Discrepancy,' answered the half-offended old flágman.

"I laughed again. I shook with laughter.

"'*I* don't see nuffin 'tall in dat to 'muse you so much, ole marster—a young scownal ob a fisherboy, a running off wid de loveliest and loftiest little lady in de land—I don't,' exclaimed the angry old flagman.

"'Well, how came she to let him do it?' I asked.

"'Oh, she was 'ticed long o' his good looks and sin-away-ting ways.'

"I laughed again! Oh, he was my own son and the son of my fathers!

"'Was he so handsome?' I asked.

"'Oh, just as bootiful and just as 'luring as Loosey Fore when he tempted Eve!'

"I did not care the least for Miss Delia Discrepancy, or whatever her mangled name might have been. I had no doubt, that as my promising son had, after the manner of his fathers, run away with a beauty, he would carry out the programme in the same style, and tire of her, and break her heart, or break her neck, in a few months or years.

"But I was anxious to finish the work I had come to do—to establish my son as my legal heir before death

should overtake me. I asked the old man if he had any other duties to keep him on the wharf that afternoon.

"He told me that he had not, because no other boat would pass there for twenty four hours.

"I then offered him a liberal price to find any sort of wheeled vehicle to drive me to St. Inigoes. He went up to La Compte's Lodge and made interest with the overseer, and borrowed an old gig and horse with which to drive me on to the little hamlet.

"It was not yet sunset when I arrived, and so I sought out the sexton of the chapel, and, for a small bribe got him to admit me into the sacristy and give me a sight of the parish register.

"I found the volume for the year I wanted, and after turning its leaves, I discovered, under the date of July 4th, the registered baptism of David Lindsay, the son of Dyvyd Gryphyn, of Gryphynhold, Virginia, and Marie Desolée Dubois, his wife.

"That was quite enough. I made a copy of the entry and left the chapel.

"I went to the little inn that night, keeping the negro and the gig in attendance on me.

"Here I have spent the night in writing out the foregoing statement. I do not know why I have been drawn into so much detail. Perhaps because I am so solitary that I have no one to talk to.

"I shall return to La Compte's Landing to-morrow, and go on to the house of my old friend, General Stuart, there to die; for I feel the approach of death."

This was the end of Dyvyd Gryphyn's statement.

Father Moriarty folded the manuscript and silently handed it to David Lindsay.

Dame Lindsay wiped her eyes and sighed.

David Lindsay's face was a picture of mental agony.

Yet he was the first to break the oppressive silence. With an agonizing effort to account for, to palliate, to throw off the almost intolerable consciousness of the atrocities of that unnatural, monstrous life that had been unveiled before them, he exclaimed:

"He was insane! He *must* have been insane, you know!"

"Yes, my son," solemnly replied the priest, "he was insane, since all violent, wicked, and perverted passions are insanity. But the subject of this madness is not the less miserable, however the all-providing mercy of the Lord may find him at the last."

Three days later the mortal remains of Dyvyd Gryphyn were laid in the family burial-ground of his early and only friend, Archibald Stuart.

On the evening of the same day Father Moriarty left for St. Inigoes, and Mrs. Lindsay and David Lindsay for Sandy Isle.

On parting, the priest had said to the young man:

"My son, I must have a long talk with you."

"Very well, father; when shall I wait on you?"

"To-morrow, if you please, at St. Inigoes."

"I will attend you, father," said David Lindsay

CHAPTER XIX.

PHILIPPA FALLS IN LOVE WITH A PORTRAIT.

O that those lips had language!

COOPER.

Gloria, with Miss de Crespigney and Philippa Cummings, left Wolf's Gap on the last day of February, by the stage-coach that passed the ferry on its way to Nashville, Tennessee.

They traveled slowly, because Miss Agrippina, declaring that there was no reason why they should hurry and fatigue themselves, insisted on stopping every night to sleep where the stage-coach stopped for supper, and not going on until after breakfast the next morning.

They were not in haste, and were always willing to take time to look about a new place, even if it had no other attraction than that of novelty.

Thus these lazy and leisurely tourists were nearly two weeks in reaching Nashville, where Miss de Crespigney insisted on stopping for several days, because she had never been there before, and she wished to see all that was to be seen.

That was much more than they had anticipated. The beautiful new capitol, with the elegance of its architecture, and the snow-white cleanness and clearness of its surface, was visited and admired; next the State

Penitentiary was investigated; and finally the Lunatic Asylum was inspected—this last lion filled the bosom of Philippa with dismay.

"Oh, Madame Gloria," she exclaimed, on leaving the institution. "If I should go often to such a place, I should grow mad as the maddest there! I should! Not that I should mind it so much if I could choose the method of my madness. How charming, for instance, to be mad after the manner of that beautiful, radiant, happy servant girl, who thinks she is the Empress of Brazil, and receives all her visitors with such royal grace! What a great pity it would be to bring her to her reason! Why it would be dethroning an empress who has all the joys and none of the cares of royalty. But to be crazed with the crotchet of that poor innocent who thinks he has committed the unpardonable sin! Oh, Madame Gloria, if it were not against all divine and human laws one would almost wish to chloroform him, and send him home to Our Father's house to find out all his tender mercy. Why don't our Lord take such, Miss de Crespigney?"

"Hold your tongue, Miss Philippa Cummings! You are no better than a heathen!" exclaimed the horrified old lady.

The day after this visit they left Nashville for Jackson, where they remained over night, and next morning they started for Memphis, where they took a Mississippi River steamer for New Orleans.

So long had the party of tourists been upon their route that it was near the first of April when at length they landed at the Crescent City.

It was the twilight of a mild spring day, and but little could be seen of the town.

Miss de Crespigney ordered a carriage for herself and party, and a cart for their luggage, and ordered

the coachman to drive to Magnolia Mound, in the suburb of Lafayette, and the cart to follow the carriage.

They were soon bowling through the city, but it was too dark to see anything except the splendor of the illuminated store sand bazaars along the streets through which they passed.

An hour's rapid drive brought them to a suburban neighborhood of almost paradisiacal loveliness, where broad, white gravel roads wound in and out between the beautiful grounds around elegant, detached villas that arose in white purity from among groves of magnolia, orange, and lemon trees, now in full blossom under the beaming light of the moon, and shedding delicious fragrance through all the night air.

"Oh, how beautiful, how exquisite, how delicious!" exclaimed Gloria, as she leaned from the carriage window to gaze upon the loveliness of the landscape and inhale the perfume of the air.

"I thought nothing could equal the charms of wild natural scenery; but I see that cultivation and refinement have their delights, also," said Philippa, enthusiastically.

"I should think so! This is something different from Wolf's Gap, Gryphynhold, and the Iron Mountains," said Miss de Crespigney.

"Yes—as different as a nightmare from—from—from a love dream!" exclaimed the girl, saucily.

"Hold your tongue, Philippa! You are a very improper young person!" exclaimed Miss de Crespigney.

The carriage now turned into one of the light and elegant looking wrought iron gates, and rolled along a broad drive bordered with velvet lawns and scented groves, and drew up before a beautiful white villa, where marble porticoes and balconies were twined and fes-

tooned with fragrant climbing roses and flowering vines.

Here attentive grooms came to the carriage, while liveried footmen threw open the house doors, and neatly-dressed maid-servants waited in the hall to receive their mistress and her young companions.

"Show these two young ladies to the twin rose-rooms and wait their orders, Celine," said Miss de Crespigney to a pretty quadroon girl, who immediately courtesied and turned to lead the way to the upper chamber.

"Follow me to my appartments, Narcisse. And you, Philomele, go order the cook to have tea on the table within half an hour," were the further instructions of Miss de Crespigney, as she left the hall.

Pretty little Celine led the two young girls up stairs to a pair of communicating bedrooms, upholstered in rose-colored silk and white lace, and overlooking a garden of roses, whose aromatic odor filled the air. Here she supplied them with all requisites for the toilet.

Philippa soon arranged her own careless, simple dress, and walked to and fro between her own room and Gloria's with manifest impatience.

Gloria, who was a careful bather and brusher, at last noticing the girl's restlessness, said:

"Do not wait for me, Philippa, dear, but go down. I dare say Celine will be good enough to show you the way to the drawing-room."

"Well, Madame Gloria, I will take you at your word; for if you are going to spend ten or fifteen minutes over every separate finger of your hands, scraping, polishing and paring every separate nail, I shall be tired of waiting for you. Don't you know, Madame Gloria,

that it is a sin to care so much for your perishable body?" inquired the girl, with mock solemnity.

"It is just because it *is* so perishable that I care for it," smiled Gloria.

"Well, then, I think that is *odious!* Come along Celine. Show me the way down stairs to the drawing-room," said Philippa, as she left the chamber.

Gloria finished her toilet with leisurely care, and then descended to the drawing-room, which she found for herself without difficulty.

It was a long, lofty room, somewhat in the French style, upholstered in pale blue and silver, the walls almost covered with mirrors, reaching from floor to ceiling, and doors and windows draped with fine lace and blue silk. Spider-legged, silver-gilt chairs and tables, and stands for flower vases stood around; three silver-gilt chandeliers hung from the ceiling, and brilliantly lighted the scene.

There was but one picture in the room, and that was the full-length portrait of a young man, dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant of cavalry.

This hung in a richly gilded frame from ceiling to floor between the front windows.

Before this portrait stood Philippa Cummings, with her small, fair hands clasped together, and hanging down before her, with her head raised, her golden hair flowing back from her shoulders, and her eyes raised and riveted on the face in the picture—wrapped, absorbed, entranced.

There was no one else in the room, and Gloria stopped on the threshold to look at Philippa, who, in her beautiful self, made another picture, as she seemed to the spectator like some fair young saint gazing in adoration upon the image of her guardian angel.

Presently the girl turned, and seeing her friend, asked in the slow, pathetic tones she sometimes used:

"Oh! Madame Gloria, *whose* is this heavenly picture?"

"It is that of my Uncle Marcellus de Crespigney," replied the young lady.

"*This*, your uncle? The one who brought you up?"

"Yes, the same."

Philippa turned shortly around, confronted the little lady, and stood staring at her in silent amazement; and when she found her voice, she said, in a tone of plaintive reproach:

"Oh! Madame Gloria, how could you ever have left him for any other man alive?"

CHAPTER XX.

THE LONELY HEART.

To wander 'mid the festive scene,
With soul but ill at ease;
To stray where lighter hearts have been,
And mock at thoughts like these;
To look for one, 'mid those around,
Would glad our mournful mood,
Then start at mirth's distracting sound—
This—this is solitude.

BYRON.

The entrance of a footman, who went around and turned the gas up higher, throwing a still more brilliant light over the scene, followed by the appearance of Miss Agrippina de Crespigney, in a black satin dress and

white lace fichu, put a sudden stop to the confidential conversation of the two girls.

They turned to meet her, and she accosted them kindly, saying:

"Well, my dears, I hope you found your rooms to your mind, and that Celine made you comfortable."

"Oh, Miss de Crespigney, the rooms were not so much bed-chambers as fairy-bowers, and Celine not so much of a lady's maid as a Queen Mab's sprite," gayly answered Philippa, speaking for herself and her companion.

"Then I am sure you could not have been properly attended to, and could not have been comfortable," rejoined Miss Agrippina; and before any one could contradict her the tea-bell rang.

"Come!" said Miss de Crespigney; and she led the way into the hall, and thence to a good-sized room in a projection of the house so constructed that windows surrounded it on three sides, and being open and only shaded with white lace and blue silk curtains, admitted the fresh and balmy evening air, laden with the fragrance of a thousand blooming flowers.

"Only to think that but four weeks ago we were on the Iron Mountain, in the midst of ice and snow," said Gloria.

"When one travels from North to South at this season of the year, the change is very rapid and very marked," observed Miss Agrippina.

"Yes, we did not wait for the slow approach of spring to the Iron Mountain. We came to meet her!" exclaimed Philippa.

"Come, young ones, take your seats. We are but a small company. Only three," said the hostess, placing herself at the head of the medium-sized round table, covered with its snowy damask—for Miss de Crespigney

utterly abominated the modern fashion of serving tea upon a colored table-cover.

"Three Graces," said Gloria, laughingly, supplementing Miss Agrippina's remark.

"Three Fates," added Miss de Crespigney, humoring the fancy.

"You have left nothing for me to contribute but three Furies—let us be three Furies and furiously attack and demolish these lovely strawberries," concluded Philippa.

It was a dainty repast, prepared by a superior cook of Miss Agrippina's training, delicately served on "egg-shell" Sevres china, painted with rosebuds and violets in their natural colors, Bohemian glass, silver-gilt spoons, and pearl-handled knives, fragrant tea and aromatic cocoa, light biscuits and cakes, and luscious fruits and cream.

It was a feast that especially pleased the two girls, who liked to linger over it longer than Miss de Crespigney quite approved.

However, they were her guests as well as her *protégees*, and she forbore to show the least impatience while they toyed with their dainties.

At length, when they were tired of their play, the old lady felt free to touch the *timbre*, which summoned the servants to clear the table, and to rise and precede her young people into the drawing-room.

There, as they entered, the brilliant light of the chandeliers fell so full upon the pictured form of Marcellus de Crespigney that the young officer himself seemed to stand, in his bright uniform, military cap in right hand, and earnest eyes, in the act of bowing and welcoming them to his presence.

"Oh, Miss de Crespigney, that is your nephew," said Philippa, unable to refrain from speaking of and gazing on the portrait.

"Oh, yes, that is Marcel, painted in his very first uniform, poor fellow, just after he had graduated at West Point and received his lieutenant's commission, and just before he got married and went off to the Mexican war."

"Why, he must have married very young," said Philippa, gazing compassionately on the tall, slender, graceful, elastic form, and the beautiful, grave, boyish face.

"A baby, child; a baby playing at soldiering, and playing at marrying," said the old lady.

"It was a love match, of course."

"On the woman's side, yes. Marcel de Crespigney ought to have been a Mormon angel, so many women fell in love with him."

"But he must have loved the lady he married," persisted Philippa.

"Oh, *he* loved them *all*, bless you! every one of them; and more, too. I never knew the time that fellow was not in love, and I have known him ever since he was born."

"I suppose you are caricaturing, Miss de Crespigney; yet I could almost believe you were speaking the literal truth. He looks like it. He—"

"There!" exclaimed Miss Agrippina. "That is enough of *him!* A very little of Marcel goes a great way with me. Gloria, sit down at the piano, my dear, and give us the 'Mariner's hymn to the Virgin.'"

"'Star of the Sea?'"

"Yes."

The girl seated herself at the instrument, and in her clear, pure, sweet soprano voice, so well suited to the music, she sang that hymn and several others of Miss de Crespigney's selection.

Soon after this they retired to bed.

Early the next morning Gloria was awakened from a sound sleep by the carolling of innumerable birds, that seemed to be holding a high jubilee of joy.

"Surely," said Gloria, as she sprang out of bed, and threw open her window that overlooked the graded terraces, with their marble vases of growing exotics, and the luxuriant rose garden, with the orchard of fruit trees all in full blossom beyond, fresh with dew-drops sparkling in the beams of the rising sun—"surely, surely, this must be some bird's high religious festival; they are all singing a Gloria in Excelsis in full choir."

And there they were! Beautiful birds with their brilliant plumage, melodious birds with their rapturous hallelujahs! Innumerable birds of the South perched everywhere—in the tops of trees, in tall rose bushes, on the gable ends and along the trellis-work of arbors and summer-houses, all pouring out their joy in song!

Gloria leaned out of the window, luxuriating in the life of the morning, the splendor of the sun, the beauty of the earth, the fragrance of the flowers, the music of the birds!

Gloria might have remained there, entranced, much longer than she did, but a practical sound recalled her—the ringing of a bell. She did not really know whether this were the rising bell or the breakfast bell. Therefore, Gloria left her position at the window and dressed herself with as much expedition as was compatible with fastidious neatness and cleanliness.

When she hurried down stairs, however, she found no one in the breakfast room but the servant who was setting the table, nor in the drawing-room, except Philippa, and she was standing before the portrait of Marcel de Crespigney in an attitude of adoration.

"Good morning, Philippa."

The girl started and turned around, but instead of returning her friend's greeting, she pointed to the picture and exclaimed, in a pathetic voice:

"Ah, Madame Gloria, was he really and truly as beautiful, as heavenly as that?"

"He was more beautiful than that. That only gives the beauty of form and color and external countenance; no painting could ever give the beauty of Marcel's soul."

"Oh, Madame Gloria! How I wonder you did not love him!"

"I *did* love him more than any one else in the whole world, and from my earliest infancy up to womanhood."

"Then how could you ever have left him for any other person on earth?"

"Because he wished to marry me," said Gloria; for she deemed that under the circumstances it was best to be frank with this strange girl, who was evidently becoming hallucinated by the beauty of a man's portrait, and making a saint, a hero or a god of him.

Philippa turned short around, for she had been again gazing at the picture, and she stared at Gloria a full minute before she exclaimed:

"He would have married you!—would have given himself to you for ever and ever! would have made you that most blessed and happy—oh, yes, Madame Gloria!—and the most enviable of human beings—*his wife*—and you would not have him! You left him!"

"I fled from before his face as if Satan were behind me! But there! the subject is abhorrent to me? Let us talk of something else."

But Philippa had turned again to the portrait. Gazing on it she murmured as if to herself and half unconsciously:

"I could do anything in the world for that man—any-

thing; except break the Lord's law. If I were a princess and he a peasant, and he asked me to marry him, looking at me with those beautiful, pathetic eyes, I should do it. If he were going on an exploring expedition into the pestilential swamps of Africa, or the infested forests of Brazil, or into the frozen regions of the pole, I would go with him gladly to share every intolerable hardship and deadly peril, and think myself most blessed and happy to be allowed to do it!"

Gloria made no remark to this outburst of enthusiasm; but she thought within herself: *that* was the way in which her Aunt Eusebie had loved Marcel; but she was neither blessed nor happy.

"Those eyes," continued the infatuated girl, still gazing on those large, dark, beautiful, and most mournful orbs—whose very smile was sadness—"those eyes are enough to subdue the hardest nature to compassion and sympathy, to melt one to tears! almost to break one's heart! Ah! Madame Gloria! what was the matter with him? What was the secret that gave this look of unutterable sorrow to those eyes?"

"You mean at the time that portrait was painted?"

"Oh, yes, of course."

"I do not remember now—whether it was a hopeless, platonic love for the colonel's matronly lady, or a despairing passion for the surgeon's middle-aged widow; but I know I have heard that he was the victim of both disappointments," said Gloria calmly.

"You profane wretch!" indignantly exclaimed Philippa. "I will never talk to you of Marcellus de Crespigney again!"

"Pray do not!" assented Gloria.

A bell rang, and Gloria knew it must be the breakfast bell, and invited Philippa to go with her to the dining-room.

The latter assented. All her short-lived flash of anger had died out.

They found Miss de Crespigney already seated at the head of the table and waiting for them.

The windows on three sides were all open to the garden, admitting the fresh air, the bright sunshine of morning, the fragrance of flowers, and the music of birds.

"What a delightful morning, and what a delightful room!" exclaimed Gloria, after she had greeted her hostess.

"And what a delicious breakfast," added Philippa, as the two girls turned from the windows overlooking the garden and seated themselves at the tempting table adorned with its snowy damask, "egg shell" china and bubble glass, and laden with light rolls, delicate fish, spring chicken daintily cooked, and fruits and jellies prettily arranged.

They would have lingered long over this meal, too, but that, at the end of half an hour, Miss Agrippina said, courteously but positively:

"Now, my dears, I can't let you loiter this morning; I want you to go and get ready to drive out with me. I shall go into the city and try to do some shopping, and get back before the heat of the day, for I tell you the days are hot in April sometimes in these latitudes."

The two girls hastened up stairs to their rooms to make ready for their drive.

They soon unpacked and put on their best street suits.

Gloria wore a rich black moire antique trimmed with black thread lace and jet, and a fine black thread lace shawl, and a black lace hat, with a wreath of scarlet cypress vine. I told you she always dressed ages older than herself, and more like an elderly matron than a

young girl; but this gave a piquant charm to her fair, radiant, youthful beauty, like the grandmother's caps and spectacles to the masquerading infant face.

Philippa wore the best, and indeed the *only* holiday suit she had for all occasions, and had worn faithfully for the last three years for church, visiting or shopping —a plainly made black silk suit, a black Llama sack, and white chip hat with a wreath of forget-me-nots:

"You might be mother and daughter, to look at you two from behind!" said Miss de Crespigney, on meeting her young guests in the drawing-room, before going out. "Yes, I declare, Gloria, if it were not for your beautiful yellow curls flowing, you two might be taken for mother and daughter! I vow, if you don't lay aside those heavy moires and velvets and those large shawls of yours, I will take and send them all off to be sold for the benefit of the hospital. Who ever heard of a girl of seventeen wearing heavy, dark moires and velvets and great shawls of any sort?"

"Well, Aunt Agrippina, I do not know what to wear! You shall dress me and do as you please," replied Gloria, whose docility put the old lady into very good humor.

They drove that day to some of the most fashionable bazaars in New Orleans, and Miss de Crespigney directed the purchases of Gloria, who bought nothing for herself that she did not duplicate for her friend Philippa.

They returned home to an early dinner, and then an afternoon nap.

At tea Miss de Crespigney, seeing her two young friends in the dresses they had worn out on their shopping expedition, said to them, as her eyes traveled critically over their costumes:

"Now, my dears, you must really prepare for com-

pany. The cool of the evening is the favorite hour for social visiting at this season and in this neighborhood, which I must inform you is rather aristocratic than fashionable. My old neighbors have doubtless found out in the course of this day that I have returned home and brought two young ladies with me. They will soon call on you. Some of the most intimate of my friends may come to-night."

"Very well, Aunt Agrippina; now what shall we wear?" inquired Gloria, with a smile.

"Not moire antique, or velvet, or point-lace, mind that! Wear your white organdies with either pale blue or rose ribbons and natural flowers in your hair. And don't dress exactly alike. One of you wear rose color and the other blue; both colors are becoming to both of you."

And so she hurried them away.

"Bless my soul alive, Madame Gloria! how sorry I am that we haven't got slips and pantalettes so as to dress in a sufficiently infantile style to please Miss de Crespigney."

"But aunt is quite right. You know, Phil, about *my* wardrobe; I bought all those things while I was in Europe traveling with Marcel, and *I* did not know what to buy, and Marcelknew no more than myself."

"And had you no lady friend?"

"No, nor any friend of any sort, not even an acquaintance or a companion, you know, except Marcel! Come! let us hurry."

They ran up stairs and soon came down simply and beautifully dressed, according to the instructions of Miss de Crespigney—both in white organdies, trimmed with Valenciennes lace—Gloria in pale blue ribbons, with white rosebuds in her hair, Philippa with rose

ribbons and red rosebuds on her breast; and they looked their age—the age of girls scarcely past childhood.

Miss Agrippina gazed upon them approvingly.

They had scarcely entered the drawing-room when a ring at the bell announced the arrival of the first visitors, and soon after Major and Madame du Pont were announced.

They were an elderly French couple, the lady dressed very much in the style that Gloria had affected before her toilet was improved by her hostess.

They had come to welcome Miss de Crespigney, who received them with great cordiality, and presented to them her two young guests, introducing Gloria as Madame la Comptesse de la Vera, and Philippa as Miss Cummings.

Gloria was strangely and inconsistently affected by all this—she was half flattered, half pained by the almost obsequious homage paid her—*title*—by this venerable couple. She felt, too, some self-reproach and mortification of spirit.

"What would they think if they knew the whole truth—that the high-born and wealthy Countess de la Vera—oh, the absurdity of that title 'Countess de la Vera'—was a poor young fisherman's wife as well—how suddenly they would despise me! Oh! David Lindsay! *Dee*-ar David Lindsay! how willingly and gladly would I give up all this only to be with you and Dame Lindsay in the cottage on the little sandy island. *You* never loved me for wealth, or rank, or title, or anything that was not my own self. Oh, pure and noble and self-abnegating spirit, how have I lost you? What is all the pride of life, the pomp and glory of the world weighed in the balance with your heart of truth and love, David? Two months of the twelve you gave me

for probation have passed, David. How long they have been, my dear. Ah! how can I live through the remaining ten and not break my pledge and write to you?"

So ran the thoughts of Gloria, while a vivacious conversation went on between Miss de Crespigney and her two old neighbors, in relation to the doings in the fashionable and political circles in Washington during the recent season.

While they were in full course, the door-bell rang again, and Captain and Miss Wilkinson were announced, and a young lady and gentleman of pleasing aspect entered the drawing-room, ostensibly to pay their respects to Miss de Crespigney, but most probably to make the acquaintance of the two young strangers.

This brother and sister were tall, slender brunettes; the brother dressed in the uniform of his regiment, and the sister in a black brocaded grenadine, with cherry-colored trimmings.

Miss de Crespigney received them politely, and presented them to her young guests, with whom they were soon engaged in a lively conversation.

These visitors stayed until a rather late hour, but no others came to add to their number.

CHAPTER XXI.

GLORIA'S NEW SUITOR.

Love was to his impassioned soul,
Not as to others, a mere part
Of his existence, but the whole—
The very life-breath of his heart.

MOORE.

In pleasure's dream, or sorrow's hour,
In crowded hall, or lonely bower,
The business of my soul shall be,
Forever to remember thee.

MOORE.

This was the small beginning of their social life at La Fayette.

The next day other neighbors called.

In the course of a few days dinner and tea parties were given in honor of the Countess de la Vera, who soon became the belle of the neighborhood.

At length Miss de Crespigney herself gave a large party in return for the many that had been given to her and her niece.

This was a gathering of all the *elite* of the Crescent City, and all seemed to vie with each other in showing honor to the young and beautiful Portuguese countess; for so they chose to consider the little lady.

All the reserve and discretion of Gloria could not

prevent her from becoming the object of warm admiration and extravagant hopes on the part of some of the young Southern men. These sentiments, when they were clearly manifested by any of the habitués of the house of her aunt, gave Gloria great pain, and put her in extreme perplexity.

At all times she tried to discourage especial attention from gentlemen, and to ward off any word or look approaching a declaration of love, or a proposal of marriage.

At this party, given by Miss de Crespigney, the crisis in one case, came.

Captain Wilkinson had not fallen in love with Gloria at first sight, but had at every meeting admired her more, until, almost imperceptibly, he began to love her, then to adore, then to worship, finally to feel that the happiness of his whole life depended on her.

He had long sought an opportunity of declaring his sentiments and making his proposal to her; but she had discouraged his attention in every way in which she could do so without positive rudeness and unkindness, of which her good heart was quite incapable—and she intuitively shrank from and avoided the crisis that she feared was coming for a long time.

But at length, as I said, it came at Miss de Crespigney's party.

Gloria had always managed to keep near some lady friend, and so had avoided all *tete-à-tetes* that might have taken an embarrassing turn.

Late in the evening of this occasion, she was sitting beside old Madame du Pont, when Major du Pont came up to her, leaning on his gold-headed cane with one hand, and resting on the arm of Captain Wilkinson.

"Come, Madame," he said to his wife. "If la Comptesse will excuse you, I have a word to say."

And he led the old lady off, and left Captain Wilkinson, who quietly slipped into her vacated seat.

Gloria felt that all this had been effected by a concerted action between old Major du Pont and Captain Wilkinson.

She impulsively arose to leave her place, though the action was most impolite and unlike herself.

He took her hand and stopped her, looked imploringly in her face, and said, in a voice shaking with his strong agitation :

"For mercy's sake! for Heaven's sake! Countess, let me speak to you!"

His voice was so imploring, his face so pale, his eyes so agonized with the suspense of an almost hopeless passion. that Gloria grew sick at heart as she looked upon him.

"I may not, I must not listen to you, Captain Wilkinson," she answered, gently attempting to withdraw her hand.

"But I love you! Oh! I love you, Countess! You have my heart—my life! Do not trample on them!" he breathed in deep, vibrating tones.

"Oh, I am very sorry for this!" said Gloria, sinking back in her seat, and resigned now to having an explanation with her ardent but mistaken suitor—"I am very sorry for this! Oh, I fear I am very much to be blamed for this, Captain Wilkinson. I do most humbly beg your pardon for having led you, as I must have led you, into this error!"

"Ah, lady, what is it that you mean? You never gave me the slightest encouragement! That I confess. I have hoped against hope! Ah, let me still hope countess," he pleaded.

"I cannot."

"Ah! do not say so!"

"Captain Wilkinson—"

"Do not drive me to desperation, I implore you—"

"Listen to me, sir—"

"Give me a little time, a little hope to save me from—"

"Captain Wilkinson, you must hear *me* now!—I—"

"I will not hear you speak my sentence of death."

"My friend," said Gloria, in a very gentle voice.

He became very quiet at once.

"Look at me."

He obeyed, and lifted his eyes full of prayer to her face, for she had just risen and was standing over him.

"Now listen to me," she continued.

"I hear," he breathed in low tones.

"I am a married woman."

He started up and stared at her in incredulous consternation.

"*You—married!*"

"Yes."

"Why—you are but—a child," he breathed, dropping back on his seat.

"I am a married child, then."

"But—every one believed you to be a young countess *in your own right.*"

"I *am* a countess by birth, or would be so in countries where such titles are good for anything."

"I neither know nor care! I cared nothing for your rank or your title,—I cared only for you. Married! Great heaven—married!"

"Yes, listen to me and be a man. I was married last winter to Mr. David Lindsay, of Maryland. My husband is detained in the north, by circumstances into which it is not necessary to go at present. I am very much attached to him, and he loves me and confides in

me. Now you know, Captain Wilkinson, what a great mistake you have made."

"Lord! Have pity on my soul!" cried the young man, in a voice of anguish that rang for weeks through the conscience-shaken soul of Gloria

"Oh, pardon me! For Heaven s sake, pardon me if I have led you, as I must have led you, into this *grievous* error," pleaded Gloria, with tears in her eyes.

"No, no, you never led me into this! You never gave me the slightest encouragement! You never led me into this! My own folly led me! Nothing more!" he answered earnestly.

"Yet say you pardon me! Oh, I feel so guilty! Say you pardon me, *dear* Captain Wilkinson," prayed Gloria, with clasped hands and streaming eyes.

"God *bless* you, Countess! God *forever bless* you!" he breathed in earnest, fervent tones, as he caught and pressed her hand, dropped it and hurried away from her side.

She never saw him again.

She arose from her seat, and looking around and seeing that no one observed her, she stole away to her own room and threw herself upon the sofa in a passion of tears.

Gloria suffered with every one who suffered. And now she blamed herself severely for the unhappiness she had caused Captain Wilkinson.

She did not return to the ball-room again that night. Indeed, the company now began to disperse.

Gloria arose and hastily undressed herself, locked both her doors, turned off the gas and got into bed, to save herself from being interrupted by a domiciliary visit from Miss de Crespigney or Philippa.

Her heart was troubled with pity and her conscience with compunction; but in the lone watches of that

night, while her self-examination and self-reproach were going on, she came to a fixed resolution that she would not appear in society again under what she called false colors.

She must be known as a married woman.

She would tell her Aunt Agrippina so in the morning. Love was the most sacred gift one human being could give another.

No man should be beguiled of the precious treasure of his heart by any false appearances in her. Of that she fully determined.

To have been once the cause of such unhappiness was quite enough. She must never be so again.

So resolving, she at length prayed and fell asleep. Overcome by fatigue, she slept soundly through the remainder of the night.

The next morning Gloria arose late and was the last one to make her appearance in the breakfast room, where Miss de Crespigney and Philippa were already waiting for her.

"How pale you are, my dear. Are you not well to-day?" inquired Miss Agrippina.

"Yes, thanks, aunt, but I have not been used to late hours," answered Gloria, as they all took seats at the table, and Miss de Crespigney rang for the coffee.

"And we have had rather too much of them for the last two months, my dear. However, last night was the end of them for the present," remarked the old lady, as she began to pour out their coffee.

"I tried your door when I came up stairs to say good-night, but it was fast, and so I supposed you had gone to bed," said Philippa, as she chipped the shell of her egg.

"Yes," answered Gloria, indifferently.

"I tried it again this morning, but it was still fast, so I thought you were asleep."

"I was."

"And now, Madame Gloria, I wish you to explain why, for the first time, you fastened the communicating door between our rooms? Were you afraid I would enter in the night and rob and murder you?"

"Yes," said the young lady, who had heard a question without taking in its sense.

Philippa and Miss de Crespigney also stared at their companion in blank amazement.

"Is the girl losing her senses? Wasn't there a suspicion of insanity in her mother's family?" was the question in the minds of both. "She has given at least one strong proof of an unsound mind in her hasty marriage with David Lindsay," was the thought under the question.

"Madame Gloria, do I look like a midnight assassin?" inquired Philippa, in a very pathetic tone.

"Why, what are you talking of, Philippa?" demanded the young lady.

"You said you fastened the door between our rooms last night, because you were afraid that I should come in in the night and rob and murder you!"

"*Indeed*, I never said or dreamed of saying such a thing! You must be out of your senses, Philippa!"

"Ah! that is the way with lunatics! They always think everybody mad except themselves! *Didn't* she say that, Miss de Crespigney?"

"I think, my dear Philippa, you put the case rather too strongly. You asked the countess why she fastened the door, and whether she were afraid you might enter her room to rob or murder her, and she answered, absently, 'Yes,' perhaps not paying much attention to

the question," said Miss Agrippina, who had taken a little time to think and to come to a just conclusion.

Gloria laughed a little and said:

"I did not know what she was talking about, I suppose, and so I answered at randon. But, my dear, the reason why I fastened my door was a very natural and inoffensive precaution—that we might both go to bed and go to sleep, instead of sitting up to gossip all the rest of the night and early morning."

"A wise precaution. But, my dear Gloria, several of our guests looked for you to bid you good-night before they left; especially Miss Wilkinson, who seemed very anxious to find you. But you had slipped away."

"I hope there was no breach of etiquette—no offence in that?" said Gloria, deprecatingly.

"Oh, no; I was on hand—so was Philippa. Miss Wilkinson feels very badly. Her brother's regiment is ordered to the Indian frontier—to Fort Invincible, which, unhappily, is not invincible at all, since the Indians have burned the fort and scalped the soldiers at least five times in the last two years," said Philippa.

"Ah! indeed! that is news. When does the regiment go?" inquired Miss Agrippina.

"This morning. The colonel has resigned his commission, and poor old Major Du Pont, who is next in rank, has the temporary command until some other officer be sent down."

Gloria heard all this talk without making any remark.

"Well, my dear," said Miss de Crespigney, as they arose from the table, "this is near the first of June. We must begin to think of going Northward. I like to be at Saratoga soon after the opening, so as to get the full benefit of the season."

"Has Madame de Crespigney and her party yet sailed for Liverpool?" inquired Gloria; and this was the first

occasion on which she had felt any curiosity, and the first question she had asked in relation to her uncle's family since the day of Miss de Crespigney's arrival at Wolf's Gap, nearly three months before.

Nor had the old lady volunteered any information on the subject. She had received and answered letters from Washington once or twice every week. That Gloria knew ; but she knew nothing of their contents.

Now, however, a certain anxiety seized her, lest there should be some change in Madame de Crespigney's programme for the summer, and some danger of meeting that party, augmented by Colonel de Crespigney himself, at their haunts at Saratoga.

"My dear, I suppose they have gone by this time. They were to have sailed last Saturday. This is Wednesday. I expect to hear from them to-day—in fact, to receive their last letter before sailing," said the old lady, while they were passing through the hall, to disperse about their various morning avocations.

Even as she spoke a footman came up with the mail-bag and respectfully handed it to his mistress.

"Come, now, into the parlor, for a moment, and we will overhaul this," said Miss de Crespigney, turning, not to the long and elegant drawing-room on the right, but to a neat, cool little sitting-room on the left of the hall, where she sank upon a chintz-covered sofa, and taking the bag upon her lap, opened it.

The first letter she took out was enclosed in a black-edged envelope, sealed with black, and post-marked St. Inigoes, and directed to herself. She did not know the handwriting, but she concluded that it was not David Lindsay, and it gave her much uneasiness, inspiring vague suspicions, so she slipped it into her pocket to be read privately when she should be alone and safe from all interruption.

The next letter was from Washington, in the well-known characters of her sister-in-law, Madame de Crespigney.

There was nothing else in the bag except the New York *Tribune* and the Washington *Intelligencer*.

These she took out and gave to the girls to look over, while she herself opened and read her relative's letter.

Gloria was soon deep in the New York paper, and Philippa in the Washington one, when both were very much startled by an exclamation from Miss de Crespigney.

"Dear—dear—dear—*dear!*" said the old lady, "this is really very unexpected and annoying!"

"What is it, Aunt Agrippina?" inquired Gloria uneasily.

"Why, my dear, they are not going to Europe after all. They are going to join us at Saratoga."

"Oh!" exclaimed Gloria, all her fears realized in that alarming news.

But Philippa's lovely face suddenly lighted up with a look of strange, incomprehensible surprise and delight.

"You see," continued Miss de Crespigney, with the open letter still in her hand and her eyes fixed upon it, "she says that the voyage must be given up, for the reason that Colonel de Crespigney's mind revolted from the project of going abroad as soon as he was well enough to competently consider the subject. He declared that a contemplative tour of Europe over ground that he had so recently traveled with his erring ward would suggest painful associations and make him more unhappy. That what he needed was a total change in life—active, stirring, incessant, absorbing duty."

While Miss Agrippina spoke, Philippa's eyes were fixed upon her face with the most open, undisguised expression of admiration and approval.

"And he expects to find that sort of life in Saratoga, I presume, in racing, billiard playing and so forth," said Gloria, sarcastically.

"Oh, no! *he* is not going to Saratoga with his mother and sisters," exclaimed Miss de Crespigney, looking up.

Philippa's bright face darkened with disappointment; but Gloria's lighted up with relief.

"Oh, no! He heard of the troubles on the Indian frontier, and he went straight to the War Department and offered his valuable services. Now, as his mother writes, Colonel de Crespigney's record during the Mexican war gave him a prompt hearing. The moment seemed very opportune, too, it seems, for a Colonel McElrath had just resigned on the eve of marching for the Indian Territory; so Marcel de Crespigney, who has had a good deal of successful experience out there, received his commission and was appointed to the command of the ooth Regiment of Cavalry."

"Why, that is the same one to which Captain Wilkinson and Major du Pont belong, and so we may expect him here, at any time, even to-day!" exclaimed Philippa, brightening up again, while Gloria darkened.

"No, my love. Not so. He is to preceed first to Fort Leavenworth with a reinforcement of troops and stores, and thence down through the plains to join his regiment and take command at Fort Invincible," Miss de Crespigney explained.

Once more Philippa's face gloomed and Gloria's brightened. It was as if a shifting cloud passed and repassed continually from one star to another, veiling and reveiling their light in turns.

"There girls, that is all. Madame de Crespigney, my sister-in-law, and her daughter, will join us at Saratoga, and add very much to our enjoyment, no doubt, as we shall to theirs, I hope."

And with these words the lady arose and went up to her room, where she locked the door, to secure herself from observation, before sitting down to read David Lindsay's letter.

As she broke the black seal a creeping fear of—she knew not what—impending trouble came over her.

As she read the lines within, this shapeless fear took form and color.

"Great Heaven!" she breathed. "I had rather he had been the poor young fisherman we thought him. This must be hidden from Gloria, that she may be saved."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE YOUNG MAN AND THE OLD PRIEST.

Ay, father, I have had some earthly visions
And noble aspirations in my soul,
To make my own, the minds of other men,
The enlighteners of nations; and to rise
I knew not whither—it might be to fall;
But fall, as falls the mountain cataract,
Which, having leapt from its more dazzling height,
Even in the foaming strength of its abyss
Lies low, but mighty still!

BYRON.

David Lindsay kept his appointment with Father Moriarty, and on the morning after the funeral of Dyvyd Gryphyn, he got into his row-boat, crossed to the main, and walked over to St. Inigoes.

He found the priest alone and waiting for him in his little study.

"Sit down, my son, I have much to say to you," began the father, after their first greeting was over.

Young Lindsay took the seat that was indicated to him, and silently awaited the words of the priest.

"I have not yet had the opportunity of speaking to you in regard to the rash step taken by you and Gloria de la Vera, the more urgent demands of other events in the last few days having claimed every moment of our attention; but now, my son, we must no longer shrink from the discussion."

"I have never shrunk from it, Father Moriarty. I hold myself, as I have ever done, entirely answerable for my conduct, and, therefore, also for my marriage with Gloria de la Vera," replied young Lindsay, with respectful dignity.

"Yes, my son, but let me tell you that I should have considered you very greatly to be blamed, if I had judged you only by your own letter to me, in which, I must say, you very generously and honorably forbore to explain the circumstances that led you into this marriage, thus leaving your own self open to the suspicion of having tempted Colonel de Crespigney's ward from her duty to her guardian."

"Some one has made you acquainted with the cause of that marriage, then," said David Lindsay, quietly.

"Yes; Gloria has written and told me the whole truth. So also has Miss de Crespigney. Their letters not only exonerate you from all blame, but they reflect the greatest credit on you, David Lindsay," said the old man, earnestly.

"And—they exonerate the young lady also?" inquired the youth, more anxious for the credit of his capricious bride than for his own.

"Hum—I do not blame her for her rash marriage. It was a desperate remedy for a desperate case. But

the question now is, my young friend, what do you intend to do?"

"I have not yet made up my mind, sir. I am ready to hear any counsel you may be kind enough to offer me."

"The situation is unparalleled—a young, high-born, wealthy girl married to a poor laboring man—that is to say, one who was supposed to be so."

"Say one who *is* a poor, laboring man; for I am such and shall continue to be such, until my own efforts better my condition," said David Lindsay, firmly.

"But, my son, what mean you? You are not a man of education, it is true, but you are a man of birth—you are a Gryphyn; and a man of money, for you are not only the heir of Gryphynhold, but also of a large capital in gold, left by your late father!" exclaimed the priest, in surprise.

"Which I decline to touch for my own use or benefit, Father Moriarty. However uncertain I may be as to my course in regard to this young lady, because it will depend very much upon her, there is one subject upon which I am firmly resolved—that is, never to take the name of Gryphyn. To let that ill-omened name die out and be forgotten is the best that can be done for it; and never to claim Gryphynhold in my own right; but, if I can do so, to persuade the present little lady of the manor to turn the old place into a smelting furnace for the iron ore on the estate, and to change its name entirely; to call it perhaps the Grayson Iron-Works, or something of the sort; and never to draw one dollar of the fund of money won at gambling tables, but to appropriate the whole sum to charitable objects—to sick and destitute children, I think, for these have the first claim on us."

"David, my son, you amaze me!" exclaimed the priest, gazing open-eyed on the young man.

"You cannot say that I am wrong, father."

"No, I cannot positively say that. You are not wrong in renouncing all this estate. Neither would you be wrong in accepting it. But I think, my son, you would be wise to appropriate enough of the money to defray your expenses for a college course, which you have been so ambitious to attain."

"Not one dollar, Father Moriarty. I shall do the best I can independent of that money, and I do not despair of success."

"Well, let that rest. You said just now that your course in regard to Gloria de la Vera would be governed by her conduct. In what respect, may I ask you?"

"In counsel with *her*, and afterwards with her nearest lady friend, a separation and probation of twelve months was resolved upon, during which time I am pledged to abstain from seeing or writing to the young lady. If at the end of twelve months, Gloria de la Vera shall, unsolicited and voluntarily, invited me to her presence, I shall go to see her, when our future course will be arranged. But if at the expiration of that period she should fail to summon me, I shall take that as an indication that our union is impossible, and I shall consent to the legal and limited separation which our Church allows."

"You are certainly a very exceptional young man, David Lindsay. How do you propose to spend this year of probation?"

"By working at my trade, taking care of my old relative, and reading to improve my mind."

"You will not avail yourself of any part of your father's estate. I do not blame you for that. But are you too proud, or too fastidious, my young friend, to

accept my counsel and assistance in the direction of your reading?" inquired the priest, with a smile.

"Oh, no, indeed, Father Moriarty! On the contrary, I should be most happy and grateful to receive them. It has often occurred to me to solicit your advice, but—"

"Your modesty prevented you."

"I did not wish to add to your many burdens even by a feather's weight."

For all answer the priest arose and went to a little bookcase, and took down two volumes and brought them to the young man, saying, as he put them in his hand:

"Here is a Latin grammar and a lexicon. Take and study them. Come to me—let me see—every Tuesday and Friday morning, and I will give you all the help you need. By the time you come again, I will look you up an elementary work on Algebra, which I have got, but cannot lay my hands on just now."

"You are doing me a very great benefit. I am very deeply grateful for it; but how can I ever return it, or repay it?" exclaimed David Lindsay, earnestly.

"By diligently availing yourself of it and putting it to the best use. I shall expect you on Tuesday, my son," gravely replied the priest.

David Lindsay, taking this as a kind dismissal, arose and bade Father Moriarty good-morning and set out for his home.

It was late in the afternoon when he reached the little island cottage, and Dame Lindsay had the table set and the kettle boiling for their early tea.

"What'll 'ee do about all this great fortune as have come to 'ee, lad?" inquired the old woman, as they presently sat down to the frugal but appetizing meal.

"Nothing, Granny! I will not claim the estate, nor touch a cent of the money."

"'Ee's right. David, altogether right; and I am glad to

hear 'ee say it! But, to be sure, 'ee little lady has the estate and thinks it is her own. Well, it is the same thing since if it belongs to one of 'ee, it belongs to both. When will 'ee go back to 'ee little lady, David?" inquired the dame.

Then the young man saw that the time had come when he must inform Dame Lindsay of the real state of the case between himself and Gloria. He told the story as clearly and as gently as possible; yet was the old soul both perplexed and grieved.

"I never knew holy marriage so trifled with before! No, never in all my days! I knew the wedding had been a hasty one, into which the little lady was frightened and my own lad was tempted; but then, to break off the holy marriage even at the altar! To break all the vows as soon as they were made! 'ee ought not to have done it, David!"

Young Lindsay might have reminded the old woman that this was not done by him, but by his capricious bride; but he forbore to accuse her or to defend himself.

"I can comprehend that the lady was timid, David; but 'ee was a man and not timid, and 'ee should ha' been more firm, for her sake as well as 'ee own."

"No! God forbid that ever I should have used my manhood's strength and firmness to profane her sacred freedom! She fled to me for *refuge!* I, of all living men, should have been her protector, her defender, ay, her slave. May I *perish* the day I abuse my position for her distress!" earnestly exclaimed the young man.

"Well, well, may be 'ee's right. I cannot tell. But I think the little lady loved 'ee, David. Ay, I think she loved 'ee from her childhood and therefore I think she would ha' taken kindly to 'ee, if 'ee had persisted."

"I know she loved me—God bless her!—and that knowledge, instead of giving me a power to wield over

her, gave me a reason why I should exercise the greatest self-control and forbearance. Should I, through her sweet affections, profane her moral freedom? No! Heaven forbid!"

"I can't follow 'ee, David. I can't. But perhaps 'ee's right," said Dame Lindsay, as she arose from the table.

"A year is a long time Granny, dear, a very long, long time; but even a year will end at last, and then we shall know her heart."

"Eh! lad; but to leave 'ee little lady to be tempted by the world for a whole year!"

"She was scarcely free to choose when she contracted this marriage, Granny. She *must* be left in freedom long enough to choose rationally before she confirms it," said David Lindsay, firmly.

While the two talked together, the old lady had been busy washing up the little tea-service, and putting it away in the cupboard.

When she had finished the task, instead of taking down her knitting and sitting down to the table as usual to work at it until bed-time, she sank back in her chair, and said, wearily:

"I am a little tired to-night, David; do 'ee get the Bible and read a chapter, and I'll even go to bed."

David Lindsay got down the sacred book, spread it open on the table and inquired:

"What portion shall I read, Granny?"

"Read about the raising of Lazarus. I long for *her* to-night."

David turned to the eleventh chapter of John and read it through. Then the dame, as was her custom, folded her hands and prayed for both. Finally, she blessed David, and dismissed him to his left.

David went up stairs, but he did not immediately go to bed. He lighted his tallow candle, opened his Latin grammar, and began to study it.

He did not only commit the first lesson to memory, as an unwilling school-boy might—or, might *not* have done, but he mastered thoroughly the first five lessons in the book before he closed it.

Then, the hour being near midnight, he went to bed, and soon fell into a profound sleep that lasted until morning.

Generally, David Lindsay was awakened in the morning by the stirring about of the old dame, who had always been an early riser; but on this morning he slept later than usual because everything about the place was so unusually still.

When he at length awoke and found the sun shining brightly in at his little window, it was with a somewhat guilty feeling for having over-slept himself that he started out of bed and began to dress himself in haste.

But all the while he was washing himself and putting on his clothes he was conscious of a scarcely acknowledged wonder at the silence and stillness of the little place.

Usually, at this hour, there was the sound of his grandmother's footsteps going to and fro and in and out, and of the opening and shutting of doors, of the low of the cow, and the cackle of hens, the bark of the dog, the voice of their mistress, but now all was mute and motionless; and with a scarcely comprehended misgiving, David Lindsay descended the narrow stairs leading from his loft to the keeping-room below.

Everything there was just as he had left it on the night before.

The room was obscure: both front and back door

shut and bolted, both front and end windows closed, and the paper blinds drawn down, the fire in the chimney-place covered up under a heap of ashes, and a board "spider" lid to keep it close. The blue cotton curtains of the old dame's bed were still drawn closely. Lastly, the old fashioned cupboard-shaped clock in the corner was on the stroke of seven—an unprecedented hour to find old Dame Lindsay in bed, who was always up at five.

"She complained of being tired," said David to himself, as he went about on tiptoe, opening doors and windows, then uncovering the smouldering coals on the chimney-place and kindling the fire.

"Granny will be surprised to find all the morning's work done when she wakes," he continued, as he filled the kettle and hung it over the blaze, and mixed the johnny-cake and set it before the fire.

He went about as softly and silently as an intelligent horse carefully treading among young chickens.

"I wish she would sleep so every morning and let me do the work; I wish she would always sleep until I had got breakfast ready for her," he added, as he put the tea to draw and laid down a red herring of his own curing to broil.

Having set the table, David Lindsay had nothing else now to do but to sit down and watch the progress of the simple cooking and turn the johnny-cake and red herring as they required.

"She sleeps very soundly. I have not heard her stir or breathe," he said, at length, when the breakfast was quite ready and he only waited for his old grandmother to awake.

"Well, johnny-cake and red herring cannot spoil by keeping warm, and so I will not disturb her," he concluded, as he took out his Latin grammar from the

breast pocket where he determined always to keep it, and began to study the sixth lesson, in the division of lessons.

A strange, beautiful sphere of peace seemed to be within the room—such a peace as David Lindsay had scarcely felt in all his life before ; it surrounded and enveloped him, even as he sat before the cottage fire and studied his Latin grammar. It made him unconscious of the passage of time, until the striking of the clock, for the second occasion since he came down stairs, startled him.

He looked up at the venerable time-piece.

It was nine o'clock.

Nine o'clock and Dame Lindsay not stirring yet! Such a thing had never happened before in all his experience of home life.

Some vague anxiety now made itself felt, disturbing the peacefulness of the scene.

How very soundly the sleeper slept! How mute and motionless was her sleep! No restless movement, no deep-drawn sigh, such as moves the stillness and silence of other sleepers, was to be heard here!

David Lindsay's anxiety increased, until at length, with some feeling of self-reproach, even, as if he were profaning a sanctuary, he went to the bed and drew away the homely blue cotton curtains.

There lay the form of the old woman, motionless, breathless, lifeless!

David Lindsay had to look closer, to bend his head lower, even to lay his hand on the cold head, before he could see and perceive and be convinced that it was *only* the form that lay there, and that the woman who had lived so long within it had gone out—had been born into the happier life.

He reeled away from this awful mystery of death—

the second birth—and dropped into a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

It is not often given to the young to conceive what an infinite blessing the death of the body is to the aged Christian ; what a dropping off of all age, weakness and infirmity ; what a putting on of new life, youth, strength in a world of whose delights "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the mind of man to imagine." And perhaps it is just as well that it is so, for youth has its long material life to live, and many material duties to do.

David Lindsay remained some time seated, with his head bowed upon his hands. Then he arose and walked up to the humble bed, and gazed again upon the face of the beloved form.

Then suddenly he dropped upon his knees, buried his face in the coverlet, burst into a passion of tears, and wept long and bitterly.

This outburst of emotion relieved him.

He arose and looked once more upon the face of the dead form, the calm, noble face upon which the pure spirit had left its impress in departing.

Even while he gazed, the duties of life recalled him. The clock struck ten. The lowing of the cow, the clamorous cackling of the poultry, all warned him that the helpless dumb creatures belonging to the little home, and missing their mistress, suffered for want of attention.

He reverently drew up the sheet over the dead face and covered it.

Then he went out and fed the poultry, the pig, and the cow.

When he re-entered the house he found the cat and the dog clamorous for their breakfast.

He gave it to them and then sat down.

The clock struck eleven.

He now remembered that he must take measures for the interment of that dead body lying so quietly on the bed.

He put the cat and dog out of the room, fastened the windows and the back door, and then put on his overcoat and hat and went out, locking the front door after him.

He went down to the landing, entered his boat, and rowed for the main. He landed and secured his boat, and set out to walk to St. Inigoes.

After a rapid walk of an hour he reached the chapel and the house of the priest, to whom he at once communicated what had happened.

"She was a saint already prepared for her translation. It would be almost sacrilegious to grieve for her," said Father Moriarty, in reply to David Lindsay's intelligence.

From the priest's house he went to the undertaker, and engaged him to come out to Sandy Isle the same day.

In passing the chapel the young man came upon a matronly-looking woman, who introduced herself to him as Mary Martin, the priest's housekeeper, who had been directed by Father Moriarty to go with Mr. Lindsay to Sandy Isle, and to render all the assistance she could under the present circumstances.

David Lindsay thanked Mrs. Martin earnestly, and accepted her services promptly.

Indeed, but for the forethought of the priest and the kindness of the woman, the youth would scarcely have known what to do.

He hired a little one-horse carriage and driver to convey Mrs. Martin and himself to the landing where he had left his boat, for he rightly reflected that a woman

past sixty was scarcely equal to the three miles' walk that lay between St. Inigoes and the landing opposite Sandy Isle.

On reaching the landing, however, Mrs. Martin said:

"Now, my young gentleman, I shall want the help of another woman. You had better try to get one before we cross the river."

David Lindsay assented and went to the cabin of the old negro couple who had been left in partial charge of Sandy Isle during the time of his own and Dame Lindsay's absence, and which was near this landing.

The man and his wife were both at home, and the woman, when she had heard what had happened, and made her little moan of surprise and grief over the news, expressed her readiness to go and render all the assistance in her power.

David Lindsay paid the driver of the little carriage, and sent him back with it to St. Inigoes, and then he helped the two women into the boat and rowed them over to Sandy Island.

They found the room as he had left it at noon—the quiet form on the bed; the untasted breakfast on the hearth; the fire smouldering in the chimney-place.

The sun had set, and twilight was darkening into night, so David Lindsay lighted two tallow candles and set them on the chimney shelf, and gave Mrs. Martin the keys of his grandmother's chest of drawers, and then went up to his loft to leave the two women free to perform their duties to the departed.

Up stairs David lighted another candle and placed it on the window sill, seated himself on the chest below it, opened his Latin grammar, and tried to engage his mind in study.

He heard the gentle motions of the two women below, as they went to and fro about their task.

An hour passed slowly, and then Mrs. Martin called from the bottom of the ladder for him to come down.

He laid aside his book and descended.

He found a quiet, pleasant scene.

The form had been neatly dressed and laid on the outside of the carefully smoothed bed; sprigs of aromatic dried herbs had been laid here and there over the whole pillow and coverlet; and white curtains had been put up to the tester and drawn closely around the bedstead. White curtains were also put up to the windows, and all the room restored to perfect order.

In the corner farthest from the bedstead, and between the fire-place and the door, the tea table was daintily spread, and Mrs. Martin, with motherly solicitude, invited David Lindsay to sit down and partake.

He had eaten nothing all day long, so this refreshment was not unwelcome.

After this late tea was over, and the little service cleared away, he urged the two women to go up stairs to his loft and lie down and rest, and leave him to take the first night's watch.

After a little demurrer they consented and left the young man alone.

David Lindsay placed a candle on the table before the fire, drew a chair up to it, and took his book to read.

For a few minutes he heard the soft movements of the women up stairs, as they prepared to lie down, but soon all was still, and they were evidently asleep.

Again the young man felt himself surrounded and enveloped in a sphere of peace—peace that would have been like joy, but that it was so deep and still.

He could not read. He laid aside his book and leaned back in his chair—it was his grandmother's old arm-

chair in which he sat—and yielded himself to the holy calmness of the hour.

For the first time in his life, perhaps, the young man had a foretaste of "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding."

How the night went he could scarcely have told; only he long remembered it as the most calmly happy he had ever known.

Early in the morning he had to be active in the service of the two good women who had come to help him.

He replenished the fire, brought water, and filled the kettle, and had scarcely finished these tasks when Mrs. Martin and Aunt Annie came down the ladder to get breakfast.

Before that meal was well over, the undertaker arrived, and commenced preparations for his duty.

David Lindsay walked out and left him with the women. That night old Aunt 'Phia, from Promontory Hall, came over in a boat rowed by a colored neighbor, and offered her services to sit up and watch.

As the news of Dame Lindsay's death spread through the county, many people came to the island, for she was greatly beloved and respected as far as she was known.

On the third day the funeral took place.

No lady of the highest rank in the county could have received more honor in her obsequies than did this poor widow of a fisherman.

A large fleet of row-boats, filled with the best people in the neighborhood, came to the island to attend her remains to the mainland, to which they were conveyed in a skiff, hung with a black velvet canopy or awning, and rowed by six old gentlemen of the county, who had volunteered to act as pall-bearers.

On the landing-place there was a hearse to receive the coffin, and carriages to convey the company.

A procession was formed and started toward St. Inigoes, where it arrived late in the afternoon.

Just as the sun was setting, the body of old Dame Lindsay was lowered into the grave beside that of her husband.

And then the friends turned away, and "left it there as *she* had left it, to follow her by faith to her new life and her eternal home."

Father Moriarty came to David Lindsay's side.

"I shall go home and stay with you to-night, my son, for I wish to talk with you about your future plans," he said.

The young man thanked him by a warm pressure of the hand, and they entered the carriage together.

It was a long drive to the landing, and it was quite dark when they reached it. The boat was there where David Lindsay had left it, and he assisted the old priest to step into it and then he followed, seated himself and took up the oars.

In the darkness of the night they could see the speck of fire-light or candle-light, gleaming through one uncovered window of the little island home.

Towards this David Lindsay rowed rapidly.

They soon reached the island, moored the boat and walked quickly up to the house. All there had been made cheerful and attractive by the care of the good women, who had not yet left the premises.

A large, bright fire was burning in the chimney-place, two tall tallow candles were lighted and placed upon the mantelpiece; the kettle was singing on the hearth, and the tea table was neatly set in the middle of the floor. Priscilla and Nicholas were also reinstated in

their corners, and in blissful ignorance of their loss seemed quite contented.

Everything wore a home-like, happy aspect.

Tea was placed upon the table and Mrs. Martin seated herself and urged the priest and the youth to sit down and refresh themselves with the food and drink, of which indeed they stood in much need.

When this was over, and the room was restored to order and the two weary women had retired to rest in the loft, Father Moriarty and David Lindsay drew their chairs to the fire, with the table and lighted candles before them, and prepared for a consultation,

"Now, my son, what do you intend to do next?" inquired the priest.

"I propose to stay here for the present, to follow my trade as a fisherman, and pursue my studies under your kind direction," answered the young man.

"I would not do that, David Lindsay, if I were you."

"What, father?"

"I would not stay on this island, or even keep possession of it."

"I should be very loth to part with the old home."

"Sometimes it is a duty to sacrifice such feelings. Listen to me, my son. There is a company forming at St. Inigoes, who wish to purchase this island and improve it, and build a hotel on it, and turn it into a summer resort for sea-bathing purposes. It is an excellent site for such an establishment, and it is good for very little else. You could get a fine price for it, David."

"Yes, father; but even if I were willing to dispose of it, it occurs to me now that I have no right to do so. The island is not mine by inheritance, as I long supposed it to be."

"No, David, it is not yours by inheritance, since you are not a Lindsay by birth; but it is yours by the last

will and testament of James Lindsay, because you are his son by adoption."

"I know nothing of such a will."

"Of course you did not, because *some* facts were to be kept from you until circumstances should oblige them to be revealed. Your mother's wishes were respected, which were to the purpose that you should be trained up as the son of James and Catherine Lindsay."

"Yes, I know."

"And it was from the fear of your being claimed and coming under the influence of the Gryphyns."

"I know, I know," exclaimed the young man, in a tone of impatience and pain.

"And I suppose you would not so soon have learned your true origin but for the unexpected re-appearance and death of your father?"

David Lindsay sighed, and resigned himself to hear all the priest had to say on the subject, though the theme was most distressing to him.

"But now let us return to the main question—that of your disposal of Sandy Isle to the company who wish to purchase it. What do you think of it?"

"The proposal is sudden, father. I would rather take a few days to consider"

"I was requested by General Stuart to take the first opportunity of naming the subject to you."

"Is he one of the company?"

"Yes, and the first originator of the plan.

"I will think of it, Father Moriarty," repeated the young man.

Soon after this the two retired to bed, as they would have to rise early in the morning in order to make their toilet and leave the room before the descent of the women from the loft of that tiny house.

The next day, after breakfast, David Lindsay took

the priest and the two women in his largest boat across the water to the mainland, where Aunt Annie went home to her cabin, and the old priest and his old housekeeper entered the little one-horse chaise that had been ordered to meet and take them to St. Inigoes.

David Lindsay returned alone to the solitary island hut, where he spent the lonely forenoon in study.

He cooked no midday meal, but contented himself with a crust of bread from the cupboard, and a draught from the spring.

He spent the later hours as he had spent the earlier ones of the day—in reading.

Just before sunset he went out and fed the pig, the chickens, and the cow, and, for the first time in his life, he milked a cow, and strained and put away the milk as he had seen Dame Lindsay do it.

Finally, David Lindsay took a lonely stroll around the little isle before going in.

Very solitary it looked. The sun had set, and darkness was creeping down over the land and sea.

He re-entered the lonely house and closed the door and windows, replenished his fire, lighted the candle, placed it on the table, drew a chair to the fire, and sat down to read.

He read on for some time, interrupted only by the striking of the clock at the end of each hour.

When, at length, the clock struck eleven, David Lindsay shut his book and leaned back in his chair.

He was weary, but he was not inclined to go up to his loft to bed; so he closed his eyes and yielded to the disposition to slumber.

And now there happened to him so strange an adventure, that had it not been told and vouched for by one of the most practical, truthful and strong-minded of men, we could scarcely have believed it.

He fell into a light, calm sleep, that lasted until the clock struck twelve, when, awakened by the sound, he turned his head into another position, dropped off again, but seemed to be almost immediately recalled to consciousness by the whisper of his name:

"*David Lindsay*," the voice breathed.

"Who calls?" said the young man, waking, or seeming to awake.

"*Do not part with Sandy Island.*"

"Who are you that speaks to me?"

"*Arise and follow me*," breathed the voice, as the sleeper started up, or seemed to do so, wide awake.

Before him, in the air, was a tremulous, dim, white light, about the height and breadth of a medium-sized woman's form.

It passed before him through the closed house-door, he following it in the same way, passing through the solid door as if it had been a shadow.

The form of light glided before him toward the shore. He followed it, as if without volition of his own, not walking, but gliding, floating, wavering, even as the form did.

At length it paused over a rocky knoll, about half way between the hut and the landing-place, where the boat was moored.

There it stood, a column of tremulous light.

"Who are you?" again breathed the young man.

"*Observe this spot*," murmured the musical voice from the midst of the light.

"Why should I observe it?" questioned the young man, who seemed to speak and act mechanically.

"*Remember this spot*," murmured the voice.

"But why must I? What is there about it?"

"*Dig here and see.*"

"Who or what are you that led me here in the dead of night?"

"*Do you not know me yet?*" inquired the voice in plaintive music.

"*My mother!*" breathed the young man in a hushed tone of awe, as something in the sound of that voice reminded him of the strange visitations he had had at Gryphynhold.

There was no answer in words; but the moment he murmured the words, "*My mother*," the dim, white column of light brightened, condensed, crystallized into the form of the most beautiful and radiant woman he had ever imagined.

Only for an instant it stood so, beaming, palpitating, radiating, and then, quick as a flash of lightning, it vanished.

David Lindsay had started forward to catch it, but clasped only the empty air; and then he awoke, with a shock, to find himself in his arm-chair before the fire!

The clock struck one with a loud clang.

He rubbed his eyes and looked around. So distinct had been this dream that it was hard to persuade himself that it had not been a real adventure.

He roused himself, covered up the fire, and went up to the loft and went to bed.

So amazed had he been by his dream that he did not expect to sleep. But no sooner had his head sunk upon his pillow than he dropped into a sweet slumber that lasted until morning.

At sunrise he awoke, and immediately recalled his wonderful dream.

He dressed quickly and went below stairs to get his own frugal breakfast, and to feed and tend the animals attached to the little homestead.

When all these duties had been performed and the house was set in perfect order, David Lindsay walked out to look for the spot seen in his dream, or vision.

He easily found and identified it—a little knoll, about half-way between the house and the boat-landing—a little knoll, covered with broken rocks and overgrown with thistles.

Now an impulse, which he could hardly understand, of which he felt half ashamed, and which, at that point of the adventure, he would not have communicated to any human being, led him to resolve to dig in that spot.

He went back to the house and got a pick-ax and spade from the shed, and returned to the place and began to dig.

First he cleared off the broken bits of rock and rolled them away to a distance.

Next, he dug up the thistles and threw them far off.

Finally, he began to dig down into the sandy soil. It was not difficult, and he threw up a great heap of sand, gravel, earth, and, at length, what seemed to be lime and fragments of bone, or shell. At last when he had dug about five feet deep, his pick-ax struck something hard. He dug with more diligence then, and soon uncovered what, to his astonishment, seemed to be the top of a strong, iron-bound, hard wood box.

He dug around this box until he could partly measure its dimensions. It seemed to be about three feet long by two broad.

How deep it was he could not tell.

He got to the bottom, finally, and with the end of his pick he tried to pry it from its resting-place.

But, in his effort, the rusted and decayed box burst open, displaying countless treasures of gold, silver, and precious stones!

CHAPTER XXIII.

GOLD SILVER AND GEMS.

Which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus, or of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings, barbaric, pearl and gold.

MILTON.

"This is the buccaneers' buried treasure!" exclaimed David Lindsay, throwing aside his pick-ax, and sitting down to recover himself between the effects of violent exertion and extreme amazement.

"Yes," he continued, "this is one of the hidden stores of which we have heard so much, for which credulous adventurers have searched in vain for the last hundred years, and in which I never believed! But here it is, sure enough.

"But what is this? Good heaven, what is this?" he exclaimed, gazing upon a thing he had supposed to be a fragment of sea-shell, when he idly picked it up from the side of the hole, but which proved upon examination to be a piece of a human skull.

Further investigation of the earth thrown out of the hole showed that what he had taken to be bits of shell and limestone, were the pieces of a much-decayed human

skeleton that he had unconsciously broken to fragments in digging out the excavation.

"It seems I have profaned an ancient grave without knowing or intending it!" he muttered, with a shudder.

Then he remembered a tradition that he had heard in connection with the pirates' hidden treasure, to the effect that whenever they buried a chest of coins or precious stones, they killed a captive and put his body in a coffin and placed it on top of the chest, for the better protection of the sunken treasure, for any one who might dig there would find first the coffin, and so believe the place to be only a grave.

When David Lindsay had rested for a few minutes, he arose and gathered all the fragments of bone together and put them in a little pile, with the intention of returning them to the earth.

Then he let himself down into the deep hole, and standing a little beyond the top of the box, put in his pick again and tried to pry it up, but the pick went through it as easily as through the earth.

In fact, the box was nothing but the form of a box; for the hard wood was turned to dust, and the tempered steel to rust. The hard substance that had resisted his pick-ax in the digging, was not the top of the box, which, being mouldered to dust, was easily pierced through, but it was the closely-packed layers of gold and silver coin.

There was no possibility of raising the box, which crumbled as it was touched, so David Lindsay put in the point of his pick and pried and loosened the mass of treasure, so that he could dislodge and take it up.

Soon he took it out by handfuls—old English, French, Spanish and Portuguese coins of gold and silver—uncut gems of rubies, sapphires, amethysts, emeralds, dia-

monds, and also many inferior stones and bits of coral, pearl, turquoise, onyx and malachite.

David Lindsay spread his handkerchief and filled it full, and tied it close, and, standing up, threw it out upon the ground.

Then he climbed out and went to the house, and got a strong basket in which to bring away the whole treasure.

Arrived at the excavation again, he went down into the hole and gathered the treasure and filled the basket, lifted it up and pushed it out upon the ground.

Then again he climbed out and carried the basket to the house, and emptied it on the floor of the sitting-room.

Twice more he went to the excavation and filled his basket before he had removed all the treasure ; then he collected it together in the corner of the room, covered it over with a pile of old sail-cloths and seine nets, and finally he returned for the last time to the excavation, collected the bones of the skeleton, recommitted them to the earth and re-filled the hole.

By this time it was late in the afternoon, and he had worked himself into a vigorous appetite. So he came home, washed himself and changed his clothes, and then set to work to cook his supper.

After he had partaken of his frugal meal of coffee, corn-bread and butter, fried bacon and eggs, he cleared the table away, set the room in order, and threw himself into a chair before the fire, to think over the events of the night and day—of his strange dream and the hidden treasure to which it had led him.

Was he glad of this sudden accession of wealth ?

He could not yet tell.

Most men would have been elated to a madness or

rapture by the unexpected discovery of such countless riches!

Was he? Indeed he did not know!

He was not sure that this treasure was rightfully his own, though it had no other owner, and was found on his own land, where it had lain hidden more than a century.

He knew that Sandy Isle was his own property, by the bequest of James Lindsay, the last proprietor, and his own adopted father; he knew also that this little estate had been in the possession of the Lindsay family from father to son, from the first settlement of the province of Maryland by Cecil, Lord Baltimore. There could be no doubt about their claim to his own Sandy Isle, or about his legal right to the treasure that had lain unclaimed and hidden on it for more than a century.

But what about his moral right to the pirates' hoard, gained through bloodshed, rapine, murder, shipwreck?

David Lindsay was but a young, inexperienced, and most unworldly man, and the finding of this treasure was just now more of a perplexity than a pleasure to him.

Finally he resolved to consult Father Moriarty, who was not only his spiritual director and his oldest friend, but also the most thoroughly just, honest and reliable man that David Lindsay knew.

Having made this resolution, he took up his Latin grammar and concentrated his mind upon his studies.

The next day, Friday, was one upon which he was engaged to go to St. Inigoes and receive an hour's instruction from the old priest.

So he arose early and did his work, and got his breakfast, and then dressed himself in his best, and then set out for the hamlet.

As soon as he had crossed the water and landed on

the main, he was so fortunate as to get a lift in a wagon that was going on empty to St. Inigoes, and that took him there in half the time that he could have walked the distance.

"You are early, my son. But I am all the happier to see you, being alone and at leisure," was the cheerful greeting of the old priest, as David Lindsay entered his presence.

"I was favored with a ride in a wagon that was returning empty," David Lindsay explained.

"And that brought you here in less than half the time."

"Yes, father."

"And you have your lesson ready, no doubt."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I am ready to examine you. Sit down and give me the book."

David Lindsay obeyed, and the lesson, or rather the half dozen of them, were heard, with comments and explanations.

The hour was passed in profitable instruction, and then the book was laid aside and the preceptor said:

"Do not go yet, although the lesson is over. I am quite alone at present. Stay, therefore, and take your abstemious Friday's dinner with me."

"That I shall be very thankful to do, Father Moriarty, especially as I have an important communication to make to you, replied the young man.

"In regard to the subject I named to you—the disposal of Sandy Isle to the Hygienic Hotel Company?"

"No, father, but in regard to a discovery of treasure I have made on the island."

The old priest was a little deaf, and inclined to doubt the accuracy of his own hearing. He put his hand

behind his ear now, leaned his head nearer to David and inquired:

"What did you say, my son?"

"You have heard, father, stories, supposed to be fabulous, of treasures hidden by the pirates and buccaneers of the Bay in the old provincial days of the country," said the young man, making a new start.

"Oh, yes! Yes, my son! Yes, yes! But, David, don't you go off on that tangent! I have known men waste lives in such a hopeless search for fabulous hidden treasure. I knew one man who went mad on the subject. So, David, my son, avoid all temptation to dig for buried money as you would avoid sin and death."

"But, father, I was about to tell you that I have *found* the hidden treasure!".

"EH!!" exclaimed the priest, scooping his hand closer around his deaf ear and bending his gray head nearer to the speaker.

"I have found the buccaneers' buried hoard," repeated the young man.

"What—what are you telling me, boy?"

David reiterated his information.

"You say that you have found that hidden treasure that has been searched for so many years?"

"Yes, indeed, I have."

"On Sandy Island, you say? On your own ground?"

"Yes, father, on Sandy Island."

"Amazing! If it were not *you* who tell me this, I should say—incredible! How came you to find it, my son?"

"By digging for it, father."

"'By digging for it?' Ah! David, I did not know that you had been led astray on *that* scent! 'By digging for it!' Oh, dear, dear! And probably you haven't

found anything, but have only lost your head!" said the worthy priest, shaking his own black-capped *caput.*

"Father, on your next visit to Sandy Isle, I wish to show you this hidden treasure and take counsel with you as to its proper disposition."

"Ah, David, David, the other man who went mad on the subject of the hidden treasure, imagined *he* had discovered it also, and used to display a lot of shells, bones and chips as gold and silver and precious stones, as he sat in the poor-house to which he had brought himself, but which he took, poor soul! to be the palace that he had purchased with his wealth!"

"But, Father Moriarty, I am a sane man. Have I not proved myself to be so by my quick understanding of your lessons?" laughed the youth.

"Oh, yes, David. So was the other man sane on every subject but that of the hidden treasure! But on *that* he was hopelessly mad!"

"Father Moriarty, what do you call this?" said the young man, smiling, and placing a gold coin in the priest's hand.

"Eh! What is this, sure enough? An old gold coin, somewhat dark and dingy! Let us see," said the priest, putting on his spectacles and scrutinizing the curiosity. "Ay, a guinea—an English guinea of the reign of—let us see—Carlos II. Ay, ay! This is something! Where did you pick it up, David? But you need not expect to find any more from where this came from. This is probably a mere stray, a mere accident, although it is certainly a curiosity; but don't let it lead your mind astray after hidden treasure, David. I tell you again, you will not be likely to find any more where you found this," said the old priest, in an admonishing tone.

"I do not expect to find any more where this came

from, father, for I brought them all away—half a peck of them, I think."

"*David!*"

"Yes, father, indeed I think there were about half a peck of them. And, look here, father: what would you call this?" continued the young man, handing a clear crimson stone to the priest.

"This? Where did you get this?" demanded the latter, in a tone of amazement.

"Where I got the half peck of old gold coins, and where I do not expect to find any more of *them* either, for I brought them all away, some half a dozen of them," replied the young man.

"David! David! then you have found the hidden treasure, after all, improbable as it was, incredible as it seems."

"Yes, sir, I have; and I want you to examine it, and advise me in the disposal of it."

"Tell me all the particulars of your discovery," said Father Moriarty, with an old man's love of gossip.

"I hardly like to tell you of a strange dream that I had which led me to the discovery. You will be suspecting me of mania again," said the young man.

"No, I will not get into the *habit* of suspecting your sanity, David. To do such a thing would justify a suspicion of mania on my part. Speak freely and tell me all you have to tell. I, on my part, will listen patiently," replied the priest.

David Lindsay then related all the details of his remarkable dream or vision, as well as the discovery to which it led.

"Yes, it was very strange, very strange, my son; but not unaccountable, for it was but a strange coincidence, David; nothing more than a strange coincidence. But, my son, such dreams and visions are not good

either for your soul or body. That this one happened to cause you to dig in a certain spot, where you happened to discover a hidden treasure, does not alter my opinion of their general unwholesomeness and unprofitableness. So you must dream no more dreams and see no more visions, David Lindsay. And to avoid doing so you must not continue to live alone on Sandy Island. You are too young to be a hermit, my son, and you live in too active an age. You should enter college, David. Enter some college that has a preparatory school attached to it."

"Such is my intention, father."

"And as to the disposition of that treasure—how much do you suppose it is worth, David?"

"I do not know, indeed. It may be worth half a hundred thousand, and it may be worth half a million. I wish you would come and see it."

"I will do so. But, David, it should be removed at once to a place of safety."

"It is in a place of safety now, father. I can defend it, if any one should try to get possession of it, which is extremely unlikely, as only you and I know of its existence."

"Well, my son, I have to go to La Compte's Landing to-morrow to see a sick man on the estate. After I have made my visit, I will cross to Sandy Isle, if I can find a boat and boatman to take me over."

"Father, I will be at La Compte's Landing to wait for you," said David Lindsay, promptly.

"So be it, then. And now—there is our dinner-bell. Come, my son!"

They went together into the little dining-room, where the priest's plain dinner was laid—a broiled salt herring, a corn meal griddle cake, and tea.

This he divided with his young guest.

After dinner, David Lindsay departed.

It was sunset when he reached home.

He turned over the seine nets and sail-cloths that covered his hidden treasure, and looked at it again as at something newly discovered. The gold coin lay in heaps, the pearls beamed, the rubies glowed, the diamonds flashed, as when he had first unearthed them.

Suddenly he threw the sail-cloth down and hid them all from his sight, saying:

"There is evil in all this glimmer and sparkle, and I will have no more to do with it!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BLOOD MONEY.

Remember how the honest and the bold
Fell in the general massacre for gold;
Wide wasting pest, that rages unconfined,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind.
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws;
For gold the bribed judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heaped on wealth nor truth nor safety buys;
The danger gathers as the treasures rise.

DR. JOHNSON.

Early the next morning, David Lindsay, having finished all his morning's work, and taken his breakfast, unmoored his boat and rowed down to La Compte's Landing to meet Father Moriarty.

The old priest met him according to appointment, and crossed over with him to Sandy Isle.

On their way from the boat-landing to the cottage,

David Lindsay paused and pointed out the spot where he had dug for the hidden treasure and discovered it.

"Yes, it was very strange that you should have dreamed of this spot, and afterward have found the treasure here! But it was only a coincidence, my son —only a coincidence," said the priest, as they passed on.

When they reached the house, David Lindsay uncovered the treasure and revealed it.

"It is great wealth!" said the priest—"very great wealth! We can soon ascertain the real worth of the coin; but as to the precious stones, I do not know their exact value; but I should think it would approximate to that of the coin. Give me a paper and pencil, and do you count the money over—the English first, then the French, the Spanish, and Portuguese, and I will keep the account, and soon tell you the value of the money."

"I know the English coins from the specimen I took to you; but I do not know the others," said David Lindsay.

"Well, never mind. Just you count the English coins first, and then I will identify the others as you show them to me, and I will put them in separate piles and count and calculate them afterward," said Father Moriarty.

David Lindsay began to count as he was directed, until he had counted all the English coins. Then he commenced on the others, leaving Father Moriarty to classify and then to calculate them.

About two hours were spent in the work, and then the priest gave the result—the sum total—as accurately as he could approach it.

"As nearly as I can guess, my son, allowing for rates of exchange, and so forth, the value of this pile of old specie is from three hundred and fifty thousand, five

hundred dollars, to three hundred and fifty thousand, seven hundred, or even nine hundred dollars—though, mind you, these old coins, as *curiosities*, might have even a greater value than I have named, though as old gold they might have less, and as currency, nothing."

"And the jewels?" inquired David Lindsay.

"I cannot even approximate their value. They may be worth ten times as much, or only one-tenth as much as the coins. Only a skilled jeweller or lapidary can tell you their real value. But my dear David, what do you propose to do with all this treasure, which is legally your own?"

"If you had asked me that question last night, father, I should have been unable to answer it. Since that time I have been reflecting. This money is the worst sort of blood-money, and would bring no blessing upon any one who should use it for his own profit. This money, won by rapine and robbery, by bloodshed, murder, and shipwreck, cannot be rightfully mine, or any man's, no matter by whom or on whose land it might chance to be found. This money, which was won through crimes against humanity, must be appropriated to relieve the sufferings of humanity. I am sure that you must see it in this light, Father Moriarty."

"I do. Yet I did not until you yourself set it in this light. You are really a wonderful young man, David Lindsay. Who but you would think of nobly repudiating such great wealth—legally your own?"

"Oh! Father Moriarty, if I have a fine sense of justice, to whose teachings do I owe it but to yours? Let us say no more about the matter but just this—I shall not sell Sandy Isle, neither shall I live on it; but I shall put it to a certain humanitarian use that occurred to my mind during the watches of the last night. And I shall appropriate a portion of the ill-gotten gains

of others, which have so strangely fallen into my hands—"

"And which you *might* lawfully use for your own benefit," put in the priest.

"But which I shall, as I said, only appropriate to humanitarian purposes, a portion of which will be the improvement of Sandy Isle as a summer resort for the sick and destitute poor, and especially for sick children."

"And *yourself*, David Lindsay?"

"For myself I will take, in exchange for my own honestly acquired little property here, as much of the appropriated funds as its actual value, and with that money, which I may justly call my own, I will travel and enter the preparatory school of some college. But in all my projects, dear Father Moriarty, I must have your aid and counsel."

"And so you shall, my noble boy. You make me wish to live long beyond the allotted term of three-score years and ten, David Lindsay, that I may watch your course of life and rejoice in it," said the priest, earnestly.

The young man bowed in deep humility. Praise always very much abashed him.

"I trust you *may* live here to bless mankind for many years, father, and that I may never give you cause of pain," he said.

"That I am sure you will never do," answered the priest.

The treasure was once more restored to the corner of the room and hidden under the heap of old sail-cloth and seine nets.

Then David Lindsay set about getting dinner for himself and his guest.

After dinner the young man got out his row-boat and

took the priest over to the mainland, where the little one-horse carriage from St. Inigoes was waiting by appointment to convey Father Moriarty to his home.

David Lindsay returned to Sandy Isle to mature his plans in solitary reflection.

And now it came to him, that as no one individual had a right to this pirate booty that had been won by murder and rapine, so, also, no one nationality had the exclusive right to that which had been wrested from several. Therefore, David Lindsay, in his fine sense of justice, determined that he would send the French coins to Paris for the benefit of the French poor; the Spanish coins to Madrid; the Portuguese to Lisbon, and the English guineas to London. The precious stones alone he would sell for the benefit of the poor of his own country.

It took him all night to mature his plans, and it required several weeks to carry them into execution.

It is not necessary to enter into the details of the business that kept him so closely occupied for so long a time that it was late in May before he found it practicable to carry out his intention of leaving Sandy Isle and going away to enter the preparatory school of some college. And now his purpose was delayed by an unavoidable obstacle—the annual commencement and vacation of all schools and colleges were at hand, and it would be useless to try to be admitted into one until after the interregnum.

Under these circumstances David Lindsay removed to lodgings in St. Inigoes and pursued his studies in the classics and mathematics under the direction of Father Moriarty.

About this time also he wrote his explanatory letter to Miss de Crespigney, telling her all that had happened to him since he had seen her—the discovery of his birth

and parentage; the re-appearance and death of Dyvyd Gryphyn, his father; his own legal inheritance of Gryphynhold, which he declared he would never claim; the sudden but quiet and painless death of Dame Lindsay; the discovery of the pirates' hidden treasure and his own resolution as to the just distribution of it; finally, his determination to enter college and study for one of the learned professions. He added that he should keep his promise of not bringing himself to the notice of Gloria for the space of one year; that Miss de Crespigney must use her own discretion about communicating the contents of this letter to the young lady in question; and that he relied on Miss de Crespigney's kindness to write to him and give him some news of one in whose happiness he was so deeply interested.

In due time David Lindsay received Miss de Crespigney's answer, politely thanking him for his attention in writing; congratulating him on his good fortune; approving of his plans of the distribution of the pirates' hoard, and also commending his resolution of entering college.

Over all this part of the letter the young man passed impatiently to reach the portion in which the writer mentioned Gloria.

Miss de Crespigney wrote that the young Countess de la Vera was *recovering her reason* in the congenial society of those whom rank and education fitted to be her companions; but Miss de Crespigney thought it best *not* to communicate the contents of that letter, or in any manner bring the subject of its writer to the memory of the countess. She was well and happy. It would be a great pity to disturb her in her health and enjoyment.

So thought David Lindsay, as he finished the reading of the letter.

"She will forget me. It is natural that she should!"

ne sighed, adding, from the depths of his unselfish heart—"Well, if she should do so, in any event, may the Lord bless her!"

David Lindsay continued to study so diligently under the constant and careful instruction of Father Moriarty, that in the autumn he was declared by his perceptor to be ready to enter college.

Late in September he left the good priest, with much regret and many thanks and promises to be a faithful correspondent.

CHAPTER XXV.

GLORIA'S BRILLIANT SUCCESS.

She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew
As seeking not to know it; silent, lone,
As grows a flower thus silently she grew,
And kept her heart serene within its zone.
There was an awe in the homage which she drew,
Her spirit seemed as seated on a throne,
Apart from the surrounding world, and strong
In its own strength—most strange in one so young.

BYRON.

When Miss Agrippina de Crespigney had written, sealed and sent her kindly-worded, cruel letter to poor David Lindsay, she said to herself:

"Now, I hope that will keep the young fellow quiet for another three months."

And well satisfied with her own diplomacy, she sat down to sort laces to send to the French "artiste," whom she would alone trust to clean them.

She was interrupted in her congenial occupation by

the entrance of Gloria, who had first given a little premonitory rap and then come in without waiting for permission.

"Well, sit down, my dear. You see I am busy getting up a job for Madame Marguerite. You will not have any of this trouble for twenty years to come, Gloria. No woman under thirty-five should wear old point lace," said Miss Agrippina, with the air of laying down an important social law.

"Then I shall only have to wait seventeen years before I can lawfully wear the old cardinal point that was left by Grandmother de la Vera, and that I have been unlawfully wearing all my life! Why, auntie, I was christened in an embroidered India muslin robe, trimmed with some of that same point lace!"

"Then that was a barbarism worthy only of a race of people many centuries behind ours in civilization."

"But, aunt, I love to wear old point lace!"

"I know you do! You love all old-womanish finery! I believe now you would wear an India cashmere shawl, if I would let you!" exclaimed Miss de Crespigney.

"What! An India cashmere shawl, Aunt Agrippina? A real Val au Cachemire shawl, with its deep, intense colors, its 'lyres' and 'prince's feathers,' its 'white rivers,' flower shaded, its 'mignonette' borders—a *real* Val au Cachemire shawl! Why, Aunt Agrippina, it is a picture! It is a poem! It is a love! Why, an appreciative woman in the folds of *such* a shawl is in—well, a terrestrial heaven! Oh, indeed, I cannot wait until I am an old woman to wear one of these, and I cannot wait longer than next winter!" exclaimed Gloria, out of pure deviltry.

"Gloria de la Vera! Hold your wicked, sacrilegious, blasphemous tongue! You—you Jezabel! You Queen of Sheba! How dare you talk so about a mere article

of apparel?" exclaimed Miss Agrippina, in great wrath, adding, too, spitefully: "I cannot understand the inconsistency of your royal extravagance in some matters, and your *extremely* democratic proclivities in others."

"You refer to my affection for David Lindsay? Ah, poor David Lindsay!" said Gloria, without a shadow of displeasure toward Miss de Crespigney, but with much sadness in the new subject of thought. "Poor David Lindsay! We have not heard from him since he met you in Washington, Aunt Agrippina. Don't you think it is strange he does not write?"

"I think he was under a pledge *not* to write to you, or trouble you in any way for the space of twelve months," coolly responded Miss de Crespigney.

"But to *you*—is it not strange that he has not written to *you*, to inquire, you know, Aunt Agrippina?"

"No, I do not think so. Perhaps he may yet write," Miss de Crespigney hastened to say in order to prevent Gloria from asking if he *had* written.

"Aunt Agrippina, I came up to you this morning to speak on a subject that *must* be set right," said Gloria, very gravely.

"And what is that, pray?" coldly inquired Miss de Crespigney, whose good humor was not quite restored, even by Gloria's forbearance.

"We are going to Saratoga, you say. Now, Aunt Agrippina, I will *not* enter society at Saratoga Springs, under any false colors, to give any false impressions in regard to myself!"

"Why, who in this world wishes you to do so, Gloria?"

"You seem to wish it, Aunt Agrippina."

"I!" exclaimed the old lady.

"Yes, you, aunty."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean by the manner in which I am introduced,

people are led to believe that I am an unmarried woman, free to receive declarations of love and proposals of marriage from gentlemen."

"Have any such declarations and proposals been made to you, Gloria?" uneasily inquired the old lady.

"Yes, Aunt Agrippina! And such an event must *not* be permitted to occur again!"

"Most certainly not! Who *was* the mistaken gentleman?"

"Excuse me, aunty. It is scarcely fair to tell. It *was* a mistake, as you say, but a mistake that must not be made in regard to me again."

"Your own reserved conduct must prevent its recurrence, Gloria."

"I do not know how to be more reserved than I have been, unless I retire utterly from society. I must be known as a married woman."

"Now, Gloria, how is that to be done? You are to be introduced by your proper name and title, as the Countess de la Vera. You would be so introduced if your husband was by your side, unless, indeed, he were a nobleman with a title that would rank yours. If people take you to be unmarried, it is because of your extreme youthfulness and the absence of your husband, neither of which circumstances can be altered by us. You do not expect me to announce in a public room, or in a mixed company, that the Countess de la Vera is a married woman, and therefore out of the matrimonial market. Don't you see, when you come to examine it, that the thing cannot be done?"

Gloria sighed.

"It is no earthly business of anybody's whether you are married or not? But if any imbecile lover proposes to you, in spite of all your reserve and discouragement, you have only to reject him, and be done with him.

You owe him no explanation, and he will deserve his disappointment."

Gloria sighed again and said:

"I hate to be an impostor."

"You are not an impostor," exclaimed Miss de Crespigney.

"I hate to *seem* like one, then."

"You do not seem like one."

"To *myself* I do, and that is the worst of it."

"You are morbid, Gloria. And by the by, on our way to Saratoga, we must stop in Washington City to conclude your business."

"What business, Aunt Agrippina?" inquired Gloria, in surprise.

"Have you forgotten? Was it not in Washington that your reckless and ridiculous marriage was contracted?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, in Washington it must be practically annulled by a limited divorce. I should have gone on with you earlier, but this is the long session of Congress, and the city will be full of people until the first of June, and our presence there would be known, and our errand could not be kept secret. In a few days, however, by the time we reach Washington, Congress will have adjourned, and all the fashionable people will have taken flight, and no one belonging to *our* world will remain. Then we can get the limited divorce quietly affected."

"Aunt Agrippina, I won't have it!" said Gloria, decidedly.

"What do you mean, young lady?"

"I won't have a limited divorce. I won't!"

"My dear child, I am sorry to say that you cannot get a full divorce that would allow you to marry again.

Our religion does not permit such sinful trifling with the holy sacrament of marriage."

"But I don't want *any sort* of a divorce, limited or unlimited: and I won't *have* any! There!"

"Why, what on the face of the broad earth does the mad girl mean now?" exclaimed the old lady, in dismay.

"I don't want any divorce from dear David Lindsay; and I won't *have* any, either! I won't treat him so. I won't! I—I *love* David Lindsay!" she cried, bursting into tears and weeping vehemently, as she sobbed forth: "And the more I think about him the more I love him. And the more I see of other people the more I honor David Lindsay. Oh, yes, Aunt Agrippina, you all said that when I should see and know more of the world I should be utterly ashamed of my humble lover. But the case has been the very opposite; the more I have seen of the world the better able have I been to judge and appreciate, to honor and love my dear David Lindsay!"

"Countess Gloria!" exclaimed the old lady, in horror.

"Oh, perdition catch the Countess Gloria! I *hate* her! I wish I had never heard of her! I wish I had been lost or stolen, or thrown away when I was a child, and had been found by Dame Lindsay and brought up on Sandy Isle with David Lindsay. I should have been happy then!"

"And how about the Val au Cachemire shawl?" sarcastically inquired Miss de Crespigney.

"Bless the Val au Cachemire shawl! He would have got me one if I had wanted it. Yes, if he had had to work his dear fingers off his hands he would!"

"And that would have suited a fisherman's wife nicely."

"It may suit a fisherman's wife yet!" retorted Gloria "Now let us understand each other, Aunt Agrippina.

I will not have any sort of a divorce from David Lindsay! But in all other respects for one year I will be guided by your advice, and will, according to my promise, abstain from seeing or writing to David Lindsay; but at the end of the stipulated year I will write to him and ask him to come back to me, and then, if he can still love such a wayward, capricious, unmanageable creature as he has found me to be, why I will give myself to him. He may take me for better or worse—and I fear he may find it for worse."

"I KNOW he will! And you, too!" exclaimed the highly incensed old lady.

However, she privately consoled herself with the reflection that she should at least have the honor of being chaperone to the Countess de la Vera, at Saratoga, Newport, Niagara, and all the fashionable watering-places, during the summer and autumn, and at Washington during the winter following. This would complete the stipulated year of probation; and what might she not hope from the negative force of absence and silence on the one hand, and the positive influence of society on the other, in alienating the thoughts of Gloria de la Vera from David Lindsay?

Three days from this, Miss de Crespigney, with the two young girls and quite a suite of servants, left Magnolia Mount for the North.

They traveled directly on without stopping until they reached New York City, where they tarried for a few days to do some fashionable shopping.

Then, with richly replenished wardrobes, they embarked on board a Hudson river steamer on their way to Albany.

One night they spent in the capital of the State, and then went on by rail to Saratoga.

Miss de Crespigney had been over this route many times before, and Gloria also on several occasions.

It was new ground only to Philippa Cummings, who was delighted with all that she saw, and was never weary of expressing her admiration of the journey.

It was in the afternoon of a beautiful day in early June that the party reached Saratoga Springs, and Miss de Crespigney took a carriage to convey them to their selected hotel.

Now Gloria asked a question that she had been wishing and fearing to ask for the last month:

"Are we going to the same house where Madame de Crespigney and her daughters are staying?"

"Why, of course we are. Where else should we go?" inquired Miss de Crespigney.

"Will it not be awkward for me to meet them, under the circumstances?" inquired Gloria.

"Not at all. Madame de Crespigney is your friend. She quite approves of the step you took to place an impassable barrier between yourself and your uncle, her son; and also of my present policy in regard to you. Her daughters are of the same mind as herself; so that you may be quite comfortable and happy with them if you please," replied the old lady, as the carriage drew up before the hotel.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AT THE SPRINGS.

What though admiring crowds draw nigh
And flattering lips are smiling,
And love-tuned tones inbreathing sigh
The languid mind beguiling.
She feels this is not what she seeks,
Her soul such mockery spurns,
And evermore with aching void
For one loved being yearns.

ANON.

Miss de Crespigney and her party were received by a civil porter, who loaded himself with the hand-luggage and showed them into the ladies' reception-room of the hotel.

"I telegraphed from New York yesterday to secure rooms for myself and friends. Will you go and see if they are ready?" inquired the old lady.

"Name, ma'am, if you please?" respectfully solicited the porter.

"Here is my card. Take it to the office and inquire."

The porter put down his burden, took the card and left the parlor.

"We must go to our rooms and get all this horrid railroad dust and cinders out of our eyes and throats," said the old lady in explanation.

"Yes, indeed. I would like to take a bath and have

a complete change of clothing before presenting myself to Madame de Crespigney," assented Gloria.

"And I would like to go in soak for a week before I could feel clean! Oh! the smoke, the dust and the cinders! Shall I ever get them out of my nose and eyes and lungs! I wonder any one should ever travel by railroad who has the choice of going by any other conveyance, or even of staying at home forever!" added Philippa.

As she spoke the porter returned, took half a cart load of carpet bags, wraps, dusters and umbrellas, and respectfully signified that he was ready to show the travelers to their apartments.

"Come, children," said Miss Agrippina, rising to follow the porter, who conducted them to a fine suite of rooms on the same floor, consisting of two handsome bed-chambers, a servant's room, a bath-room, and a dressing-room. The two chambers communicated and the largest of them was double-bedded, and was therefore assigned by Miss Agrippina to the two girls.

Of the two young quadroon maids, Céline was, as usual, assigned to the service of the young ladies, and Nérisse was retained by Miss de Crespigney.

"Now be as quick as you can, my dears, for I have sent down to my sister-in-law to let her know that we have come!" said Miss de Crespigney, putting her head in at the communicating door.

"Very well, Aunt Agrippina," said Gloria, beginning to make haste.

"No chance of going in soak till night, then! But to-night I intend to put myself down to soak, instead of going to bed," said Philippa, as she also obediently hurried with her toilet.

It was well, for in less than half an hour Miss Agrippina rapped sharply on the communicating door to ask if they were ready.

For an answer Gloria opened the door and showed herself and her companion both in full evening dress —Gloria in white organdy lawn, with rose-colored sash and rose-buds on her bosom and in her hair: Philippa in blue organdy, with a white sash and white snow-drops in her bosom and in her hair.

"That will do very well," said Miss Agrippina, approvingly surveying these very simple toilets, as she herself stood up in the grandeur of a black lace dress over black satin, relieved by white crépe lisse and point lace at the throat and wrists, and a small white ostrich tip fastened with a diamond marguerite in her black hair.

"We return the compliment. You are well dressed, Miss de Crespigney," said Philippa, saucily.

"Except that my hair at my time of life ought to be gray, and it isn't, which leaves me open to the vulgar suspicion of dye," said the old lady, taking Philippa's impertinence in good faith and good humor.

"Oh, no, Aunt Agrippina, your purple black hair has too much life and lustre to be suspected of dye!" exclaimed Gloria, as they all walked down the corridor together, leaving their rooms in charge of the two maids.

"My sister-in-law has sent to excuse herself from coming to us, on the ground of an attack of rheumatism that keeps her in her room; and to ask us to come to her there," said Miss Agrippina, in explanation. "And here we are," she added, as, a few steps farther down the same corridor, she paused before a black walnut door and rapped.

A pretty quadroon boy, in a page's livery, opened and admitted them at once into the elegant parlor occupied by Madame de Crespigney and her daughters.

though at this time no one but the elder lady and her attendant page were present in it.

Gloria looked up in some doubt and fear toward Marcel's mother, whom she had known in her earliest childhood, but of whose personal appearance she had lost all recollection.

One swift and swiftly-withdrawn glance toward the noble and benignant being in the chair sufficed to set all her disturbance at rest.

Madame de Crespigney had been a magnificent beauty in her prime of life, and was now, at seventy years of age, a majestic and gracious woman, with all the affluence of goodness that perfected womanhood should wear.

Her tall and portly form was arrayed in a black velvet robe, though the month was June. This rich and sombre dress was relieved by deep falls of white point lace on the sleeves and bosom, and by a shawl of white lace, thrown lightly over her fine shoulders. Her features were grand in outline; her face was moderately full; her complexion as clear as the skin of childhood; her eyes and eyebrows were jet black, and still very fine. In contrast to them her stately head was covered with a glory of silver-gray hair, arranged in puffs and rolls high above her forehead, and half covered with lapels of white point lace, fastened each side with diamond pins, and falling down upon her bosom.

All this Gloria saw in the single glance she darted toward "Marcel's mother."

"Madam de Crespigney, the Countess Gloria de la Vera," said Miss Agrippina, formally presenting her young protégée.

Gloria dropped her eyes, and courtesied reverently.

The aged lady took her hand, drew her close, and kissed her on both cheeks, saying:

"I am very happy to see you, my love. Myself and daughters anticipate much pleasure in your society this summer."

"Thanks, Madame. You are very kind to me to say so," responded Gloria.

"And here, Madame, is Miss Philippa Cummings, one of the Grayson County Cummings', of Virginia, quite a historical family," said Miss Agrippina, presenting Philippa, ("though something 'fallen from her high estate,' and not as prosperous as they have been," she added, mentally).

Madame de Crespigney received Philippa as kindly as she had welcomed Gloria, taking her hand, kissing her on both cheeks, and saying:

"We are very fortunate in having such a pleasant addition to our little circle, my dear. I hope we shall succeed in making you happy among us.

Philippa bowed in silence, and lifted the hand of the venerable lady to her lips.

Philippa was really overcome, for "Marcel's mother looked at her with Colonel de Crespigney's beautiful dark eyes, and smiled on her with Colonel de Crespigney's smile; she could almost imagine she spoke to her with his own tones.

As Philippa had loved Marcel on the first view of his portrait, so she loved Marcel's mother at the first sight of her face.

Whether it is true that "love begets love," we cannot tell, but certainly, in this instance, the first liking was mutual.

Madame de Crespigney felt attracted by the young, uncultivated Philippa.

The visitors were accommodated with seats.

Then the little page served them with iced lemonade in cut-glass goblets on a silver-gilt salver.

As they sipped it Miss de Crespigney inquired:

"Where are my nieces that they do not make their appearance?"

"They have run away on purpose to give me the opportunity of making a communication in regard to them which they do not wish to have made in their presence," said the aged lady, significantly.

"Ah! indeed? What is it? Are they going to be married?" bluntly inquired Miss Agrippina.

"Yes. How did you find out?"

"I did not find out. It was quite a random question, Are both of them going to be married?"

"Yes."

"Well, it is time! Euphrasie and Euphrosine are close on to twenty-eight years of age, and might have been married ten years ago if it had not been for their own whims."

"Yes—they were so absurdly fond of each other, poor children, that neither one would accept any proposal of marriage that was likely to separate her from the other," said Madame de Crespigney.

"Well, and how have they got over the difficulty in this instance? Have they both determined to marry the same Mormon saint?"

"Agrippina!"

"I beg pardon, Madame; but pray tell me all about it."

"They will marry two brothers—bankers of Amsterdam—enormously wealthy. Your wealthy bankers of other cities are not to be compared with those of Amsterdam—"

"But the men themselves, aside from their business?" interrupted Miss de Crespigney.

"Oh, they are worthy, honorable, high-minded men. Bachelors both, past middle age. The elder is titled

—by a purchased patent, not an inherited one—Baron Van Der Kamphuyzen. He was in Washington last winter after you left. He met Euphrasie at one of the hotel socials, and they immediately fraternized on the subject of the German mystics. That was the beginning. He proposed to her before we left the city. Her only objection was the old one—that of being separated from her sister."

"How did he overcome that?"

"By persistence and diplomacy, my dear. He was very deeply attached to Euphrasie, and ready to make any sacrifice or take any trouble to win her. Well, he joined us here at this place, and introduced his brother, Herr Cornelius Van Der Kamphuyzen, who had come over so expeditiously that I could not help suspecting he had been written for. However, after a very short acquaintance, Herr Cornelius proposed for Euphrosine, and was accepted by her out of pure complacency toward her sister and her sister's lover."

"Well, it is queer business altogether. I hope they will be measurably happy," said Miss Agrippina.

"Indeed, I have no doubt of it. The men are so worthy in themselves. And then they have made such munificent settlements! They have settled all the girls' fortunes on themselves, and quadrupled the dower from their own wealth."

"That is all very well, but I like a little honest falling in love at the foundation of a marriage," said Miss Agrippina.

"My dear, there was a great deal of falling in love, as you call it! I never saw a man more devoted to a woman than the baron has been to Euphrasie from the beginning. It is true, I think his brother must have come over to see Euphrosine at the baron's solicitation, but seeing her, he was pleased with her; and though

think Euphrosine first accepted out of sheer good nature, yet now I do believe she is becoming very much attached to him. And why not? Those brothers are doing everything for the happiness of the girls. Their town-houses—which will be palaces as to splendor and comfort—will join each other, and the grounds of their country-houses will also join. A plan which fills them with delight."

"But you, Madame? What will become of you, left alone with only a cross old sister-in-law like myself to keep you company occasionally?" inquired Miss Agrippina, with a rare touch of tenderness in her rather hard, practical nature.

"Ah, how can I think of myself where my girls' happiness and prosperity are concerned? For the short remainder of my life, I shall do very well. I shall go and visit them occasionally. It is nothing to cross the ocean now, and sometimes they will come to see me. Besides, I have written to my son and told him, and he has promised that, after these Indian disturbances are quieted, or at the end of a year, he will get leave and come home to me."

At this news, Philippa, who had been but an indifferent listener to the conversation, grew suddenly interested and attentive; but, to the girl's disappointment, Madame de Crespigney spoke no further of her son.

At this moment, too, the sound of the dinner-gong clanged through and through the house, rendering conversation impossible.

"You will take your dinner here, I suppose?" said Miss Agrippina.

"Oh, no; the dining-room is but a few steps off, and my rheumatism is not so bad that I cannot walk thither; but, you see, I do not like to walk any more than I can help."

At this moment the two young ladies entered from the bed-chamber adjoining, and greeted their Aunt Agrippina with much affection, and received the two young visitors, who were next presented to them, with great cordiality.

The Misses Euphrasie and Euphrosine de Crespigney were twin sisters, twenty-eight years of age, tall, superb brunettes, with more grandeur of form and feature, more richness of color, and therefore more splendor of beauty, than they had possessed when they had first "come out," at eighteen years of age, ten years before.

They were dressed alike in creamy white bérége, with a rich garniture of the cypress-vine, with its tiny crimson, star-like flowers, and fine, deep-green, fringe-like leaves.

"We will go down. Such a troupe of women! Six, with no man among us! But my son-in-law elect will meet us at the door," said the aged lady, as she drew Philippa's arm within her own and led the way. .

The twin sisters, who would never suffer any etiquette to separate them if they could possibly help it, stood together in the rear to give precedence to Miss Agrippina and Gloria.

"My sister-in-law has taken possession of your companion, my dear," said Miss Agrippina, nodding toward the aged lady and the young girl who were walking before them.

"Well, they have been 'making eyes' at each other ever since they met. It is a case of love at first sight, auntie," said Gloria, with a smile.

It was but a few steps to the dining-room, and there stood two portly gentlemen—the brothers Van Der Kamphuyzen, as Madame de Crespigney had said, waiting to escort them to the table.

An informal introduction of the strangers took place here, and then the gentlemen looked puzzled for one

moment, for what were two gentlemen among six ladies, going into a public dining-room? But the Dutch brothers soon saw their duty, and did it. The baron took Madame de Crespigney in, while Mr. Cornelius Van Kamphuyzen offered his arm to Miss Agrippina.

The twin sisters walked together as usual.

And by this arrangement Gloria and Philippa found themselves side by side.

"You and the grand-duchess have taken a great fancy to each other," said Gloria, with a smile.

"You mean Madame de Crespigney? Oh, isn't she *charming—just charming!*" muttered Philippa, with undisguised enthusiasm.

"She is very gracious," assented Gloria.

"And so grandly handsome even in age!—so like the heroic colonel!" exclaimed Philippa, forgetting that she was not speaking in the fastnesses of the Iron Mountain, but in the public dining-room of a Saratoga hotel.

"Hush! speak lower; besides, you never saw the 'heroic colonel,'" whispered Gloria.

"Oh, but I have seen his picture!"

"Beg pardon, it was the picture of the young lieutenant, some fifteen years younger than your 'heroic colonel.'"

"Oh, then, I know the colonel must be fifteen times handsomer than the lieutenant!" muttered Philippa.

And by this time the "pioneers" of the party had been stopped by a couple of obsequious waiters, who officiously pulled back the chairs of an unoccupied table, and in other ways so actively tendered their services that the whole party found themselves seated before they knew what they were about.

The party of eight just filled the table. The baron sat at the head; his brother at the foot; Madame de Crespigney between her two daughters on the right

side, and Miss Agrippina between her two young friends on the left.

Altogether it was rather a distinguished-looking party. Two such magnificent *grandes dames* as the elder ladies; two such splendid brunettes as the tall twin sisters; two such lovely blondes as the young girls; and finally two such important looking elderly men as the Dutch brothers, could hardly be assembled in one party at one table without causing comment, even in the rattling, busy dining-room.

The long hotel dinner, with all its courses, passed off very pleasantly, however, and at its close the brothers escorted the party of ladies into the dancing hall, for there was to be a "hop" at the hotel that night.

They made themselves busy, active, and agreeable. They brought the most "eligible" gentlemen up, and presented them to Miss de Crespigney and her young charges.

Madame de Crespigney and her daughters were sufficiently well known; they had a very large circle of acquaintances, and a very distinguished smaller circle of friends; they needed no new presentations this evening.

Euphrasie and Euphrosine were soon sought for the waltz, and taken on the floor, but *not* at first by their portly and phlegmatic lovers.

These Dutchmen, as in duty bound, first danced with the young strangers—the baron with Philippa, and his brother with Gloria.

But oh! the attraction of the most merely nominal title in a democratic and republican ball!

An hour had not passed before the presence of the Countess Gloria de la Vera was ascertained, and every one wished to see her, and many desired to be presented to her

The brothers Van der Kamphuyzen were besieged with applications for an introduction to the lovely countess, but they used great discretion in favoring these socially inclined young gentlemen.

Gloria could not enjoy her success. Everything here, even in its contrast, reminded her of her old playmate and only real love. And she began to count the months that yet must pass before the year of probation should end, and she should be free to write and call him to her presence.

The party did not stay late in the dancing-hall. The two "engaged" young ladies had no sufficient motive for fatiguing themselves. Gloria was soon tired of the whole thing; Madame de Crespigney was ill at ease with her rheumatism; Miss de Crespigney was wearied with her journey.

Philippa would have liked to have a night of it, but being in the minority of one, she had to yield and leave the hall when the others left.

So ended their first evening at the fashionable watering-place.

Many evenings passed so exactly like it that they do not need to be recorded.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TWIN BRIDES.

I saw two brides at the kirk.
And both were fair and sweet.

STODDARD.

On the first Tuesday in July there was a double marriage at the Catholic church—the Baron Van Der Kamphuyzen to Miss Euphrasie, and Mr. Cornelius Van Der Kamphuyzen to Miss Euphrosine de Crespigney

Countess Gloria was the bride's-maid of Euphrasie, and Philippa of Euphrosine. The brides were married in rich though quiet traveling suits of silver-gray Irish poplin, gloves of a paler shade, and hats to match, with each a soft gray marabout tip and a single white rose. Immediately after the ceremony—which had, by arrangement, been very quietly performed at an unusually early hour of the morning—the married pairs took leave of their friends, and entered a carriage that conveyed them to the railway depot, where they took tickets for New York city, whence, on the next day, they were to embark for Liverpool, *en route* to Amsterdam.

Miss Agrippina, Gloria and Philippa took Madame de Crespigney back to the hotel.

In spite of all her disinterested devotion to her children's happiness and welfare, the aged lady was overwhelmed with grief at having to part with both of

them at once, and for so long an absence at so great a distance.

"Ah!" she sighed, as she sank into her easy-chair in her own room, with her friends near her, "when we have brought up and married off our children, what have the aged to do but to die? It is cruel that they should have to live on in loneliness."

"Oh, don't say that, dear Madame, or you will break all our hearts!" said Philippa, bursting into tears of real compassion.

"Poor child!" said the old lady, touched by the girl's sympathy. "Poor child! Yet you, too, must have left your parents to accompany the Countess Gloria on this tour."

"Ah, no," answered Philippa. "I have no parents. They were taken from me when I was a little child scarcely old enough to remember."

"What! Are you an orphan, then, Philippa?" inquired the aged lady, for the moment forgetting her own sorrows in her sympathy for the lonely girl.

"Yes, Madame, an orphan from earliest childhood."

"Who were your guardians, then?"

Philippa smiled.

"What do you mean by that, my dear? And why do you not answer me?"

"I never had any guardians, Madame. Having no inheritance, and being of no sort of account one way or the other, I have never had any guardians appointed to take care of me."

"Who, then, has cared for you?" inquired Madame de Crespigney, with increased interest.

"Oh! sometimes an uncle, and sometimes an aunt; but I should tell you, Madame, that my last aunt approved of my coming to be a companion to Madame Gloria."

"Ah, then," said the old lady, turning to the little

countess, this young girl is your *demoiselle du compagnie*?"

"She is my very dear friend, Madame de Crespigney," answered Gloria, gravely.

"That is right, my child. I am glad to hear you speak just in that way. Well, Gloria, if the time should ever come when you could feel magnanimous enough to give up your friend Philippa to an old and almost childless woman who would be a mother to her, and if you, Philippa, could ever feel like devoting your young life, as another Ruth, to such a desolate Naomi as I am—" Here the aged lady broke down in tears.

Philippa knelt by her side, and took her hand and kissed it, murmuring in the very words of Ruth:

"'Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people.'"

The aged lady raised the girl and kissed her, saying:

"So be it, my child, if your friend consents."

"I should be sorry to part with Philippa, under any other circumstances, but you need her so much more than I do, dear Madame de Crespigney, that I am really glad you will have her to comfort you," said Gloria.

"And she shall be my Ruth, though I have not Naomi's claim upon her, for she has never been my son's wife."

Philippa flushed all over her fair face and neck, and up to the edges of her golden hair, so conscious she was of loving the lady for the sake of the son, whose mere portrait had so impressed her imagination, and who so strongly resembled his mother.

After this Philippa changed her quarters from the Countess Gloria's apartments to those of Madame de Crespigney, upon whose spirits the company of the light-hearted girl had a very reviving effect.

The next day Madame de Crespigney received four

letters from New York, written by her daughters and sons-in-law on the eve of sailing, all expressing the truest affection for her, and the most sincere desire that she would visit them at Amsterdam, even in the present summer.

"To think each one of them should find time to write to me separately to tell me of their trip, to assure me of their love, and to urge me to visit them sooner than I intended. Why, most people, under their circumstances, would have been content that one should have written to me for the whole party," said the old lady to the circle of family friends who were with her in the parlor when she received her letters.

"Dear Madame, that is not surprising at all! They all love you so much, your sons-in-law as well as your daughters. I saw that while they were here. How, indeed, could they help loving you? I know, for myself, they could not," said Philippa, earnestly, as she caressed the withered, but shapely and delicate hand of her friend.

"You flatter me, my love; but it is with such a perfectly sincere over-estimate, that one must love instead of blaming you for it. I know it is sincere over-estimation, child, as well as I know a real diamond from a counterfeit one," replied Madame de Crespigney, with an indulgent smile.

And she judged rightly, for Philippa was honestly infatuated with the mother, because she was in love with the son. It gave Philippa pleasure to lavish all the praises, caresses and services on the mother that she could not even in imagination bestow upon the son. And Madame de Crespigney accepted and believed in all this without understanding it.

Still the aged lady so missed the presence of her daughters, so mourned their absence, that Philippa pro-

posed they should leave Saratoga, where everything reminded the mother of her lost children, and go to some place where they had never been together.

"That will not be Niagara, or Newport, or—"

"I think, dear Madame, you once said you had never been to Nahant," said Philippa, gently interrupting the list.

"No, never. We will go there, my child."

"For two months, dear Madame; and then will you not yield to the solicitations of your absent children and visit them even this summer?" suggested Philippa, who was fast making a daughter's way into the well-deserved esteem and confidence of her patroness.

"Child, I resolved that I would not intrude upon their married lives for at least one year."

"Ah, but they *want* you so much. And if you sail on the first of October you will reach Amsterdam about the middle of the month, and they will have had twelve weeks of honeymoon," smiled Philippa.

"I will think of this, my dear."

"And act upon it, dear Madame! Come, let me plead for the absent ones!" coaxed Philippa.

"And you, my child, will you go with me?"

"Of course I will! I am not a bit afraid of missing my welcome from your amiable daughters and their kind-hearted husbands."

"And really I should not like to do without you, now that I have become so accustomed to your society and attentions that they seem to be necessary to me. I will write to Euphrasie to-day, and let her know of my plan."

And here the subject was dropped for the time being.

The next day the whole party, including Miss Agrippina and Gloria, left Saratoga for Boston, *en route* for Nahant.

There again the advent of the beautiful young Countess Gloria de la Vera created a sensation. There again she was surrounded by admirers.

Though Madame de Crespigney and her party had never been at Nahant before, yet she met many of her Southern friends and neighbors from Louisiana, and many acquaintances whom she had met at Saratoga, Newport or Niagara.

To many of these who made friendly inquiries, she had to tell, with equal pride and pain, of the marriage of her daughters and their departure for Amsterdam.

The party remained at Nahant until the middle of September, and then returned to Boston, where they stopped until the first of October.

Then they separated.

Madame de Crespigney and her young companion, Philippa Cummings, attended by a lady's maid and page, sailed for Havre, *en route* for Amsterdam.

Miss Agrippina de Crespigney and Gloria remained a few days longer in the city and then returned to New Orleans, where they spent two gay months, partly in the company of some of the very people whom they had met at Saratoga.

On the first of December Miss de Crespigney and the Countess de la Vera set out for Washington city, where they arrived in about ten days, and where they took a suite of apartments in one of the best hotels—a house much favored by Southern guests.

Here also they met many friends and intimate acquaintances whom they had known both at New Orleans and at Saratoga.

"It seems to me," said Gloria, after an evening spent in the public parlor of the hotel, "that one changes *places* without changing people."

"You cannot easily change people, my dear, where-

ever you go. People of the same rank will find each other," said Miss de Crespigney.

"But if one were to go to St. Petersburg, or Constantinople, for instance?"

"You would be sure to meet some one whom you had met at Washington or New Orleans," said Miss de Crespigney.

This season was an unusually brilliant one. And everywhere the fair young countess, who had youth, beauty and high rank to recommend her, was followed with adulation.

But, oh, through all this, Gloria was inspired by one ruling thought:

"The year of trial is almost over, and then I shall write to David Lindsay to come for me. 'Seeing more of the world,' as Miss Aggripina calls this life of fashionable frivolity has confirmed me in my faith that true happiness is only to be found in a true life. Every man that I have seen has convinced me, by contrast, how pure and noble is the heart won far away from all these scenes."

It was about the middle of January, when one day, Gloria being seated *tete-à-tete* with her chaperone, in their private parlor, said:

"Do you know, Miss Agrippina, that this day two weeks is the first of February?"

"Yes, my dear; but Lent don't begin until the fifteenth."

"I am not thinking of Lent, Miss Agrippina."

"Of what, then?"

"Of David Lindsay."

"Nonsense!"

"Oh, you may say 'nonsense,' but my *heart*, my heart must be satisfied!" cried the girl.

"Was there *ever* such an inconsistency in life!" ex-

claimed the old lady in wrath. "Here is a young countess, beautiful, high-born, wealthy, sought by people of the highest cultivation and refinement, and yet hankering, yes, *hankering*, after the remembrance of a low-born fisherman, who has, probably, by this time forgotten her."

"That he has forgotten me remains to be proved, Miss de Crespigney! David Lindsay is capable of the most sublime self-abnegation! If his heart were breaking—though his strong and noble heart could not break for any earthly sorrow, I am sure—he would not write to me during the year of probation agreed to by us both. But he would wait to receive my letter to summon him to my side! That letter, Miss de Crespigney, I shall write on the first of February!"

"And you will actually accept that boor for a husband? *You*, the Countess Gloria de la Vera!—the last representative of one of the oldest and proudest houses of Portugal! What will the world say?"

"Yes, I *will!* And glory, at last, in doing so! I will be true to my heart, true to my faith, true to my love, let the world say what it likes! Besides, David Lindsay is no boor, and you shall not call him such! He is one of nature's gentlest gentlemen, noblest noblemen! What! Having known *him* could I descend to any lower soul? No, Miss de Crespigney, no! He may need cultivation, I admit, for he is not yet a graduate of any college, though he will be! Yet even now, in the matter of a common school education, and an ordinary knowledge of good English, he is in advance of some of our senators and cabinet ministers!"

"GLORIA!" exclaimed Miss de Crespigney, in such holy horror that the little countess burst out laughing before she could reply:

"He is, *indeed*, Miss Agrippina! Fancy David Lind-

say making such havoc of English grammar as to say—what I heard a cabinet minister say, in a speech the other night—'It becomes you, *I*, and all of us!' etc. It 'becomes I!' Think of it!"

"A mere slip of the tongue, my dear."

"Then there were countless such slips of the tongue in his speech! And countless such slips of the tongue in the speeches heard on the floor of the Senate and the House of Representatives. I am not finding fault with these men, Aunt Agrippina. Most of them have risen from the humblest ranks of the people. More credit to them and more honor to our free institutions that render such risings possible. What I wish to point out to you is—the possibility of David Lindsay's future."

"Gloria de la Vera, you are a lunatic on the subject of that young fisherman. It is of no use to talk to lunatics, so I shall not talk to you," indignantly exclaimed the old lady.

Gloria said nothing in reply. She felt so sure that she was right, and she was so fully resolved upon her course, that she was invulnerable alike to ridicule or reproaches.

On the first of February, true to her promise, Gloria wrote to her young husband, telling him frankly of how she had spent the intervening year, and how all the world besides had failed to satisfy her heart in his absence, and inviting him to come to her, if indeed he could continue to love and trust one who had shown herself so willful and capricious as she had done.

She directed this letter to St. Inigoes, and for greater security she mailed it with her own hands.

And from the day of posting that letter, she waited, anxiously waited, for an answer, either by letter, or, what was more likely to happen, by David Lindsay in person, until a week had passed away, and then she

went to make inquiry at the general post-office, where she learned that the mail went to St. Inigoes only twice a week, and that she had posted her letter an hour after the mail had gone, and it had four days to wait in the office before it was forwarded.

"And if there should have been any delay at the other end of the mail line, my letter may not yet have reached David Lindsay. I must be patient for a few days longer," she said to herself.

But she could not be patient. She could think of nothing else but her letter all day long. She could not sleep for thinking of it all night long.

So another week passed away, and brought the fifteenth of February, and the commencement of Lent.

"We had as well return to New Orleans now. The season is over here. And, indeed, we should *sometimes* live at home; but between winters in Washington and summers in Saratoga or Newport, we have only spring and autumn to be at home. Can you be ready to start for the South by the twentieth?" inquired Miss de Crespigney of the little countess.

"No, auntie, I am not going to the South. I have written, according to arrangement, to David Lindsay, and I am waiting for a letter or a visit from him," replied Gloria.

"Well, you *are* mad! Just fit for a lunatic asylum, and for nothing else!" exclaimed Miss de Crespigney, in wrath.

Gloria bowed, and smiled.

"When did you write to him?" demanded the lady.

"On the first day of the month."

"And he has not answered your letter yet?"

"No."

"Well, he does not mean to do so, I suppose. He has more sense than you appear to have. How long

do you intend to wait here for a letter or a visit from him?"

"I have not calculated, but some time yet."

"Well, I will tell you what it is, young woman. I wish to leave Washington on the twentieth of this month; I will stay ten days longer to save you from perdition, if I can. But beyond the first of March I will not stay, even for your sake; for as Congress will adjourn on the fourth, all the travel will then be so crowded as to make a journey insupportable."

"I hope to hear from David Lindsay before that time," said Gloria.

"I will tell you another thing, young lady! From the day you meet that fisherman and accept him for your husband, we part forever!"

"I should be very sorry for that, Aunt Agrippina," said Gloria.

That day it occurred to her that her first letter might have miscarried. So she wrote a second one, and was careful to post it herself, in time to go by the first mail.

Then she waited patiently day after day, until a week passed away and the first of March drew near.

"Well," said Miss de Crespigney, one day, about this time, "I am packing up. What are *you* going to do?"

"I am going down to Sandy Isle to see what has become of David Lindsay," said Gloria, with an air of decision.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GLORIA'S SUDDEN RESOLUTION.

She'd follow him through sunshine and through storm;
She would be with him in his weal and woe;
In his afflictions, should they fall on him;
In his temptations, should bad men beset him;
In all the perils that may press about him;
And should they crush him—in the hour of death!

TAYLOR.

Gloria waited anxiously for an answer to her second letter to David Lindsay; but none came. She let another week elapse and then wrote a third letter.

"For I will not give him up so easily. It is quite possible that even two letters may have been miscarried in these irregular country mails," she said, as she carefully directed the envelope, and went out and posted it with her own hands.

This was on the last day of February.

On her return from the post-office she found Miss de Crespigney standing in the middle of their private parlor floor, attended by the two maids, and surrounded by several open traveling trunks.

"Oh, Aunt Agrippina, what *ever* are you doing?" inquired Gloria, uneasily.

"Packing up, my dear, to go home. I have had the trunks all brought in here for *room*—there is not room to step around them in the bed-chamber. Nerisse!,

take that black velvet dress back and lay it on the bed to fold it. What do you mean by dragging it in here in that manner?" demanded Miss de Crespigney, turning to rebuke her maid.

"Oh, dear Aunt Agrippina, I hope you are really not going away to-morrow?" exclaimed Gloria, throwing herself down into one of the easy-chairs.

"Indeed I am! I would not travel with the crowd that will leave the city after the fourth for any consideration."

"Then what *shall* I do?" exclaimed Gloria.

"I hope you will have sense enough to accompany me."

"I cannot, Aunt Agrippina. I must wait here until all hope of getting a letter from David Lindsay fails!"

"And pray how long will that be?"

"I will wait a week or ten days longer, and then—"

"You will be obliging enough to accompany me home if I choose to wait so long for you," sneered the provoked old lady. "Is *that* what you mean?"

"No, Aunt Agrippina, that is not what I mean. I shall not go home with you even then," quietly replied Gloria.

"Eh!" exclaimed Miss de Crespigney.

"I say I shall not return home with you, even if I fail to get a letter."

"Then what on earth *will* you do?"

"I really thought I had told you more than a week ago—I shall go down to St. Inigoes to see Father Moriarty and inquire for David Lindsay. He may be ill, you know, and unable to read or to answer my letters."

"Why cannot you write to Father Moriarty, if you are determined to be a fool?"

"Because I do not wish to bring in any third party

unless it should be absolutely necessary. I will wait a week in the forlorn hope of getting an answer to my letter. If I should not get one, I feel that I can wait no longer. I must go down—well, if you want the *exact* programme of my campaign," said the girl, with a slight smile, "I shall go first to Sandy Isle to look for David Lindsay in his own old home. If I do not find him there, I will go to St. Inigoes and seek news of him from father Moriarty, who will certainly be able to give it to me."

Miss de Crespigney dropped a box of jewelry that she held in her hand, and sank down in the nearest easy-chair. For a moment she seemed unable to speak, but then she burst forth with:

"Gloria de la Vera, are you stark, staring mad? Is *this* the result of twelve months' close intimacy with *me*, and association with the most refined and cultivated society in the world?"

"*Yes, Aunt Agrippina, it is!*" answered Gloria, emphatically.

"Nerisse and Celine, leave the room!" sternly commanded the old lady, suddenly realizing that two pairs of gaping eyes and ears were wide open to see and hear all that was said and done.

The two maids silently obeyed their mistress, closing the bedroom door behind them, and of course, taking turns to listen at the key-hole.

"Now, Gloria de la Vera, after all the accomplished women and polished men that it has been your privilege to meet in society, how can you even remember without humiliation your relations with that young fisherman?"

"He is my husband!" exclaimed Gloria, flushing up to the temples—"and oh! how *much* too worthy for me! The more I have seen of refined and cultivated people, and accomplished and polished people, the more from

contrast have I reasoned to love and honor my rugged, noble David Lindsay! Why, Aunt Agrippina, the very best thing in me—perhaps the only really good thing in me—is my capacity for loving and honoring David Lindsay!" said Gloria, warmly.

"You are mad! As mad as a March hare! I *swear* I am tempted to apply for a writ of *lunatico inquirendo* in your case and have you shut up in a mad-house!" said Miss de Crespigney, quite seriously.

"Don't you yield to that temptation, Aunt Agrippina, because it would bring you to grief and loss. I should certainly tell the doctors and magistrates that I have a husband who should be taken into their counsels, and I should refer them to the Parish Register of St. Matthew's Church for the truth of my words," replied Gloria, quite as seriously.

"And do you really mean to tell me, then, that you are going down to Sandy Isle, running after that young fisherman?"

"Yes, Aunt Agrippina, I really mean to tell you that. If I do not get a letter within a week, I mean to go down to Sandy Isle to seek my husband in his own home."

"Then you will degrade yourself in his eyes and he will justly despise you."

"Not so, Aunt Agrippina. He *is* my husband; you cannot deny that; and he knows my heart and mind better than any other person ever did or ever could. I could never fear that David Lindsay would misunderstand me."

"You are lost! lost! lost! All I have done for you has been done in vain! And now, infatuated girl, I will tell you what I never intended to tell you! You think him so good and noble?"

"I *know* him so good and noble! So much nobler

and better than any one else I ever met with in the world, though I have met with many honorable and estimable persons."

"You think all that of David Lindsay, do you?"

"I tell you I *know* all that about him."

"Now let me tell you that you know nothing at all about him. You do not even know his name, which is not Lindsay at all."

"Not Lindsay!" exclaimed Gloria, staring.

"No, his name is not Lindsay," repeated Miss Agrippina.

"But I know it *is*. I know his grandmother. I have known them both ever since I was a child. What *ever* could have put it into your head that his name was anything else?"

"*Facts*, my dear; well established facts, that you can fully authenticate by writing to Father Moriarty."

"Then I have been deceived, but not by David Lindsay. If *I* did not know his real name, why, neither could he have known it when we were in company, for he would have told me. But what then is his real name, Miss de Crespigney?"

"His name is Gryphyn."

"'Gryphyn!'" echoed Gloria, turning pale.

"Yes, Gryphyn! He has the blood of a murderer in his veins, and the spirit of the devil in his heart."

"Oh, no; no! no! no! no!" wailed Gloria, covering her face with her hands; "my own good, true, noble David Lindsay, he has no such evil in him."

"He is the son of that monster, Dyvyd Gryphyn, who capped the climax of his atrocious life by turning his young and inoffensive wife out of doors on a bitter winter's night to perish in the snowstorm on the mountain."

Gloria's horror escaped in a half suppressed shriek, and again she buried her face in her hands

"But the woman did not perish, it seems, for she was first sheltered by a poor negro woman on the estate, and afterwards assisted to escape from the neighborhood, and finally to reach the distant home of her foster-mother, Mrs. Lindsay, of Sandy Isle, where she lived long enough to bring her son David into the world and then died, leaving the boy to be reared as the son of James and Kate Lindsay, and the grandson of the Widow Lindsay."

"Oh, Miss de Crespigney, are you sure that this story you have told me is the truth?" moaned Gloria.

"Yes, perfectly sure of the truth, or I should not have told you."

"Oh, Miss de Crespigney, David Lindsay could never have known of this when we were together!"

"No, no one knew of it except Dame Lindsay and Father Moriarty at that time."

"How long have you known this?"

"Something less than a year."

"And oh, Miss de Crespigney, how did *you* find it out?"

"Very unexpectedly, Gloria, and I would rather not tell you how I made the discovery," replied Miss de Crespigney, evasively and mysteriously, for she was resolved not to tell Gloria that David Lindsay had written to her an account of the unexpected reappearance and death of Dyvyd Gryphyn, together with his death-bed acknowledgment of David Lindsay as his lawful son and heir, for she had determined that Gloria should never see or hear of that letter, lest her persevering inquiries should lead to the discovery of the young man's noble renunciation, and confirm her not only in her high estimate of his character, but in her resolution to re-unite herself to him.

"And you will not tell me how you found this out, Aunt Agrippina?"

"I would rather not at present. Some time I may do so."

"Well, after all, it does not matter *how* you found it out, so it is true! And then—oh, I am so glad of that! I never thought of it until this instant!" she suddenly exclaimed, as her face lighted up.

"Of what are you so glad, Gloria?"

"That David Lindsay is the real heir and owner of Gryphynhold! And everybody says there is unlimited wealth in the iron mines on that estate."

"And are you glad that he has or may have that wealth in conjunction with the murderer's blood and the devil's spirit?" sternly demanded the old lady.

"David Lindsay is good, true, and noble in himself, no matter how evil his ancestors were."

"Yes, on the surface. But how do you know what may be latent in Dyvyd Gryphyn's son?"

"I do not know; but if my dear, self-sacrificing David Lindsay has inherited an evil nature, it is all the more noble in him that he has so successfully combated it as to have utterly conquered it and turned it out of himself; for a more magnanimous soul than his I have never met."

"But still, you will not now dare to unite your destiny with that of a Gryphyn?"

"Indeed, yes! If David Lindsay has the least remains of the Gryphyn nature in him, he will all the more need the one woman whom he purely loves to aid him in combating them. Yes, Aunt Agrippina, my resolution is unshaken. I will re-unite myself with my husband."

Miss de Crespigney groaned.

"And now my only hope is, that the young man him-

elf, who, when I saw him last, *did* show some signs of good sense and good feeling, may not be tempted to take advantage of your lunacy, for it *is* lunacy, Gloria!"

With these words, the old lady arose and shut down the lids of the half-packed traveling trunks, and then went to the door of the bed-chamber and opened it so deliberately that the two eavesdroppers had time enough to scuttle away and pretend to be very busy in folding dresses to pack up.

"Nérisse! Céline! You may put those things all back in the wardrobe and bureau, and drag these trunks out of the parlor. I shall pack no more to-day," the old lady called out from her station in the communicating door.

"Oh, then, dear Aunt Agrippina, you will *not* go and leave me to-morrow!" gratefully exclaimed Gloria.

"Of course I shall not leave you to your own devices, you aggravating creature! I shall stay with you until I see you through this affair, one way or the other," exclaimed Miss de Crespigney, indignantly; but that did not prevent the young girl from catching her around the neck and kissing her heartily.

Another week passed away.

Congress adjourned, and nearly all strangers had left Washington.

No letter had come from David Lindsay.

"Well, how much longer are we to wait?" impatiently demanded Miss de Crespigney.

"Not a day longer than that on which the next Norfolk or Baltimore steamer sails, for both pass La Compte's Landing, where we are to get off; for, of course, if you mean to see me 'through this affair,' as you promised, you will go down to Sandy Isle with me."

"Oh, yes, of course! One fool makes many; and I

shall go all the more willingly that I promised my sister-in-law, in behalf of the absent master, to go down to Promontory Hall some time or other to see how things are going on there. I did not want to go so early in the season. I did not think I would go until we came north again in June. However, when it is over, it will not have to be repeated, and my going down now will save the trouble of going down in June."

"Yes, Aunt Agrippina! And, indeed, I am very grateful to you! I do not like the indecorum of traveling alone, under my peculiar circumstances."

"No, Gloria, I should hope not. But, my dear, we need not take all these heavy trunks down the river with us. We will pack and store them in the city here, until we return or send for them."

"Just as you please, Aunt Agrippina," answered Gloria, who was content to yield all minor points, so that she might gain her chief one.

Miss Agrippina de Crespigney, however, had yielded to Gloria's will merely because she knew she had no power over her to prevent her from carrying out her plan; and she thought there would be less "scandal" in Gloria's journey if it appeared to be sanctioned by the elder lady's company. She had much hope also that her presence and her influence over "the sensible young fisherman" might have the effect of preventing the reunion of which she so much disapproved; and besides, in any case, she felt that it would be the proper course in her, "to see the mad girl through the affair, however it might end."

That same afternoon Miss de Crespigney's and Gloria's numerous traveling trunks were packed and sent off to be stored.

The two ladies, with their little retinue of servants, whom they could not well leave behind, and a few port-

manteaus that held all they would require for the voyage, set out in the steamer *Carrier*, which was bound for Norfolk and the intermediate landings.

After a pleasant run of two days they reached, in the afternoon of the second day, La Compte's Landing.

A little boat put off from the shore to meet the steamer, which lay to a few hundred yards from the shore.

As the two ladies stood upon the deck, Miss Agrippina pulled her thick veil over her face, and stooped and whispered to her companion: "We need not let anybody know who we are—at least for the present."

"My dear Aunt Agrippina, your precaution is quite useless. The old flagman is himself in the boat that is coming to take us off, and he has already recognized us! Look, how he is bowing and scraping, and even dancing and capering, to the risk of upsetting the little skiff!" exclaimed Gloria.

"Oh, dear, these abominable negroes with their childish delight in seeing old faces again!" said Miss Agrippina.

"Oh, aunty, I think it is beautiful," murmured Gloria.

The boat came on, and was soon alongside, two young colored men rowing, and the old flagman, who ought to have been steering, standing up in the stern waving his hat.

The ladies were assisted by the officers of the steamer to enter the boat with their servants and light luggage, and then the oarsmen began to put off.

"We do not wish to stop at La Compte's more than for a few moments, to leave our servants and luggage. And then we want a boat to take us to Sandy Isle. Can we get one?" inquired the old lady.

"Oh, yes, Miss Aggravater, yer can have this one,"

answered the old flagman, who seemed to be in command.

In a very few moments they reached the shore, where the page and the two maids were directed to land, and take the portmanteaus with them, and wait in the passenger's room of the boat-house until the return of their mistress.

Then the boat put about to take the party to Sandy Isle.

And now as the hour drew near which was to decide her destiny, Gloria became deeply disturbed.

How should she meet David Lindsay? How would he receive her? Was he at Sandy Isle? Was he well? Was he *living*? As this last contingency came into her mind for the *first* time in regard to David Lindsay, she realized how much she loved him, and knew by the spasm that seized her heart, how—

> "It is a fearful thing
> To love whom death may touch!"

She would willingly have questioned the old flagman, who might have told her, but the words, like Macbeth's "Amen stuck in 'her' throat."

She could not ask, she could only bear the agony of suspense as best she might.

She kept her eyes fixed up the bay where the Mecca of her soul might first be expected to come into view, but not very soon; for she knew the little, insignificant speck of earth standing out in the water of the bay, and called Sandy Isle, could not be seen at any great distance from its own low shore.

But, nevertheless, she kept her eyes fixed up the bay to catch the first sight of the little isle, with its humble cottage, dear to her memory for the happiest days of her childhood spent under its lowly roof. And dear

Dame Lindsay! she thought. It was little more than fifteen months since she had seen Dame Lindsay—on that memorable Christmas morning after David Lindsay had saved her life! She had not seen her since! Dame Lindsay would certainly be on the island, whether David were there or not; for though he was often absent at work or on business, she never left home except in cases of sickness or death. How would Dame Lindsay receive her as David's wife? Would she cherish a righteous resentment against her for having discarded David at the very altar? Gloria could not be sure; though the old woman had a very tender, loving, and forgiving heart, she had also a very strong sense of right.

But, at any rate, Gloria thought, however justly incensed the dame might be, she would relent toward one who had come to atone for her wrong-doing, and to make David happy at last.

If—oh, if David should be on the island! If he should be well! if he should be living! Again at this last question an agony of fear seized her heart and almost stopped its pulsation!

Fishermen so often endangered their lives in following their business! If David Lindsay should have been drowned!

She opened her lips to ask the old flagman if the Lindsays still lived on the island, but the words died on her trembling lips.

It was strange that the mere possibility of the young man's death should be present to her mind as an overwhelming terror, while the great probability of the aged woman's decease never once occurred to her.

So in a suspense that was almost mortal, she sat with pallid cheeks and strained eyes watching for the first sight of Sandy Isle.

Miss de Crespigney on her part was quite as silent, and also somewhat troubled in mind. Her conscience was reproaching her for her omission to prepare Gloria for the shock she would receive on reaching Sandy Isle, when she first learned of the death of her dear old friend, the Widow Lindsay. That was the reason why Miss de Crespigney did not dare to ask any questions of the negro boatman; and she even maintained a severe, repellent countenance lest the old flagman should volunteer any news and suddenly betray the fact of Dame Lindsay's decease to Gloria. For Miss de Crespigney thought that since the secret had been kept so long it had best be guarded still, until they should reach Sandy Isle, where, of course, it must be immediately discovered. In any case the little cottage on the isle was a better place for the hearing of ill news than an open boat on the water could be.

So Miss Agrippina maintained a strict silence and a stern demeanor in order to discourage all attempts at conversation.

But it is not in the nature of an old negro to hold his tongue long under any circumstances, much less under those that surrounded the old flagman, who had just met two ladies whom he had not seen for more than a year and to whom he had marvellous things to relate concerning the great changes that had passed over the place since they had left the neighborhood.

At length the old flagman could keep silence no longer. In spite of Miss de Crespigney's grim silence and forbidding aspect, the old man smiled in his most winning way, and "insinuated" his word:

"Maybe, Mist'ess, yer hasn't heern what have happened at de islan' since yer been away?"

"Do you hold your tongue and attend to your tiller or you will drown us all! These waters are very dan-

gerous just here," said Miss de Crespigney, frowning darkly.

"La, Miss Aggravater, dere aint no danger *here!* Why, dis place is as safe as safe! Why, any little child could steer here! An' I was only axin' of yer ef yer knowed what had hap—"

"Hold your tongue! If you contradict me again, or even open your mouth, I will report you to your master."

The old man bowed sulkily, and became mute.

"What has—" began Gloria, whose suspense had become the most acute agony. "What—" but the words fainted on her failing lips. She could no more have uttered them than if she had been palsied by nightmare. But they were now drawing near the island.

Gloria half arose and strained her eyes to gaze at a strange sight about half a mile away. She could scarcely trust the evidence of her sight, and as she gazed, and the boat drew nearer to the object of her curiosity, her doubts and perplexity grew into amazement.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SANDY ISLE.

It has suffered a sea change,
Into something new and strange.

SHAKESPEARE.

A pile of white buildings slowly came into view as if they had risen right up out of the sea.

"What place is this? I do not remember this place at all! No, I am *sure* I never saw it before! It was not here when I left. Is it a hotel? On whose place is

it built? I did not know there was another island so near Sandy Isle as this must be!" questioned and exclaimed Miss Agrippina, as the boat drew toward a convenient little pier, with steps.

Gloria's face expressed all the interest that her lips could not utter.

No one answered Miss de Crespigney.

"Don't you hear me? Can't you speak?" she sharply demanded of the old flagman.

He was mute.

"How dare you not to answer me? I will report you!" exclaimed Miss de Crespigney.

"It's werry hard, so it is, to please *you*, Miss Aggravater? 'Deed it's unpossible to do it. It is *so*. Jes' now yer tol' me to hol' my tongue, and if I opened my mouf ag'in how you'd 'port me. Yer did *so*. An' now yer freaten to 'port me if I *don't* open my mouf. Yer do *so*. 'Deed S'int John de Baptist hisse'f couldn't please *you*, Miss Aggravater! Yer 'sponsibles in babtism geb yer de right name dat time—dey did *so*. Now you may 'port me soon as eber yer please, Miss Aggravater—yer may *so*. I don't care *dat*, for I gwine to 'port *you*—I am *so*. I am going to 'port you for one ob de unreasonablest, contradictoriest, aggravatinist ole 'omens as ebber I took ober de water—which I wish it was Ole Harry hisse'f as was ferryin' yer ober de Ribber ob Styx, 'stead o' me!" exclaimed the irate old man, as he arose in the boat, drew in his oar, and using it as a pole, began to push it up to the side of the stairs.

Miss de Crespigney, who had never in her life received impertinence from any one, was perfectly dumbfounded with astonishment and indignation. She fixed her keen black eyes with withering contempt upon the old man, and seemed to expect that he would fall dead at her feet.

"I will have you sold to Georgia for this!" she exclaimed, as soon as she found her voice.

The old man turned about to retort, but Gloria laid her hand on him and looked in his face.

"Werry well, young mist'ess, I'll keep de peace. I'll keep it for yer sake—I will *so*. I'm a good Babtist brudder myse'f—I is *so*; but John de Babtist hisse'f—Well, nebber mind, young mist'ess, I won't say no more. Here we is," concluded the old man, securing the boat to the steps, and offering his hand to assist the young lady to step out.

"What place is this? Why have you stopped here? Is anything wrong with the boat that requires attention?" demanded Miss de Crespigney of one of the oarsmen.

"No, mum, dere ain't nuffin wrong. Dis is Sandy Isle, where yer wanted to be tuk to," respectfully answered the man.

"SANDY ISLE!" exclaimed the old lady, staring all over the scene.

Gloria also opened her eyes wide with wonder. She had been looking out for Sandy Isle all the way, and had been landed on this place, like one in the maze of an incongruous dream from which she could not awake.

"Yes, mum," said the man, as he politely assisted Miss de Crespigney to step from the boat, "this is Sandy Isle, though I don't wonder as yer didn't know it again. No one would know it as had seen it a year ago and den not seen it ag'in till to-day," said the negro.

He was quite right—the place was indeed unrecognizable. In place of the rough little sand hillock with its tiny cottage and garden and few sheds and stunted fruit trees, there was a clean, compact little island, with a girdle of young shade trees encircling it, above water mark, with a little pier and steps leading up to a raised wooden walk, or plank path, that was a continuation of

the pier landward, and running up to a large, oblong, two-storied white stone house, with porches all around it before both stories. On each side the plank path were rows of young silver maple trees, planted regularly, that would in a few years make a delightful shade. Plank paths intersected the ground, running down, some to little white bathing-houses on the beach, and some to little lattice work, white-washed arbors, around which young climbing vines had been planted that would in time make them delightful with shade, bloom and fragrance.

"What is the meaning of this change?" demanded Miss de Crespigney, as she followed Gloria and the old flagman up the plank road.

But at the moment she asked the question, she noticed Gloria in front totter and reel, as if she would have fallen.

The vigorous old lady darted forward and caught the half fainting girl and supported her for a few moments on her bosom.

"Oh, aunt, what is the meaning of this?" murmured Gloria, in a fainting voice, as she leaned rather heavily on the old lady's shoulder.

"My dear, let us go on to the house and learn there. The little island has probably changed hands. The young fisherman has likely sold it for a summer bathing resort, or something of the sort," said Miss de Crespigney, soothingly, as she hunted in her pocket and found her bottle of sal ammonia and held it open to Gloria's nostrils.

"And left the neighborhood, I fear—I fear," breathed Gloria.

"Now lean on me and try to walk on, my dear. We shall soon reach the house and hear all about it," said Miss de Crespigney, all the more kindly because she was

secretly hoping what Gloria was fearing—that David Lindsay had departed "for parts unknown."

"It looks very quiet and even solitary up there. Not like a hotel," murmured Gloria, as she inhaled the sal ammonia and felt revived by it.

"This is not the season, you know, for visitors, but I dare say we shall find some one there in charge," said Miss de Crespigney, as she led her failing companion up on the front porch and made her sit down on the rustic arm-chair, while she herself rang the bell.

The door was opened by a venerable man in a long black frock coat, encasing his tall, meagre form from throat to feet, and a small, round black skull-cap covering his head, which was bald down to the rim of the cap, beneath which a fringe of scant gray hair hung like a thin silver fringe.

"Father Moriarty!" exclaimed both ladies in a breath, as they recognized the good old man.

"Oh, Father Moriarty, I am so glad to see you! You can tell me all I want to know. *Where* is David Lindsay? *How* is he?" inquired Gloria eagerly, breathlessly.

"He is well. Come in, my child. You can scarcely stand. Take my arm. Miss de Crespigney, I am glad to see you. Pray walk in," said the old man, as he supported Gloria into a broad hall with a clean floor and clean white walls.

He placed her in an arm-chair, set another for Miss de Crespigney, and then hurried into the next room and brought a small glass of spirits of lavender, mixed with sugar and water, which he made Gloria drink.

But the old flagman had followed the party into the hall, and now he stood, hat in hand, before Miss de Crespigney, saying, with mocking humility:

"Dere, mum, dere's my new old master; now yer can 'port me for my bad behavement."

"What, what, what has old John been doing, Miss de Crespigney?" inquired the aged priest, with a smile that showed he was not expecting to hear of any very flagrant delinquency.

"It is of no consequence now, Father Moriarty. What I most wish to know is the meaning of all this that we see around us, and which is a complete surprise," said the old lady.

"And, oh, sir, is David Lindsay here?" inquired Gloria, in low, pleading tones.

"Not here, my child, but he is well and doing well. I will tell you all about him presently. Miss de Crespigney, you ask about these changes."

"I beg pardon for interrupting you, dear Father Moriarty; but Mrs. Lindsay—is *she* well? Is she here? Can I see her?" pleaded Gloria.

"My child, is it possible that you have not heard—that you do not know—"

"Oh, sir, I have heard nothing—I know nothing! All that I find here fills me with astonishment and wonder. Tell me about my friends!"

"My child, the good Dame Lindsay has been in Heaven these months. She passed away about a year ago, without any previous illness, quietly, painlessly, as a child falls to sleep."

"Oh, no, no, no! *Don't* say that! Oh, how cruel! Oh, my dear, *dear* old friend! My *dear* old friend, whose age I did so hope to comfort and brighten!" cried Gloria, struck to the heart with grief.

"My good child, be consoled in the thought that she has more—infinitely more comfort and brightness in her renewed youth and in her Father's house than we could ever bestow upon her *age here*," said the good man, earnestly.

But the girl's natural sorrow would find its vent in a

passion of tears and sobs as she leaned on the shoulder of Miss de Crespigney.

"Let her have her 'cry' out. It will do her good. And now tell me about these changes," said the old lady, as she tenderly supported her weeping charge.

"It can all be told in a few words. David Lindsay found the pirates' money that had been hidden for nearly two centuries. Unlike any other man that I ever heard of, he believed that he had no right to this hidden treasure that had lain unclaimed on his land for so many years; and, as it had been won by crimes against humanity, he determined to devote it to charities for the benefit of humanity. One of these charities is this asylum, which serves the double purpose of a winter shelter for the homeless poor, and a summer hospital for destitute infants and children. We had the house full of little sufferers from the cities and their poor mothers, last season, and they nearly all got well in the pure air, and with the sea bathing. Even those few who were beyond recovery passed away in more ease and comfort than they could have had in their poor homes in the crowded city."

"But how did the children get here?"

"By steamboat, chartered twice a week to bring them."

"And all this is paid for out of David Lindsay's pocket?"

"Out of the pirates' money, a portion of which he has appropriated to this purpose. And also several wealthy men and women of the cities have come forward to charter the boats to send the destitute sick children down here."

"Where is this young man, this David Lindsay, now?"

"He has gone to Europe."

Gloria whose sobs had gradually ceased as she listened to the story of David Lindsay's magnanimity,

now started up on hearing of his departure for the old world.

"'Gone to Europe'!" she echoed, in dismay.

"Yes, my child; he took passage in the *Albatross*, which sailed yesterday from New York for Liverpool."

"Oh, Father Moriarty, I wrote three letters to David Lindsay. Did he not get them, or either of them?" cried Gloria, in a voice of anguish.

"I am very sure that he got not one of them, or he never would have gone to Europe," said the priest, solemnly.

"Oh, what fatality! Oh, what fatality! Oh, how could he have missed *all* my letters? *One* might have miscarried! perhaps even two; but three!—Oh, Father Moriarty, are you sure, *very* sure that he got neither of them?" inquired Gloria, wringing her hands.

"I am positive. I am in the young man's full confidence, my child. I know, as no other man does, how long and trying this last year has been to him; how impatiently he waited for the first of February to come; how on the first mail day of the month he hurried to St. Inigoes to get the letter he hoped to find there—"

"And which he *should* have found there! Oh, heavens! what fatality!" interrupted Gloria.

"Well, my child, he went to St. Inigoes every mail-day during the whole month of February, in the hope of getting a letter—a hope that grew fainter and fainter as the month drew to a close, while he himself lost appetite and sleep, health and strength, until from a fine and vigorous-looking young fellow he looked like a man falling into a consumption. On the last of the month he gave up all hope, and wrote to New York to secure his passage in the *Albatross* that sailed yesterday."

"Oh, the fatality?" again groaned Gloria, wringing

her hands. "On what day did he leave here, Father Moriarty?"

"On Saturday last, giving himself only time to reach New York and go on board the steamer before she should sail for Liverpool."

"Oh, Aunt Agrippina!" wailed Gloria, "if I had only come down a week ago instead of writing, all this might have been prevented. But I think he was too hasty! Oh, I *do* think he *was* too hasty. If he did not get a letter from me he might have made allowance for accidents; he might even have written to me, or come to see me before going so far away."

"I suggested that course to him; but he told me that his honor was pledged not to seek you either by writing or visiting, until you yourself should recall him. Besides, he said that he would not practice on your sympathies, or on your generosity. He would owe your hand only to your love. He took all the Washington papers containing the society news, for the sake of seeing your name in the list of those appearing at the receptions, balls, etc., of the season. He supposed that you were leading a gay and congenial life in the city, and that you wished to forget him. In that supposition he went abroad, an almost broken man."

"Do not weep so, child! Believe me, it is *all* for the best," said Miss de Crespigney, who, being very well satisfied with the turn affairs had taken, was well qualified to declare—"All for the best."

CHAPTER XXX.

LOST LOVE.

Not to understand a treasure's worth
Till fate has stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel
And makes the world the wilderness it is.

COWPER.

The woeful young face of Gloria touched the heart of Father Moriarty, who had, indeed, been rather inclined to reprove the capricious beauty.

"Be comforted, my child," he said. "You cannot recall an ocean steamer, that has sailed, to be sure. It must go on to its destination, taking young Lindsay with it, but—"

"Every day will take him farther and farther from us!" sighed Gloria, interrupting the priest.

"I was about to say, you can write to him by the next mail. Liverpool is but about twelve days' postal distance from here. You can write and bring him back."

Gloria's heart caught the hope; her face brightened.

"Have you got his address, Father Moriarty?" she inquired.

"Yes—the General Post-Office, Liverpool."

"I will write by the next mail!" exclaimed Gloria; but the next moment her face clouded over. "Perhaps it would not be just in me to ask him to come back—to

put him to so much useless expense and disappoint him of his tour," she added, with a profound sigh.

"Then, my child, you can write and tell him of the three letters you sent from Washington to St. Inigoes inviting him to return to you, and which, by some inexplicable fatality, never reached him. Write *that*, and he will come back all the same."

"I will! The Northern mail leaves St. Inigoes to-morrow afternoon. We are going there in the morning. So, dear sir, if you will kindly supply me with writing facilities, I will write now, so as to have my letter ready to take to the office in the morning."

"Certainly, my dear; follow me into my little study. You can sit down at my table."

Gloria arose with alacrity, but was gently pulled back by the hand of Miss de Crespigney, who said:

"Under your favor, sir, I think it is scarcely a proper and ladylike action for my niece to persevere in pursuing this young man with letters and petitions for his return."

"My dear lady, he is her husband," remonstrated the priest.

"By an insane marriage ceremony that was a profanation of the holy sacrament of marriage."

"No, no, Miss de Crespigney, for he was sincerely and unselfishly attached to her, and most worthy of her regard, which, at length, you see he has won."

"And cares nothing about, or he would not have gone off so suddenly. She has written to him three times already without receiving an answer. That should be a warning to her not to write again."

"My dear lady, he never got the letters."

"How are we to know that?"

"He told me so, every mail-day that he came back disappointed from St. Inigoes."

"*Oh-h!*" exclaimed Miss de Crespigney, with such an incredulous sneer that Father Moriarty hastened to add:

"So you see that I have proof positive of what I say."

Gloria supplemented his remark with the very emphatic words:

"I would take David Lindsay's simple word against the solemn oath of any other living man, except Father Moriarty."

The old priest bent his head and slightly smiled.

"Well, do as you please! Go your own road to ruin! I have done the best I can to save you, and now I wash my hands of you!" wrathfully exclaimed the old lady.

"Thank you, Miss de Crespigney," said Gloria; but whether the expressed gratitude was for "doing her best," or for "washing her hands," Gloria did not say.

"Father Moriarty, shall I go to the study?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Now, stop. You are not to suppose that I am going to linger here all the afternoon waiting for you to write your foolish letter. No! We must go to Promontory Hall at once!" said Miss de Crespigney.

"My dear lady, the boat has returned to the landing to bring over some provision—a barrel of flour and a barrel of pork and a load of wood—and it will not be back for two hours. In the meantime, my housekeeper is preparing dinner, of which I hope you will oblige us by staying to partake. And while we wait, Gloria can write her letter. Come, my old friend, you know it is not right that this young married couple should be kept apart by a misunderstanding."

Miss de Crespigney yielded the point very reluctantly, and then, as the priest was about to show Gloria into the study, she stopped him again with a question:

"You spoke of your housekeeper preparing dinner

for us. Is it possible that you are *permanently* located here?"

"Yes, for the remainder of my life, as far as I can see. my age and infirmities unfit me for service at the altar; but I am very well able to perform the easy duties of superintending this charity; the air also is much better than that of St. Inigoes, being perfectly free from malaria; and the life suits and invigorates me."

"I am glad to hear that; what household have you here?"

"A very limited one—my old housekeeper, Mrs. Martin, who suffered so much with chills that she determined to leave St. Inigoes, and was therefore asked to take service here; the old flagman, whose growing infirmities made him too weak to bear exposure in all weathers as signalman at the steamboat landing; and finally, Annie his wife, who is an excellent cook and laundress. You see, my dear lady, we are altogether an establishment of old people, at this season of the year. In the summer, when the sick children come down, we have to get more help."

"You said that in the absence of the children the house becomes the winter refuge of such aged poor as seek its shelter. Have you many such inmates now?"

"A very few. There are happily not many of that class among us. We have four old women and two old men. They only require food and shelter during the hard months. They are able to wait on themselves, and when the summer comes, if they should not succeed in getting light work on the farms, they can be employed here to help take care of the children."

"That David Lindsay is a very strange young man." Miss de Crespigney was obliged to admit.

"He is one in ten thousand," answered the old p[illegible]

"Oh, I like his work so much! so much! I *glory* in it! I have but one regret in thinking of it all—the destruction of the cottage, the dear old cottage, precious to memory from so many happy associations. The happiest days of my childhood and youth were passed in that cottage. It seems such a pity to have pulled it down," said Gloria, with a sigh.

"'Pulled it down!' Bless you, it is not pulled down! Nor was it expedient that it should be. There was plenty of room for the Children's Home without removing the old house. Come to the back door for a moment and take a look at it," said the old priest, rising and leading the way to the rear of the hall.

"Oh! There is the dear little house!" she exclaimed, as Father Moriarty threw open the door and revealed the familiar scene that had been previously concealed by the larger buildings in front.

"Yes, there it is," said the old man, "complete, with its little fence, shed, beehive, fruit trees, garden, and even wood pile, just as it was when the good Widow Lindsay passed out of it to her eternal home. David Lindsay would not permit a bit of the furniture to be removed."

"Oh, let me write my letter there, dear Father Moriarty!" exclaimed Gloria.

"Why, to be sure you shall, if you wish. And luckily there is a fire in the house. I had it kindled this morning to dry the walls, which had gathered a little dampness. Go in—the door is open; I will step to the study and bring you writing materials," answered the priest, turning backward.

Gloria passed out of the door into the back porch and down two steps into the clean back yard of the "home," and through a gate into a narrow lane that was left to run between the grounds of the new place and the little

cottage garden. She opened the familiar small wicket gate and passed up the short walk and entered the house.

Yes, it was just as she had seen it last. Every piece of furniture in its place. The old dame's bed, with its gay patchwork quilt and its snow white ruffled pillows, the chest of drawers with its fringed white dimity cover, and the old family Bible on top, and the oval looking-glass ornamented with peacock's feathers above the corner cupboard with its glass doors, the tall corner clock ticking cheerfully, and between them the open fireplace with its bright brass andirons, red brick hearth, and cheerful woodfire. And there, in their favorite corner, coiled up comfortably, Priscilla and Nicholas, the cat and dog.

All so natural and familiar that the girl half expected to see the sweet old face of Dame Lindsay smiling on her from some open door.

But there was no one but Priscilla and Nicholas to welcome her.

Priscilla got up slowly, stretched herself, yawned frightfully, and came toward Gloria and rubbed up against her dress affectionately.

Gloria, always respondent to the love of poor, dumb creatures, stooped down and caressed her, and then went and spoke to Nicholas kindly, and asked him how he did. But Nicholas only opened his eyes and winked sleepily, wagged a good-natured recognition, and fell off dozing again. Nicholas was growing very old.

The priest now appeared with paper, pens and ink, which he placed upon the table.

"Thank you, dear Father Moriarty. How very good of you to bring me these," said the girl, as she received them.

"You are welcome to anything I can do for you, my

child. Now dinner will be ready in an hour. Can you get through your task in that time?"

"Yes, sir—at least I think so; if not, I can finish it at Promontory Hall."

"Very well; I will try to occupy Miss de Crespigney by taking her to talk to some of our old people. She was always somewhat interested in the poor," said the old man, as he left the house.

Gloria began her letter, telling David Lindsay that she wrote on the dear old table by the cottage fire on Sandy Isle, to which she had come down to see him, after having written three letters to recall him, without having received an answer to one.

She told him of her unchanged affection and esteem, of her great anxiety and distress while waiting to hear from him, and of her resolution to come down to the island, and her disappointment at finding him absent, and her grief at learning for the first time the passing away of the dear old dame.

She expressed her gratification in the good fortune that had come to him, and especially in the fact that he was master of Gryphynhold in his own right, rather than through herself. But that subject, she declared, was too long to be entered upon except in a personal interview. She wrote of her hearty sympathy in the good work he had commenced, and she promised her own future co-operation. She told him frankly of her strong wish to see him, but of her scruples about asking him to return, lest she should put him to unnecessary expense and disappoint him in his plans of travel. She then impulsively added, that if he preferred, she would come over and join him at any point he might designate. She concluded her letter by assuring him of her own unalterable fidelity, and of her unshaken confidence in his own.

She wrote impetuously, and therefore very rapidly, and she had filled half a dozen sheets of note-paper, and said all that she had to say in a letter, before the old man, John, late flagman of the landing, came to tell her that dinner was on the table. She sealed and directed her letter, put it in her pocket, and arose to go.

She followed Uncle John to the old priest's private dining-room—a clean, warm, plain little apartment, with bare walls and bare floor, and windows shaded only by paper blinds; plain deal chairs and tables, and a good, open fire of oak and pine wood.

A pair of roast fowls, with potatoes and turnips, followed by a rice pudding, and finished by some excellent coffee and cake—such was the dinner.

As soon as it was over the two ladies took leave of the old priest, entered the boat which was ready to receive them, and were rowed back to La Compte's Landing, where their servants were anxiously looking out for them while watching their luggage.

They had not suffered from hunger, for they were of the provident kind who always carry a supply of cakes and fruit in their traveling-bags.

They helped to remove the light luggage into the boat, which then took the whole party up the coast as far as the new pier of Promontory Hall.

The sun was setting behind the far distant western hills as they approached the pier.

It was with somewhat sorrowful emotions that Gloria looked again upon the old home in which her childhood had been so lonely, and her girlhood so unutterably wretched.

They landed at the pier, and the boatman secured the boat, and then offered to assist in carrying the valises and other things up to the house.

It was growing dark very fast, so the whole party

would have walked fast but for their consideration of Miss de Crespigney.

As they proceeded, they saw lights gleaming from the long dining-room, and they heard the sound of the fiddle and the banjo.

"They are holding a ball there, as sure as you live!" said Miss Agrippina, in high indignation.

"Yes, mum, I reckon dey is. I noticed of a lot of little boats snugged away under de pier!" exclaimed one of the negro boatmen, who, hearing the "sound of revelry," to which he had not been invited, showed no inclination to protect the revellers.

"Let us go in at the back door and enter the dining-room without notice. Give me that black shawl. I will wrap my head in it, and go first. They will think Satan has come to fetch them, and scatter like a flock of crows," said Miss de Crespigney, forgetting her dignity in her desire to torment the poor, unconscious merry-makers.

The girl obeyed, and the mistress soon covered her head and shoulders with a large black shawl, letting its folds descend over her black robe until her tall figure presented a funereal if not terrible aspect.

"Now keep behind me, but out of sight," said Miss de Crespigney, when they had entered the back door of the hall, which was lighted by one lamp and by the gleam of tallow candles and pine wood fires that came through the open door of that same long dining-room which had witnessed the frequent quarrels of the unhappy married pair, while little Gloria sat on the floor singing over her work or her play, and which had seen the tragic death of Eusebie de Crespigney.

Miss Agrippina thought of none of these things as she stole silently along towards the open door, and holding up the shawl by both extended arms so that its

front fell only before her face, she made herself appear superhumanly tall, and glided unseen in among the revellers.

At the same time the malicious boatman who had first told her about the boats hidden under the arches of the pier, crept along the wall close behind the lady.

And just as the darkies were in the height of their glee, fiddle screeching, banjo sounding, leader shouting "Forward four!" feet flying and heads bobbing, the tall, black, shrouded, spectral figure appeared before them, and the hidden boatman gave an unearthly howl that fell like a thunderbolt upon the whole party, and drew all eyes to the spot from whence it came and upon the awful black form before them.

With a simultaneous roar of terror the affrighted crowd fled precipitately toward doors and windows, and threw themselves out with shrieks of—

"Oh, Lor! it's de debbil!"

"Oh! Lor', spare my life dis once, an' I'll try to be a better man!"

"It's Satan! It's ole Satan hisself come for us. Oh, Lor!"

"I telled yer all yer was doin' wrong, and now see!"

At length the long room, so crowded a few minutes before, was quite empty of all the party with the exception of old Sophia, who lay flat on the floor, with her face downward, kicking and screaming:

"Oh! Lor', please 'liver me from the power ob de debbil dis once, and I'll deavor to 'have myself better!"

"Get up, you faithless idiot!" sternly exclaimed Miss de Crespigney, dropping the shawl from her head as she stood over the panic-stricken woman.

"Oh! Lor', please don't let de debbel carry me off dis time, and I'll try to be a better 'oman!" shrieked the creature, as, crazed with terror, she ground her head

down on the floor, as is she would have liked to go through it,

Miss Agrippina gave her a vigorous push with a well-booted foot that turned the woman over, face upward, who, before she could close her eyes to shut out the imaginary devil, recognized her master's aunt.

"Oh, Miss Aggravater! Has yer come here like a providence, at dis awful moment! Oh, Miss Aggravater, *did yer see him? Did yer see him?*" she cried, half rising on her elbow and glaring around with eyes all ablaze with horror.

"See *whom*, fool?" savagely demanded Miss de Crespigney.

"De debbil, honey! De ole black-horned and cloven-footed debbil has been here arter us, an' he was as high as de ceilin', an' 'bout two yards broad, 'an he was as black as pitch dark, an' breathin' fire an' smoke out'n his mouf! *Didn't* yer see him, Miss Aggravater?"

"No, I did not; but I do not wonder he came to fetch you. I only wonder he had not carried you off," replied the lady.

"Oh, Miss Aggravater, it was de messy of Hebben! I prayed so hard, too, and I reckon how he went arter dem udder darkies what was so much sinfuller nor me! Oh, Miss Aggravater, he was as high as de house, an' as broad as a barn, an' black as a crow, wid a blue blaze comin' out of his mouf an' eyes, an' he *roared*, so he did, like de bull o' Bashan!"

"Ah, you made a narrow escape apparently; but get up now and attend to your duties. Where is your daughter?"

"'Deed, Miss Aggravater, I dunno! She runned out wid de udder darkies. I hope de debbil hasn't got her!"

"I shouldn't wonder if he had!" said the amiable Miss Aggravater.

Luckily, poor old Sophia did not hear these encouraging words. She had caught sight of her young mistress Gloria, and had struggled up to her feet and gone forward to welcome her with delight.

At the same moment the mischievous boatman came in with Lamia, whom he had seen and gone after.

They were followed in by old Laban.

These were all the house servants of Promontory Hall.

"Dey's clar'd out, mum! Ebbry mudder's son and darter ub um has tuk to der boats an' gone, as if de ole debbil hisself was arter dem, sure 'nough! Hee! hee! hee!" laughed the boatman.

"Well, so de debbil *hab* gone arter dem! An' he was as high as de church steeple! And as black as de bottomless pit! And he belched forfe flames like a chimney on fire! An' he—he roared an' roared like a lion, an' he bellowed like a whole drove of bulls in a thunder storm!" exclaimed old Sophia, whose exaggerated story grew with every telling.

The boatman opened his mouth to laugh this tale to scorn, and then deny it; but Miss de Crespigney gave him a significant look that silently commanded him to hold his tongue.

Order was soon restored, and the travelers were made as comfortable as the circumstances of their sudden arrival would permit.

The next day Gloria, under the convoy of old Laban, drove across the Neck to the mainland and on to St. Inigoes, where she made many inquiries concerning the letters she had directed to that office, but obtained no satisfaction. No such letters as she described had arrived there, she was assured.

She posted her own letter and returned to Promontory Hall.

Meanwhile Miss de Crespigney had spent one day in investigating the condition of the estate, and "taking stock" of house and grounds so thoroughly as to be able to make an accurate and satisfactory report to her absent nephew. She found the overseer, who had been appointed by Colonel de Crespigney, to be a thoroughly faithful and efficient man, notwithstanding that the colored people had taken advantage of his temporary absence at a prayer meeting to hold their harmless jubilee.

On the third day Miss de Crespigney and her party set out on their return to Washington, where they arrived in due time.

They went back to the same hotel and were assigned to the same rooms.

As soon as they had refreshed themselves with a bath and a change of dress, Miss de Crespigney and Gloria went into their pleasant private parlor, and the old lady rang and inquired whether any letters had been left for them during their absence.

The waiter went down and soon returned with one letter.

That was from Madame de Crespigney. It was written from New Orleans, and contained startling intelligence.

Miss de Crespigney first read it over in silence, and with frequent arching of her brows, pursing of her lips, and suppressed chuckle, that mystified and amused Gloria.

At length having come to the conclusion, she cleared her throat, assumed an expression of grave importance, and said:

"Here is a communication that I hope will prove edifying and instructive to your inexperience, my dear."

Gloria held out her hand to take the open sheet.

"No, I will read it aloud to you," said Miss de Crespigney.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LOVE WON.

He had a kindred being sought,
Had searched with restless care
For that true, earnest woman soul,
Among the bright and fair;
He could not rest; he felt, for him
One such had God created,
Whose maiden soul in quietude
On his call meekly waited.

MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

Madame de Crespigney wrote as follows:

NEW ORLEANS, *March* 8, 18—.

MY GOOD SISTER: You will be as much surprised at receiving a letter from me dated at this place, as I was on arriving here and finding you still absent in the North.

And now to explain to you my own return home without having previously written to apprise you of such an intention on my part.

You must not imagine that I wore my welcome out, although I was a visiting mother-in-law.

My visit was not considered a visitation.

Neither have I suddenly fallen out with either of my daughters' husbands.

My many letters have already apprised you how pleasantly my time passed in Amsterdam, in the homes of my good children.

Either I was *not* the conventional bugbear, or my sons-in-law did not believe me to be; for they love and honor me only too much; it is often embarrassing, though delightful.

The only care I had was so to devote my time with "even-handed justice" between the two homes of my married daughters, that neither young couple might be jealous of my preference for the other.

But of course you have learned all this from my former communications. My visit was prolonged so beyond my first intention because it proved so much more acceptable and agreeable than my fondest hopes.

Doubtless, I repeat then, that you are surprised at my sudden and unannounced return.

But my dear, *I* was surprised and very much surprised, *first.*

After I had spent four happy months with my children, dividing my time equally between them by staying alternate weeks with each, and while I was stopping at the house of the baron, I was much astonished on coming down into the front parlor one morning to find my poor, dear boy, Marcel, sitting there.

He had come without a word of previous notice.

He had just arrived, and had been received by Philippa, who was the only one in the parlor when he was announced by the footman. *She* had immediately dispatched a servant to notify me and Euphrasie, but the man had probably gone first to his mistress, for I certainly had missed seeing him, and my meeting with my son was a perfect surprise.

Poor boy! he looked as pale as a corpse, and as thin as a skeleton.

He had an unhealed wound in his chest, and a half knitted bone in his broken left arm, which he carried in a sling.

He had been wounded in a skirmish with the Indians. and he had had malaria fever.

He was incapacitated for service, and so he had been sent home on sick leave.

He did not stop to write a letter to announce his intention, but traveled in person as fast as the mail could.

Immediately on reaching New Orleans he took a steamer to New York, and thence another to Havre, and came on to join us at Amsterdam.

All this he hurriedly told me in our first half-hour's interview.

Well, my dear, he was most affectionately received by his sisters, and most cordially welcomed by his brothers-in-law, between whom and himself a remarkable intellectual sympathy, and consequently friendship, grew up.

He spent two pleasant weeks with us, and then declared his intention to return home.

Neither the pleadings of his sisters nor the pressing invitations of his brothers-in-law availed to turn him from his purpose.

He was *homesick.*

As my own visit had been so much prolonged, and as I could not bear to let my poor stricken boy go home alone, I determined to accompany him.

This resolution of mine was very strongly opposed by my daughters and their good husbands, so that I could only get off peaceably by promising to return to them in August.

You must know, that in the autumn both my girls expect to make me a grandmamma.

Well, Agrippina, you must now see how it was that, in the last two weeks of our stay in Amsterdam, I could get no leisure to write to you.

We embarked on the 20th of February.

We reached New York on the 3d of March.

Remembering your formerly invariable custom of leaving Washington before the adjournment of Congress occasions an exodus of visitors, to avoid the rush of travel, I felt certain that you were then at your house in New Orleans.

So, on landing in New York, I telegraphed you at La Fayette suburb that we were on our way home.

And nome we came.

We reached here last Thursday, and you may imagine my amazement on hearing that you had not yet returned—that you were still in Washington though the season was over!

But now, my dear, I have a secret to tell, which, I hope, will please you and your amiable young protégée as much as it has pleased me.

My dear boy is going to be married, and to such a bright little cherub!

Do you guess to whom?

To our sweet little friend, Philippa Cummings.

You do not know all that dear child has been to me ever since I took her under my protection.

Ah! I would not willingly part with her to any one but my poor, broken Marcel.

But to him indeed, I would give my very life!

She is so devoted to him, too! No sister, no wife, no mother even, could be more completely self-consecrated to a man than is this lovely, light-hearted child to her grave, middle-aged lover.

As for my poor Marcel, he *dotes* on her. He tells me he does not know how he has deserved *at last* to find so rich and rare a blessing as the love of this pure, fresh, glad young spirit.

He, himself, is growing young again in the morning sunshine of her presence.

They are to be married on the first of May, and then he will return to his command at Fort Invincible, taking her with him.

And he is so delighted that she is so willing to go. Ah! Fair and fragile as she is, she has a brave heart.

He tells her she was made to be a soldier's wife.

She answers that she was made for a hero's bride.

Ah! My son is the most blessed of men, and I am the happiest of mothers.

When Miss de Crespigney had read thus far, she stopped and looked at Gloria.

The astonished face of the girl deprived her of the last remnant of self-control. Her assumed gravity broke down in a hearty fit of laughter.

When the paroxysm was passed, she turned her eyes, with the tears of mirth still glittering in them, on the young lady, as she said:

"You see I *knew* it. I *told* you so. Marcel's beauty and softness has always been his blessing or his bane!"

"It seems to me they have always been his bane! I hope now and hereafter they will always be his blessing!" said Gloria.

"That unsophisticated child fell in love with his beautiful face as seen only in his portrait. So when she met himself she won his soft heart. Indeed it is funny. Gloria! beware of vanity! It was not your charms, my dear, that turned the head of your uncle-in-law. It was just because you happened to be the only white woman

in his reach that he fell so madly in love with you. I only wonder why he did not fall in love with *me* when I kept house for him, while you were at school!" laughed the old lady.

Then seeing that her companion made no comment she inquired:

"What do you think of all this, Gloria?"

"Oh, aunty, I don't know what to think of it. I am so profoundly astonished that Marcel—that any one could change so soon—in little more than a year!"

"He would not have changed if you had stayed with him, *or*, if Philippa, or some other, had not come in his way."

"But, Oh! aunty! though I cannot understand it, I am *so* delighted and so grateful, for the sake of dear Marcel and Philippa. They are both so lovable. Ah! I hope they will make each other very happy!"

"So do I!" laughed Miss de Crespigney; "but now listen to the rest of the letter—"

Of course, my good sister, you will come down to the wedding, which, by the desire of the young pair, is to be a very quiet one.

Pray bring our charming little countess down with you. Plead with her to forgive and forget Marcel's infatuation in regard to herself.

That madness is quite cured.

Persuade her to come and let us all be a reconciled, united, and happy family once more.

And, dear sister, when I have seen my son and daughter off to their destination, then I will accompany you and Countess Gloria wherever you may wish to go. In short, I will bestow my company on you until the middle of August, when I must sail for Amsterdam, to return to my girls, according to promise.

"Well, Gloria, what do you say? Will you go with me to this wedding, my dear?" inquired Miss de Crespigney, when she had finished reading the letter.

"No, aunty! Decidedly, I cannot go to the wedding. It was very amiable of Madame to press me to do so; but still, whatever she may say, I feel that it would not be expedient that I should go. The meeting would be embarrassing to Marcel and most embarrassing to me."

"You are quite right, my dear," quietly replied the old lady.

"I will do myself the pleasure of sending a trousseau to my dear Philippa, and writing her a letter, which she can show to her betrothed, since it will express my unaltered affection for them both."

"You will do well, my dear girl, not to accept the invitation under the circumstances. Neither is there any necessity why *I* should accept it. I will write to my sister and explain this. Then, instead of going South immediately, as we had intended, we will run up to Harper's Ferry and remain until after the wedding, and then down to New Orleans, and join Madame de Crespigney."

"I thank you, dear aunty, for all your kindness to me, trying as I have often been to you," said Gloria, gratefully.

"Oh, my dear child, if you knew—if you *only* knew, all that I have done for you! I have almost risked my soul's salvation for you, Gloria!" sighed the old lady.

'Oh, DEAR aunty, what do you mean?" inquired the girl, uneasily.

"Never mind, my dear! Some day you may know, and thank me; yes, and pity me!"

"Oh! aunty. I don't understand, and I am troubled."

"Then compose yourself, my dear. You know I am a conscientious woman, do you not?"

"Yes, indeed I do."

"You know whatever I do is done for the best!"

"According to your own honest belief, yes."

"Well, my dear, rest in that assurance. And now let us go down to lunch."

Gloria pondered on the old lady's words, but could make nothing of them.

They went down into the dining-room and took their places at one of the tables in a quiet corner, where they gave their orders to an attendant, and then settled themselves to wait patiently.

There was no one near them, with the exception of two elderly gentlemen, who had just sat down at the next table, and seemed to be waiting for their lunch.

Neither of the ladies spoke, because their thoughts were occupied with subjects which they could not discuss in a public room. So their attention was all the more easily attracted by the conversation at the next table—a conversation fraught with the deepest interest to both—with almost life or death to one—to Gloria.

"This was a terrible affair—the burning of the 'Wirt House' in New York," remarked one of the gentlemen, who held the morning's paper in his hand.

"Awful!" responded the other.

"And the house was very much crowded that night. Being the night before the sailing of the ocean steamer *Albatross*, and the hotel being in easy distance of her pier, many of the passengers of that ship had put up there, and most of them perished in the fire."

At the mention of the *Albatross*, Miss de Crespigney and Gloria, who had been attentive hearers only, suddenly became deeply interested listeners.

"Yes," said the second speaker, "and among them was that brave young fellow who lost his life in rescu-

ing the two children from the burning room. What was his name now?"

"I don't know. I didn't see it. I have not read the whole account."

"Oh, didn't you? It was one of the most heroic and pathetic scenes I ever heard of. You see the children were in a burning room at the top of the house. Not even a fireman would venture into such certain death! He rushed up the stairs and into the room, seized the children and wrapped them in blankets, rushed to the front window, from which the flames were belching, and dropped the children down upon a feather bed that was held under the window by its four corners in the hands of eight men. He was seen to reel and fall back, and he never re-appeared. But the children were saved and restored to their parents without a hair of their heads being hurt!"

"That was a very gallant deed. The parents of those children ought to raise a monument to the memory of that heroic young man. What was his name?"

"Give me the paper. His name is in the list of the lost, as well as in the account of the rescue."

The first speaker handed over the paper, and the second one ran his eyes carefully down the column, mumbling over the names of the victims.

"'Alston, Baritz, Courvesoir,' um—um—um 'Foster, Gotlieb, Jovelia,' um, um, um. Ah! here it is. Poor fellow! Poor brave young fellow! Here it is!

"'David Lindsay, Sandy Island, Maryland, (perished in saving the children of Mrs. M. Somerville.)

CHAPTER XXXII.

A TERRIBLE SHOCK.

"Say what remains when Hope has fled?"
He answered—"Endless sighing."

SOUTHEY.

"David Lindsay, Sandy Island, Maryland, perished in saving the children of Mrs. Somerville."

These words fell like a thunderbolt on the ears of Agrippina de Crespigney and Gloria de la Vera, stunning them into an incapacity of receiving all the horror of their meaning.

Miss de Crespigney grew pale as death and anxiously looked at Gloria.

The stricken girl had neither fainted nor cried out.

She sat as if she had been turned to stone—as white and still as marble; her very lips were colorless and motionless.

Miss Agrippina left her seat and hurried to her side.

"Gloria, Gloria, my dear child!" she whispered, taking her hand.

"Help me—to my room," were the words that came in a low and hollow voice from the almost moveless lips.

Miss de Crespigney raised her from the seat, drew her arm under her own and led her from the dining-room,

followed by the eyes of the two old men, who said, one to the other:

"You may depend, these women were something to the young man we have been speaking about, and this is the first they had heard of the calamity."

"His mother and sister, possibly," replied the other.

"We can easily ascertain that by referring to the hotel register, to see if there is any one there of the name of Lindsay," suggested the first.

Meantime, Miss de Crespigney conducted Gloria up to her room, and guided her to a large easy-chair, into which the unhappy girl dropped helplessly.

"Send for—the paper," she breathed, in scarcely audible tones.

Miss de Crespigney stepped out into the hall and called her own little page, who was loitering there, and dispatched him to the reading-room for the morning's paper.

Then she went back to the chamber where Gloria sat in the large chair, white and rigid, as if struck with death.

Miss Agrippina, the stiff, uncompromising, unbending Agrippina, went and dropped on her knees beside the chair, threw her arms around the stricken girl and sobbed aloud.

"Don't, aunty—don't!" came in hollow tones from the pallid lips.

Miss Agrippina wept bitterly.

Gloria shed not one tear.

"Oh, my child! my child! I never meant to do this! Oh, if I had known! Oh, if I had only known!" she lamented.

Gloria uttered no complaint.

"I did all for the best! Oh, I did all for the best; but one can never know how anything that is begun is

ever going to end! But I feel guilty of his death! Oh, I feel like a murderess!" wailed the old lady, in what seemed like extravagant self-accusation.

Gloria uttered no reproach. She did not understand Miss de Crespigney, and she did not try to do so. She felt that for her all was over in this world, and she should only wait for death.

While the old lady was still weeping, sobbing, and lamenting, the little page returned and rapped at the door.

Miss de Crespigney arose and opened the door, received the paper, and closed it again.

"Shall I try to read this account to you, my dear?" she inquired.

"Yes—please," faintly replied the girl,

Miss de Crespigney drew a chair to her side, unfolded the paper, and turned to the columns containing the description of the fatal conflagration.

The article began by referring to the brief notice of the catastrophe published in their issue of the day before, and then went on to give "more details of the fire," "further particulars," and "latest discoveries," after the manner of such accounts.

A more lengthened report was given of what was called "the heroic conduct and tragic fate of young David Lindsay, of Maryland."

Many conjectures were also hazarded as to the final cause of his death. He was last seen at the window, surrounded with flame as he dropped the two little children, enveloped in blankets, out upon the feather-bed held below to receive them.

Then he was seen to fall back into the room, and he was seen no more; but whether he had fatally inhaled the flames or had been suffocated by the smoke, or had

had his retreat cut off by the falling of the blazing staircase, no one could decide.

His body had been recovered and identified by some of his fellow-boarders, and it would be interred that morning, with those of the other victims, at Greenwood Cemetery.

Miss Agrippina's voice broke down in sobs several times during her reading of the narrative.

But still Gloria listened without shedding a tear, or breathing a sigh, or uttering a word.

"Oh, my child, do not sit like that! Do not look like that! Speak! Cry! Do something! Say something, or you will die, and then I shall go mad!" exclaimed Miss de Crespigney, almost beside herself with anxiety and distress.

"Don't, aunt—don't," issued in dead, level tones from the almost motionless lips.

"Oh, my dear, what can I do for you? What can I do to atone—to atone— Oh, Heaven, I can never atone!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in an agony of remorse, that, in her, seemed quite disproportioned to the occasion.

Her stricken companion took no notice of her words.

"Gloria! Gloria! Oh, what shall I do? Do you hear me my wronged, unhappy child? Do you hear me? What can I do to comfort you, Gloria?" she implored, dropping again by the side of the chair and clasping her arms around the form of the heart-broken girl.

"Take me—to New York. I must see his grave."

"Oh, can you bear the journey?" cried the old lady in a passion of grief and anxiety.

"Yes—I must."

"Then I will; I will do anything for you, Gloria. When would you like to start?"

"By the—first train."

"Then you shall go by the first train. I will find out when that will start," soothingly replied the old lady, as she arose to her feet.

Then, as her eyes fell again on the face and form of the colorless, motionless, recumbent girl, a great fear seized Miss de Crespigney's heart—for Gloria looked, spoke and breathed like a dying person.

"Oh! Am I to be a double murderess?" groaned Miss Agrippina, as she left the room and hurried down to the office and dispatched a waiter for the nearest physician.

Then she hastened back to her charge, whom she found sitting in the same apathy of despair.

Again she left the chamber and went out into the hall to speak to her little page who waited there.

"Laban," she said, "listen to me. I am expecting a gentleman here—a doctor. As soon as he arrives show him into our private parlor and then come and rap at the chamber door—do you hear?"

"Yes'm."

"*Rap*, but don't speak. Do you understand?"

"Yes'm."

"Then mind you attend and obey," said the old lady, as she re-entered the bedroom and seated herself beside her unhappy charge to await the arrival of the physician.

In less than half an hour she heard the warning tap on the door.

She opened it and went out into the hall, where her little page apprised her of the arrival of the physician.

Miss de Crespigney sent a message for one of the maids, who was down stairs at dinner, to come up and stay with her young mistress. And then Miss de Crespigney passed into the parlor.

She did not know what doctor she was going to find

there, for she had sent in haste for the nearest and for no particular one. She was glad, however, to see Dr. Seward, the eminent authority for the disorders of the nervous system, who had attended her nephew, the colonel, during his illness in Washington. She greeted him politely, and then sat down and briefly put him in possession of the whole case.

"The only desire she expresses now is to be taken to New York to the grave of the young man," concluded Miss de Crespigney.

"It is well that she feels and expresses even that," replied the doctor.

"But my great fear is that she may expire on the journey. She is like a dying person now," sighed Miss de Crespigney.

"I do not fear that. I think that she will be more apt to revive on the journey. However, I will see her," concluded the doctor, as he arose to follow the old lady to the bed chamber.

Miss de Crespigney led the way in fear and trembling. "Conscience doth make cowards of us all," it is said. The once valiant Miss Agrippina seemed to have something lying very heavily on her conscience. So she was afraid of everything. She was afraid just now that the poor, stricken girl in the bedroom would resent the unauthorized summons of the doctor. There was not much danger of that, however. They found her in the same benumbed and torpid condition, attended by Céline, who was bathing her forehead with cologne water, a service of which the recipient seemed unconscious, or to which she was utterly indifferent.

She received the physician as quietly as if she had sent for him. But she answered all his questions in monosyllables and with a visible effort. The doctor wrote a prescription and sent it out and sat down by her

side to watch her until the messenger should return with the medicine. When it came Dr. Seward administered it himself. Gloria took it from his hand and swallowed it with an indifference that seemed almost unconsciousness of her own action. But its good effects began to appear. She breathed with more freedom. The doctor left her and returned to the parlor, followed by Miss de Crespigney.

"You say she expressed anxiety to go to New York to the grave of her young husband?"

"Yes—by the first train."

"Then let her go. Take her at once. The sooner she goes the better. She is a very sound, healthy, strong young woman. This mental shock that she has had has stunned her into a state from which she can best be aroused by activity—not inaction."

"Oh, Doctor, do you happen to know when the first train starts for New York?"

"At six this evening, madame."

"And it is three now. Oh, Doctor, *do* you think I can take her by that train, with safety to herself?"

"I certainly think the very best thing you can do for her will be to take her off by that train."

"And *could* you see her once more before we start?" pleaded Miss Agrippina.

"Certainly, madame. I will see her at half-past five, and drive with her to the depot to see her off, if that will give you any comfort."

"Oh, thank you, Doctor! you were always *so* kind!" exclaimed the old lady gratefully.

The doctor bowed courteously, and took leave.

Miss de Crespigney returned to the bedroom and found Céline applying sal-volatile to her mistress's nostrils.

"Give me that phial, and go and pack our traveling-

bags. We leave here by half-past five for the New York train. Thank Heaven, there is nothing *but* our bags to pack, since our trunks are still stored in the warehouse," added the old lady, mentally.

Then she rang the bell and ordered the waiter to have a bowl of very strong beef-tea prepared, and then to bring her bill.

She then persuaded Gloria to loosen her clothes and lie down for two hours, to recruit her strength before commencing a long night journey in the cars.

Leaving Nérisse to watch the young lady, Miss de Crespigney went down to the dining-room to get some dinner, for she was beginning to feel the need of physical support.

She hurried through the meal as fast as she could with due consideration of her own digestion, and then returned to the bedside of her charge, who was not sleeping, but resting quietly.

The waiter soon appeared with the bowl of beef-tea and the bill for Miss de Crespigney.

The old lady paid the bill and dismissed the man, and then took the beef-tea to Gloria and easily persuaded her to drink it; for the poor girl was past arguing or resisting. She could only endure and obey.

This refreshment evidently benefited her, however unwillingly she had taken it. Some little faint return of color appeared in the pallid cheeks.

Miss de Crespigney so hurried her preparations for departure that by five o'clock everything was ready.

Then, while waiting for the doctor's second visit, she sat down and answered her sister-in-law's letter as briefly as she could, congratulating her on the approaching marriage of her son, wishing much happiness to the married pair, regretting that it was quite impossible for herself or the Countess Gloria to be present at the wed-

ding, explaining the great trouble that had fallen upon that lady, and the imperative necessity that *she*, Miss de Crespigney, should remain with the stricken young creature to watch over and protect her until convalescence.

By the time Miss de Crespigney had finished her letter and sent it down to the office of the hotel to be mailed, Dr. Seward arrived, and was again shown into the parlor.

Gloria was then assisted to arise and arrange her traveling dress for the journey, and finally conducted into the parlor, where the doctor awaited her.

"The danger is over," he whispered to Miss de Crespigney as soon as he saw Gloria.

He spoke to her kindly and cheerfully, and gave her his arm to take her down to the carriage that was to carry them to the depot.

Miss de Crespigney, Gloria and the doctor occupied one carriage, the three servants and the hand baggage filled the other.

When they arrived at the depot, Dr. Seward procured their tickets and saw them into their seats in the cars.

While he stood talking with Miss de Crespigney, he saw a young man enter the same car whom he recognized as one of his former students, who had graduated at the Georgetown Medical College a few years ago.

"Here is a very providential circumstance!" he exclaimed, with visible satisfaction. "There is young Dr. Wharton. I suppose he is going through to New York, for his parents reside there now. I will introduce him to your party, Miss de Crespigney, and I feel assured that he will take much pleasure in showing you every attention on your journey."

"Oh! thank you very much, Dr. Seward. That will

be a real comfort to us, and relieve me from all anxiety," gratefully replied Miss de Crespigney.

The doctor stepped across to where his former pupil sat, spoke a few words to him, and then brought him to the opposite seats and presented him to Miss de Crespigney and the Countess de la Vera.

He bowed with great courtesy, expressed his pleasure in making their acquaintance, and his satisfaction in being of any service on their journey.

Then, after asking their leave, he reversed the seat before them, and placed himself opposite to them.

The shriek of the engine then warned Dr. Seward that he must take a hasty leave of his friends and hurry out of the car.

In five minutes the doctor was gone and the cars were off.

To many people the swift, smooth motion of the steam cars, if not continued to a fatiguing length, has a very sedative and soothing effect.

Gloria perhaps felt this, as she reclined back in her cushioned seat. She did not sleep through that long night journey, but lay back apparently in perfect rest. She seldom moved, and never spoke, yet she breathed easily.

She was affectionately watched by Miss Agrippina, and carefully attended by young Doctor Wharton, who twice in the course of the night administered the medicine that had been prescribed by his preceptor, and that was apathetically taken by Gloria.

It was daylight when they reached New York and went to a hotel down in the city.

Dr. Wharton remained with them until they had secured rooms, and then he left them to go to his father's house.

Miss de Crespigney persuaded Gloria to lie down and

take some rest until the day should be sufficiently far advanced to permit them to go to Greenwood Cemetery to make inquiries for the grave they had come to seek.

Gloria, apathetic and obedient, permitted herself to be undressed and put to bed.

Miss de Crespigney, as soon as possible, ordered a cup of strong coffee for herself, and a bowl of strong beef-tea for Gloria. And when this last-mentioned refreshment was ready she made the girl drink it and then lie down again.

At eight o'clock she had a carriage at the door, and with Gloria, accompanied by one of the maid-servants, set out for Greenwood Cemetery.

The way was much longer than they had anticipated, and it was ten o'clock when they entered the grounds.

They had to inquire for some one to direct them to the place of interment of the strangers who had perished in the fire.

One of the laborers employed on the works promptly volunteered to show them, and climbed to the seat beside the driver for the purpose.

A five minutes' slow, circuitous drive brought them to a remote part of the grounds, where seven new-made graves stood in a row.

"Here is where the unclaimed bodies have been laid. A great many more lost their lives at that fire, mum; but their friends have claimed their bodies and taken them away," the man explained, as he stopped the carriage and got down from his seat to open the door and help the ladies out.

Miss Agrippina was the first to alight. Then she gave her hand to Gloria, and noticed, with a shudder, how icy cold the hand of the girl was.

Already the graves had been marked by little wooden

headstones bearing the names of the victims, where those names were known or could be ascertained.

Four graves were thus marked. Three were nameless.

Gloria, cold, pale, trembling, walked on before them, peering at the head-slabs.

Suddenly she uttered a loud cry and threw herself down upon the fresh mould of the third grave, and burst into a paroxysm of sobs and tears.

That new-made grave bore the name of—

DAVID LINDSAY.

"Thank Heaven, at last she can weep! She will be better now—thank Heaven!" fervently breathed Miss de Crespigney. "But oh!" she mentally added, "that I should have brought this great sorrow on her! I did all for the best, yet how could I—how could any one be so deceived as 'to do evil that good may come,' when, in the nature of things, evil can only come of evil?"

Gloria, prostrate on the fresh mould of the grave, with her arms clasped around the humble headpiece that bore the name of David Lindsay, wept as if all the fountains of her frozen grief had been broken up at once.

Miss de Crespigney did not disturb her by a word or gesture. She waited patiently for the paroxysm to pass off.

But it was long before the storm of grief expended itself. Sometimes the sobs would sink lower and lower almost into silence; but then they would commence again with renewed violence. Finally, however, the tempest subsided in low and long-drawn sighs, and the sufferer lay silent and exhausted.

"Gloria, my dear Gloria, my child, will you rise now?"

said Miss Agrippina, taking her hand and trying to lift her.

With the passive obedience of despair the girl suffered herself to be lifted and led back to the carriage, and placed on the cushioned back seat, where she sank into a corner and covered her face.

"Drive back to the hotel," said Miss de Crespigney, when she had rewarded the workman who had been her guide and she had taken her seat beside her charge.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SORROW AND REMORSE.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps
And lovers around her are sighing,
But coldly she turns from their vows and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

THOMAS MOORE.

Miss de Crespigney took Gloria to her room. It was now twelve o'clock and as the old lady had had nothing but a cup of coffee that morning, she ordered luncheon to be brought up there.

Gloria sat in her easy-chair, more composed than she had been. But as yet she could take nothing but liquids, and was only persuaded to swallow a few spoonfuls of oyster soup.

"Now, my dear Gloria, what will you have me do for you next? I will do anything you wish. Here, I consecrate the remainder of my life to you, poor child, to do you all the service I may do, to make your young life

happier if I can," said the old lady, bending over the girl's chair.

Gloria took her hand and kissed it, murmuring:

"You are so much kinder to me than I deserve, aunty. But do not put yourself out for my sake."

These were more words than the girl had spoken at any time since the stunning blow of that heavy bereavement had fallen upon her.

Miss Agrippina drew a happy augury from them and she answered:

"My poor child, you don't understand. All the peace that I hope to enjoy in this world, must come from seeing you more peaceful."

Gloria thought that the old lady was reproaching herself for having in the first instance encouraged the separation of the girl and her humble husband, and in the second place for having opposed their re-union. So she answered kindly:

"Do not fret, Miss Agrippina. It was I, only I, that brought this evil upon myself—unless indeed it was fate, and all is fate."

But Miss de Crespigney had something heavier on her conscience than the guileless mind of Gloria could ever have suspected—a wrong done to the girl and her husband, for which she now wished to atone to the widowed bride by a life's devotion. Miss Agrippina was not a wicked woman, yet neither was she a good one. She was made up very equally of balanced good and evil—false and true. So in a time of strong temptation she had done what she thought to be only a little evil that what she considered a great good might follow.

The catastrophe ending in the death of the heroic David Lindsay and the broken heart of this widowed bride had opened her eyes to the immutable truth, that

evil can only come of evil, and loaded her conscience with undying remorse for a sin of which she could not relieve it even by confession to the survivor of the two victims sinned against.

"If I were to tell the girl what I have done, though I did it for her sake, she could never bear the sight of me near her. And yet I must keep near her to watch over her, to take care of her, to serve her, to devote my life to her, as the only atonement I can make for the misery I have caused her. And I must bear the pain of this secret sin, and bear it alone," she concluded.

Once more she knelt by Gloria's side.

"My child," she said, "tell me now what you next wish to do, or where you wish to go."

"Aunty, you are like an angel to me in my trouble," said Gloria, gently caressing the old lady. "I wish to go to a monument maker to order a monument for David Lindsay's grave, and—"

But here she broke down and wept vehemently for a few minutes. Then, somewhat relieved by these tears, she resumed:

'And I wish to find an artist, a real, sympathetic, appreciative artist, who will hear the story of his heroism, and be inspired with some fitting design for the monument and its inscription."

"Then we will go out again on that errand, immediately, my dear," said the old lady, who remembered the opinion of Dr. Seward, that activity, not rest, was to be the antidote to the sufferer's disorder.

Miss de Crespigney rang the bell, and ordered a carriage and a business directory.

In a few moments later they were on their way to a sculptor's.

"We will go there first, my dear, and no doubt the monument maker will be best able to direct us to some

artist who makes monumental designs his specialty," said the old lady, as they rolled on.

They found the marble yard and its proprietor, and examined a book of designs already engraved. But Gloria wanted an original model for David Lindsay's monument, and on inquiry she received the address of an artist, to whose studio they immediately drove.

Here also several designs were submitted to her, all of which she rejected.

After some further counsel, the artist promised to bring her some new ones in a few days.

They returned to the hotel, and Gloria was persuaded to lie down to rest.

Miss Agrippina, who was very much fatigued, followed suit and was soon asleep.

That evening, after both the ladies had risen from their nap, they received a visit from young Dr. Wharton, who had come to inquire for his patient, and was pleased to find her so much improved.

He stayed an hour and did all he could in a delicate and indirect manner to comfort and cheer the two sorrowful women.

Gloria was persuaded to retire early, and from the reaction of a great and long-continued excitement she fell asleep, and slept soundly until morning—so soundly that she lost all memory of her heavy sorrow—so that when she awoke the next day it was to a new sense of suffering almost as heavy as when the blow of bereavement first fell upon her.

Then followed hours of bitter grieving, and, when at length these had passed away for the time being, she surprised and pained Miss de Crespigney by demanding to be taken to the ruins of the fire.

Miss Agrippina, in grievous doubt as to the propriety of such a movement, ordered the carriage, and they

were soon on their way to the scene of the catastrophe.

A huge pile of blackened, broken walls, with empty windows and door spaces like extinguished eyes, great mounds of ashes, cinders and charred timbers, and a lot of begrimed workmen engaged in clearing out the ruins.

"Where is the window from which the young man saved the children?" inquired Gloria, with forced composure, of one of the workmen.

"There, Miss," replied the man, pointing to a blank window space near the top of a skeleton wall.

Gloria gazed long and steadfastly at the space. It was but the put-out hollow eye of a skull. There was nothing in it to be seen; but imagination supplied all that was wanting to sight.

At length she permitted Miss de Crespigney to lead her away and put her in the carriage.

"Back!" was the old lady's brief order to the hackman, when she had taken her own seat.

Gloria immediately countermanded the order.

"No! no!" she said; "I want to go and find the children whom David Lindsay saved at the cost of his own life. If they are poor I must provide for them. The lives that were preserved at such a price are too precious—too precious—not to be rendered good and happy. Let us go find the children and their parents."

Miss de Crespigney sighed, and set out on this quest.

After many inquiries and long, rambling rides, they found the parents of the rescued children in an humble boarding-house in Harlem.

The father was John Somerville, a mechanic, who had come over to America, bringing with him his wife and two little girls, and the savings of several years, to try to better his fortunes in this country. They had arrived and put up at that hotel the night of that fatal fire, by

which they had lost all their earthly possessions, and very nearly lost their children.

Gloria told them who she was—the wife of the young man who had saved their children.

"His widow," said Mary Somerville, in a tone full of sympathy—"his widow, for we well now know the brave young man died in rescuing them."

"No," said Gloria, gravely and sweetly, "not his widow, but his wife—his wife, whether on earth or in heaven—his wife, though I am here and he is there. Nor has he really lost his life, but only enlarged and expanded it. I think we who are Christians should not speak of the death of the body as we do. As for me, my great grief is, not that my husband is dead—for he is not dead, nor can he ever die—but that he is gone and I am left to wait so long, perhaps, before I can go to him. But I deserve it," she added in a lower tone.

Then she asked to see the children.

Their father went and brought them down from the bedroom to the little parlor of the boarding-house where this interview was taking place.

"Fanny and Lucy," he said, "go and kiss the hands of that young lady. It was her husband who took you out of the fire. And he has gone to heaven and left her."

Gloria held out her arms to the children, while her sweet, tender smile attracted them.

They approached her and would have kissed her hands indeed had not natural childish shyness restrained them.

She took the younger—Lucy, aged about four years—on her lap, and gathered the other—Fanny, aged five—up to her side.

They were fair specimens of healthy English children, with clear red and white complexions, blue eyes, and yellow hair.

She spoke to them a little while of the young man

who had saved them from the fire, and whose body had been so badly burned that he could not live in it any longer, so that the Lord had taken him out of it and taken him to heaven, to live there with the angels.

"It may be weakness and egotism for me to want these children to remember David Lindsay as their preserver; but I *do* want them to do so," said Gloria, as she kissed the little girls and sat them in chairs near her own.

"Be sure, madame, that they shall never forget him," said their mother, with her eyes full of tears.

Then Gloria wished to come to the other object of her visit—the relief of the unfortunate family, and the provision to be made for the children.

But it was as difficult to the delicate mind of Gloria to offer a benefit which she was longing to confer, as it is to most persons to ask a favor they are ashamed to solicit.

At length she found her way to do it. She told them that the catastrophe wihch had bereaved her had made them kindred, and had given her a sister's right to relieve their needs. She added that the greatest *earthly* comfort she could now have, in her great sorrow, would be to provide for the support and education of these children whom her husband had rescued at the cost of his life. She prayed them, though they might think her prayer presumptuous, that they would grant it to her in her sorrow.

"But you would not ask to separate these little ones from us, madam?" inquired their mother, in doubt and trouble, though with great respect and gratitude.

"Oh, no, no, no. I should never presume to think of such a plan. I only ask the blessed privilege of supplying them, from a distance—and, just now, of replacing the sums lost by their father at the fire," replied Gloria,

The gratitude of the worthy pair was too deep for words; but the trembling voice of the father, when he tried to utter his thanks, and the tearful eyes of the mother expressed all that they could not speak.

Then Gloria walked to the window for a moment, as if to look out, quietly withdrew three large bank notes from her portmonnaie, and folded them into a small slip, and kept it in her closed hand.

After a few more words she gave Mr. Somerville her address, which he took down with a pencil on a bit of paper, and then she bade the family good-by, last of all shaking hands with Mary Somerville, in whose palm she pressed the folded bank notes, and left them.

When they reached the hotel, Gloria felt so much prostrated that she had to lie down.

Gloria and Miss de Crespigney remained in New York for three months, waiting for the completion of David Lindsay's monument.

During this time Miss de Crespigney corresponded regularly with her sister-in-law, who promised to come North immediately after the marriage and departure of her son, and join them in New York.

Every day during their stay, Gloria made pilgrimages to the grave of David Lindsay. She had caused the mound to be sodded and shrubs to be planted.

Once a week or so, she visited her little protégées, Fanny and Lucy Somerville, upon whom she had settled an annual sum, to be paid to their father quarterly, and to be expended in their support and education.

Their father had taken and furnished a small house in Harlem, where he had found work.

In May, Madame de Crespigney arrived, bringing news of all the details of the marriage, and departure of her son and his bride for Fort Invincible.

But finding Miss de Crespigney and Gloria in a

"down-town tavern," as she called the comfortable and respectable house in which they lodged, she insisted that they should remove at once to an "up-town hotel."

Gloria, too indifferent to all trifles to argue about them, easily consented, and the removal was effected.

It was near the last of June, and the weather in the city was becoming very warm, and Madame de Crespigney was growing very impatient to get out of it, when the monument of David Lindsay, for the completion of which they had waited, was declared ready to be set up.

Gloria remembered that the Fourth of July was his birthday. She remembered well the day on which she learned this fact.

It was the day of their first meeting on the beach, when they were children. And she had told him that she thought the Fourth of July a grand one for a birthday.

She determined that his monument, which was finished in the last days of June, should be set up in the presence of all his friends and of the children he had died to save, on his birthday, the Fourth of July.

This was accordingly done, and the next day the whole party set out for Newport, not to engage in any of the pleasures of the gay and fashionable world, but to live quietly in their hired furnished cottage, and gather strength from the sea-water and sea-breezes.

About the middle of August, they all left Newport for Boston, where they embarked for Liverpool—Madame de Crespigney *en route* for Amsterdam, and Miss de Crespigney and the little Countess Gloria de la Vera for Rome.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

JOHN SERVANT.

'Tis well in deeds of good, though small, to thrive;
'Tis well some part of ill, though small, to cure;
'Tis well with onward, upward hope to strive
Yet better and diviner to endure.

This is the riddle thou hast life to solve;
And in the task thou shalt not work alone;
For while the worlds about the sun revolve,
God's heart and mind are ever with his own.

LORD HOUGHTON.

Five years have passed since the heart-broken little Countess de la Vera raised the monument to the memory of her heroic young husband.

She had never put on widow's weeds, for she declared that she was *not* his widow, for, though he was in heaven and she on earth, she was his wife forever and ever.

Yet, with all this illumination of faith, she was not happy—scarcely even resigned.

The light had dispelled all the gloom and horror of death, but it had not taken away the sorrow of the parting.

She cherished the memory of David Lindsay with an ever-growing appreciation of his character, often picturing to herself what he would have been if he had lived on earth, and then, turning from her sense of bitter dis-

appointment, to follow him by faith to the higher life, and think what he must be there!

Shall I tell you how the little beauty had passed these five years that brought her to the third great crisis of her life?

Immediately after the unveiling of the monument raised in memory of David Lindsay, she had sailed, in company of Madame and Miss de Crespigney, for Havre.

At Havre, Madame de Crespigney was met by her son-in-law, Baron Van Der Kamphuyzen, who had come down to escort her to Amsterdam.

The baron showed great pleasure in the unexpected meeting with Miss de Crespigney and the little Countess Gloria, whose acquaintance he had made at Saratoga in the pleasant days of his courtship and marriage, and he cordially invited them both to accompany Madame de Crespigney and himself to Amsterdam, and make a long visit to his house.

But both the ladies thankfully declined his hospitality, and having seen Madame de Crespigney and Baron Van Der Kamphuyzen *en route* for Amsterdam, they turned their faces toward Rome, where they arrived early in September.

Miss Agrippina de Crespigney took a handsome suit of apartments in the Via Babuino near the Piazza di Spagna, where they settled themselves for the autumn and winter.

Here Gloria lived in strict seclusion from all society; and Miss Agrippina, though very fond of company, and having every facility, through letters of introduction that had been sent after her by friends in America to friends in Rome, for entering the best society in the Eternal City, yet chose to sacrifice all social pleasure for the duty of devoting herself to Gloria.

Their only employment at home was reading, writing, sewing, music, drawing, and fancy work.

Their occupation abroad was in visiting and relieving the poor, of whom there were more in proportion to the population of the city than Gloria had ever seen elsewhere.

Gloria's favorite recreation was in making excursions to the old ruins and monuments of history and antiquity so numerous in Rome and its vicinity, and in visiting the many beautiful and magnificent churches, palaces, and, above all, the renowned galleries and collections of the works of the illustrious old masters.

Not joyous, nor happy, but peaceful and interesting was their winter in Rome.

During the Carnival week they retired from Rome to Tivoli, an ancient town some seventeen miles from the city; but they returned on the first day of Lent.

Miss de Crespigney had been always a devotee during that season, and no Roman in Rome could have kept it with more rigor that she did.

Between her devotion to the Church and her devotion to Gloria, the old lady almost wore herself out. She had never been stout, and now, in the expressive language of our household words, she was "nothing but skin and bones," and that skin was as yellow and dry as parchment, while strong, glistening white threads bristled up rampant, amid the jet blackness of her fine hair.

Miss de Crespigney was aging very fast.

Gloria often expostulated with her

"I wish you would not task yourself so severely, dear aunty, or deny yourself so rigidly. The idea of your getting up at four o'clock these damp mornings to go to mass! The idea of your eating meat only once a week! At your age, too. Who requires it of you?

You cannot think the good Lord does, for it hurts you without benefiting anybody else."

"Oh, child! child! I have been such a sinner! I have so much to expiate!" would the old lady answer.

The idea of this rigid old gentlewoman being a great sinner, and having so much to expiate, was so extravagant as to become amusing to the young lady's apprehension. Sometimes, when argument failed, Gloria would try ridicule to break her aged friend of these self-destructive habits. As, for instance—

One day, as usual, after a dinner of bread and water, which was the only meal the penitent allowed herself, Gloria had expostulated with Miss Agrippina, who replied as before:

"Ah! you do not know! I have so much to expiate!"

"Aunty," said Gloria, assuming a very solemn look, "aunty! come get it all off your poor soul! Come, confess and get comfortably hanged, aunty! When it is all over you will feel so much relieved! Come! Whom have you murdered, aunty, and where, oh! *where* have you buried him?"

Gloria was not prepared for the reply that came. It struck her dumb.

"Oh, child! whom have I murdered, you ask? *David Lindsay!* Where have I buried him? *In Greenwood Cemetery!*" the old lady exclaimed, with a sob.

For a few moments Gloria could not speak for amazement. When she recovered her voice she said:

"Oh, Aunt Agrippina! that is all very morbid. You reproach yourself unnecessarily for your very small share in the separation of David Lindsay and me. You forget that we virtually parted at the altar, and were separated before you even knew of the fact. Afterwards, in continually restraining me from writing to him

you did but prudently aid me to carry out a plan that both he and I, in cooler and more deliberate moments, had decided upon. So you have no reason to reproach yourself."

"Oh, child! child! I feel as if I had murdered that young man!" exclaimed Miss Agrippina.

"If *you* feel so, great Heavens! what ought I to feel!" sighed Gloria.

"You don't know! You don't know!" murmured the old lady.

And Gloria did not know; so she continued to expostulate, while Miss de Crespigney persisted in penance heavier and heavier as holy week approached, all of which Miss Agrippina spent in fasting and prayer.

Yet the old lady survived Lent, and when the glorious Easter morning rose no one enjoyed it more than Miss de Crespigney.

On Easter Sunday morning she went with Gloria to see the Pope himself celebrate high mass at St Peter's—a ceremony to be remembered all their lives.

They did not remain long in Rome after Easter, but accepted an invitation from the Van Der Kamphuyzens to visit them at Amsterdam, whither they went early in April.

There they found two very happy families, each rejoicing in the possession of their first babies; and no one more so than the aged grandmother in her first grandchildren. First, there was William, aged seven months, son of the Baron and Baroness Van Der Kamphuyzen; and next, there were Caroline and Catherine—in the language of the imported negro nurse—"gals, two of 'um, twins, bofe of 'um"—aged five months, and daughters of Herr Ernest and Madame Van Der Kamphuyzen.

Madame de Crespigney was in the position of an acrobat riding two horses. She was living in both houses.

Miss de Crespigney and Gloria became the guests of the baron and baroness, and in this delightful family circle they passed a very happy summer and autumn.

Early in November they took leave of their hospitable friends and went to winter in Florence.

There their time was passed very much as it had been in Rome in the preceding years.

Youth, health, time and the attractions of art, literature and travel, had contributed greatly to restore the spirits of Gloria, without in the least diminishing her fidelity to the memory of David Lindsay.

In Florence Miss de Crespigney found some of her Southern friends, whom it was impossible to ignore. Through them Miss de Crespigney and Gloria de la Vera were drawn a little more into the select society of the place. And everywhere the beautiful young countess was followed with admiration and homage.

In the spring they joined a party who were going on a tour through the north of Europe, and who, during the heat of summer, extended their excursion to Iceland.

The third autumn and winter of their absence was passed in Paris. Here Gloria permitted herself to be drawn very extensively into society

Miss de Crespigney had insisted, in her niece's own interests, in taking a handsome suite of apartments in a palace on the Champs Elysees, where, when they became settled, she fixed a reception-day, and at once launched into all the gayeties of the season and the city.

Here, as elsewhere, the youth, beauty, rank and wealth of the Countess Gloria de la Vera caused her to be much admired, followed and *feted*.

Many were her unsought conquests.

More than one title and fortune superior to her own were laid at her feet.

But her heart remained so faithful to her early love that no one could kindle within it any warmer sentiment than a mere friendly or intellectual sympathy.

Yet Gloria now enjoyed society with all the zest of youth, health and intelligence, for it was not all dissipation and frivolity, but rational and sympathetic intercourse with the most refined and cultivated women and intellectual and industrious men of the age.

Henceforth she determined to spend all her winters in Paris, and the apartments in the Champs Elysees were retained by the year.

Every summer she went, accompanied by Miss de Crespigney, and one, or sometimes two, of her trained servants, on some Northern tour or sea-voyage, and every autumn she returned to Paris.

One winter she took the whole of the house on the Champs Elysees, where her apartments were situated, and she received and entertained all of the Van Der Kamphuyzens from Amsterdam, whose numbers were now increased by the addition of an infant daughter, Elizabeth, to the family of the baron, and an infant son, Frederick, to that of Herr Ernest.

The next summer she paid them a short visit in their own homes.

The most friendly relations were kept up between Gloria de la Vera, the De Crespigneys and Van Der Kamphuyzens.

Through them she sometimes heard from her uncle Marcel, who was still in command at Fort Invincible, blessed with the society of his bright-hearted young wife, and with the possession of two fine children, the eldest a boy, whom he had insisted on calling Philip, after his beloved wife, Philippa, and the youngest a girl,

whom *she*, with equal firmness, persisted in naming Marcella, after her worshipped husband.

This naming the boy after the mother and the girl after the father had mixed things a little ; but no matter —it was all Marcel's own fault, in naming the first baby.

Most "things" were Marcel's fault.

In all this time Gloria had not once visited England.

She had lived on the Continent exclusively.

It was during one of her later winters in Paris that she begun to hear the strange name of "John Servant" spoken in high terms of praise by the men whom she most honored.

A man seldom rises suddenly into notice. His elevation is generally very gradual. It was so in this instance.

Gloria could not have told when, exactly, the name of John Servant first fell on her ears. She only knew that it was during one of the later winters in Paris, and that she heard the name with profound indifference, at least at first.

Afterward this man, his sayings, his writings and his doings, were so often quoted in her hearing, with such various commendations and criticisms, of praise and blame, of eulogium and denunciation, that her curiosity and interest were aroused sufficiently to make her investigate for herself into the merits of the man and his mission, both so highly extolled by those whom she most honored and so bitterly reprobated by others.

She ordered from her newsdealer the English and American radical papers for which he wrote.

Here she found his message to the world. Here she recognized a soul filled with a pure, unselfish love for mankind and fired with an ardent desire for their good.

His subjects were : the care and training of children,

including the children of the poorest and the most abandoned, as the foundation of all permanent reform, the first step in all moral and social progress; the regeneration of criminals, restoration of the abandoned; the remodelling of prisons and prison discipline; the remodelling of domestic architecture; the hygiene of houses and streets; the distribution of work; the harmonious adjustment of labor and capital; justice and mercy to the helpless but helpful brute creation.

In short, nothing that lived, to suffer or to enjoy, was too high or too low for his broad sympathies; no subject that could affect their happiness or misery was too great or too small for his discussion.

Gloria's heart was attracted, delighted, and inspired.

"Oh, how I *love* this soul!" she said to herself, without a single thought of inconstancy to the memory of her early love, for she presently added:

"And, oh, how David Lindsay must love him, too!"

She sent for the back numbers of all the papers containing anything that John Servant had ever written.

And she cut out all his articles and pasted them in a scrap-book.

"I suppose there are greater men, more honored and illustrious men, but oh, there is not a purer, more loving and beneficent incarnated man in our planet. Oh, how I love that spirit, and how David Lindsay *must* love him!"

She felt a great personal interest in the man, and longed to know something more of him than his written or spoken words revealed. These last showed only his spirit; she wished to know his circumstances; she wished to contribute through him to the great cause for which he lived and labored.

"Who is John Servant?" she inquired of a gentleman

present at her Wednesday's reception, where the new reformer was being discussed.

"He is one of the noblest philanthropists that ever lived, Madame, let them say whatever else they will of him," heartily responded this admirer.

"I think so, too," assented Gloria; "but besides being a pure and noble philanthropist, who is he? What is he? His name is a strange one. I never heard it before."

"It is probably a *nom de plume;* but I never heard of any other name."

"And you cannot tell me anything more about him?"

"No, Madame, nothing but what you already know."

Gloria sighed.

Later in the day she came upon another group of visitors discussing the philanthropist.

"Who *is* John Servant, can you tell me, Monsieur?" she inquired of one of the speakers.

"Madame, he is a pestilent demagogue, a low person, quite unworthy the honor of your interest."

"I quite differ with you, Monsieur; but besides being a public lecturer, who is he, can you tell me?"

"Pardon, Madame, I know nothing more of him."

Still later in the day, among the visitors, came a venerable old lady, whom the servant announced as—

"Madame la Duchesse d' Aubignie."

"Nothing is talked of to-day," she said, as she seated herself on the sofa beside Gloria, after the first salutations were over—"nothing is talked of to-day but the pamphlet of John Servant, which has been translated and published entire this morning in the—"

"I have read it," said Gloria. "I have read everything that he has ever written. I wish so much to learn something *about* him as well as so much from him! Can

Madame la Duchesse tell me who *is* this John Servant?"

"He is an angel, Madame! He is one of the sons of God," earnestly answered the duchess.

"But what are his circumstances? Is John Servant his real name?"

"I do not know, Madame. He is an angel—one of the sons of God—that is all I know of him."

Gloria smiled and sighed.

"I suppose that is all one needs to know of him," she said.

When all the company had gone away, and Gloria was alone with Miss de Crespigney that night, she said:

"I think, Aunt Agrippina, I should like to go to London about the first of February."

"Should you, my dear? So should I. I should like to see the queen open Parliament, if we could get admitted," said the old lady.

"I don't care about seeing the queen open Parliament; you can, if you choose, through our minister; though I doubt if even *he* could procure us both admissions; but I do want to hear John Servant, who is to be in London in February, and to lecture at Exeter Hall."

"And do you mean to say that you would go to England only to hear John Servant lecture?"

"Yes, aunty; only to hear John Servant lecture I would cross the Atlantic. I wish to hear him, to see him, to make his acquaintance, to gain his confidence, and to devote my time, wealth, and influence to his cause!" said Gloria, fervently.

Miss de Crespigney was aghast.

"For *Heaven's* sake, Gloria de la Vera!" she exclaimed in consternation. "You are not going to ask *another man* to marry you?"

Gloria crimsoned up to the edge of her hair, and then broke into a ringing laugh as she answered:

"Do not fear, aunty! Such a thing is not likely to happen twice in one woman's lifetime! Besides, you know my opinion about marriage—that there *can* be but one true marriage and that is for both time and eternity. Such is my marriage with David Lindsay, aunty. And the longer I live the surer I am of that! Moreover, dear aunty, this lecturer *must* be a middle-aged man and probably a married man."

"Well, my dear child, I only wish to warn you against your own impulsiveness and enthusiasm; that is all. Do not let it carry you away into any extravagance, or entanglements, or embarrassments, Gloria."

"I will not, dear aunty."

So it was settled that they should leave Paris the last week of January, so as to be in London in time for the opening of Parliament in February.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHO IS HE?

A high and holy enterprise of good
He pondered, till it did possess his mind,
Became his study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindled in his heart a flame refined.
He prayed for firmness his whole soul to bend
To this, his purpose—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fixed and feelings purely kind—
Strength to complete, and with content review,
And grace to give the praise to God, where all is due

CARLOS WILCOX.

Gloria de la Vera and Miss de Crespigney reached London on the first of February, and took apartments in the elegant little Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park Corner.

It was now more than five years since Gloria had sailed from New York, after raising the monument in Greenwood to the memory of David Lindsay.

And it was seven years this very month since Gloria had parted with David Lindsay at Gryphynhold. Then she had been a fair, blooming, delicate girl of seventeen. Now she had developed, in these seven years, into a grandly beautiful woman nearly twenty-four, raising admiration wherever she appeared, and winning love wherever she remained long enough to be known.

As soon as they had secured suitable rooms in their hotel, Gloria settled herself down to rest after her winter of fashionable life in Paris, and before plunging into the whirl of the season just commencing in London; but Miss de Crespigney's wish was to seek an order for admission to Westminster Hall on the opening of Parliament by the queen.

While Gloria rested, Miss de Crespigney got her order, and in due time enjoyed the vision of the royal pageant.

"It was a gorgeous display. I wonder at your indifference to it," said Miss de Crespigney, on returning late in the evening, quite prostrated from her expedition.

"You know I saw it eight years ago when I was here with Uncle Marcel. I do not care to see it again. I like the queen as a woman, but I am not very much in love with royalty, nobility and the rest of it, Aunt Agrippina, since I have known John Servant."

"HANG JOHN SERVANT!" wrathfully exclaimed Miss de Crespigney.

Gloria looked up in surprise. It was the first time the old lady had been out of temper, or even out of patience, since the death of David Lindsay.

"You think of nothing else in the world but that man!"

"Because I find nothing else in the world so well worth thinking of. But do not let us quarrel, dear aunty," said Gloria, gently.

"No, my dear child. I was a cross old creature to answer you so, and I beg your pardon, my dear," said Miss de Crespigney, meekly.

In truth, conscience or some other power had greatly changed the old lady in five years.

"Dear aunty, don't talk so to me. I have nothing to pardon, but everything to thank you for. You have been

mother, friend, protector, guide—*all* to me since my great sorrow," said Gloria, warmly.

"Ah, child, you don't know! you don't know!"

"But I *do* want you to understand and appreciate John Servant. You never read any of his writings, did you?"

"No, my dear child; you know I do not understand political economy, and social reform, and the rest of it. But if you wish me to do so, I will go and hear him lecture at Exeter Hall," said the old lady.

"Oh, aunty, I shall be so glad to have you."

"When is he coming?"

"Some time this month. I do not know what day; I am watching the papers to find out; but some time this month certainly unless some unforeseen and unavoidable circumstance prevents, because he has given his word, which he never breaks."

"And now, my dear child, as I have promised to go with you to hear this radical reformer, John Servant, I hope you will promise to go somewhere with me."

"Certainly, Aunt Agrippina. Where do you wish me to go with you?"

"To the queen's drawing-room on the fifteenth. Our minister's lady has most kindly offered to present us to her majesty. Will you go?"

"Certainly, dear aunty, I will go with pleasure to please you, though, as I said before, I am not infatuated with majesty."

So this matter was settled.

Miss de Crespigney and the Countess de la Vera made their patriotic call on Mrs. ——, the wife of the American minister at the official residence at Cavendish Square.

Then they set about thinking of the important matter of their toilets for the occasion.

They went to a "celebrated" modiste on Regent street who had been authorized to place the royal arms over her establishment with the notice, "Outfitter to Her Majesty and their Royal Highnesses."

Here, in consultation with "Madame," Miss Agrippina was aghast to hear that the regulation dress of the ladies attending the queen's drawing-room must be *decolletee*. Whatever else it was, it must be *decolletee*. Wide license was allowed as to material and cost; but the dress must leave the neck and shoulders bare; no departure from this rule was to be allowed on account of age, illness, or emaciation; the only alternative a woman had to appearing in a low-neck dress at her majesty's drawing-room was—to stay away.

No wonder Miss Agrippina was aghast.

"Why, my dear," she said to Gloria, in an aside; "just think of it! I wear flannel undershirts up to my throat and down to my wrists from November till June! And just think of my COLLAR BONE AND SHOULDER BLADES!"

"And think of your bronchitis, aunty, and don't dream of attending this drawing-room," replied Gloria.

"But, my dear, I *must*. The very first thing one is asked when one returns from London is always, 'Were you presented to the queen?' Now, it would never do to answer no, for people would immediately come to the conclusion that if we were not presented, it was because we *could* not be."

"Oh, Aunt Agrippina, of what consequence is it *what* people think? Do *you* think of your life and health, and do not risk it in a low neck dress in the month of February, just for the pride of having it to say that you were presented to the queen. Just think how many people are presented every year who are utterly undeserving of touching the hand—I will

not say of the queen, but of so good a woman," said Gloria "It is a high honor, nevertheless, my dear, and one that I would not miss," answered Miss de Crespigney, who immediately afterward turned to the modiste and said:

"Show me, Madame, some styles of court dresses suitable to a woman of my time of life."

"Yes, Madame. Here is a style favored by the Duchess of Windermere. Her grace has ordered this, made up in black velvet, for the approaching drawing-room," replied the modiste, exhibiting a pictured dress that was very attractive on paper, and telling, probably, a white fib to recommend it.

"The Duchess of Windermere will have this made up in black velvet?" said Miss de Crespigney.

"Yes, Madame," answered the modiste, faithful to her fib.

"Well, it would not be in good taste to copy any other lady; but the style is so handsome, that I will have it made up for myself, not in black velvet—I am too dark to wear black—but in ruby-colored velvet, with bertha and shoulder falls of old point lace. I will send the lace."

Miss Agrippina then selected some cream-colored plumes for her hair, and cream-colored gloves for her hands—because if she was too dark for black in full dress, she was also too dark for white.

Gloria, finding all remonstrance in vain to prevent Miss Agrippina from attending the drawing-room, and having promised to go with her, now selected and ordered her own dress, a rich pearl-white silk, trained, with over-skirt of white English thread lace, garnished with wreaths and festoons of the white rose, shamrock and thistle in honor of the nationality she respected.

She chose gloves, fan and flowers for her hair to suit

the dress, and then told Miss Agrippina that she was ready to go home.

From the hour they left Regent street, Gloria thought no more of the approaching drawing-room. She thought only of John Servant, who was gradually coming to London, stopping to lecture at York, Leeds, Manchester, and Liverpool on his way. She read reports of these lectures in every paper, and she longed more and more for the day when she should see the philanthropist face to face.

In the midst of her dreaming over the mission and labors of John Servant, the boxes containing the court dresses arrived from Regent street, accompanied by one of "Madame's" skilled "artists" to try the costumes on the ladies, to see if any alteration or improvement was needed to their perfection—for "Madame" would not trust her reputation to the chance of a misfit, and of this the "artist" was to be judge, and not the ladies themselves.

Miss Agrippina and Gloria had, therefore, to submit to the ordeal. The dresses were tried on, and pinched in here and let out there, smoothed here and pulled there, altered, improved, and perfected, and finally left with the ladies, and with a bill that staggered Miss de Crespigney.

"More than I have spent on dress in the last five years, my dear. But 'dancing bears must pay for their airs,' I suppose," said Miss de Crespigney.

"A velvet dress is a good investment, aunty. Your old black one owes you no service. I hope the cost of your court dress will be the *highest* price you will have to pay for your frolic," answered Gloria.

The memorable fifteenth of February arrived, and Miss de Crespigney and the Countess de la Vera were

dressed by eleven o'clock, and sat waiting the arrival of Mrs.——

Miss de Crespigney was magnificent in her court dress of ruby colored velvet, trained and *decolletée*, with point lace bertha and sleeve ruffles, cream colored ostrich plumes and gloves, and diamond jewelry and studded fan.

Countess de la Vera was beautiful in her pearl-white silk, trained with overdress of English white thread lace, garnished with the white rose, shamrock and thistle, white gloves, pearl studded white fan, and pearl jewelry.

The lady called for them in her carriage at a quarter of twelve, when they at once set out for Buckingham Palace.

Miss Agrippina took a Berlin wool cloud, in which she wrapped her bedizened head, and a large, warm, soft, Shetland shawl, in which she enveloped her poor bare neck and shoulders.

A very short drive took them to the gates of Buckingham Palace, where a throng of coroneted coaches, filled with peers and peeresses, ladies and gentlemen in all the magnificence of the court dresses, and attended by servants in splendid liveries, waited their turn to enter.

The carriage of the American minister fell into its place, where it waited long enough to chill and fatigue poor Miss de Crespigney, and to allow Gloria to contemplate at her leisure the scene around her, brilliant in its display of equipages, toilets, military uniforms and showy liveries.

At the end of perhaps half an hour their carriage had reached its place before the doors of the palace, whose halls and ante-rooms were filled with officers of the royal household, by whom all ceremonies were so well

arranged that the most perfect order and comfort prevailed.

Great as was the crowd, it was, so to speak, so slowly *filtered* through these outer halls and ante-chambers that there was no pressure, no heat, no confusion; only patient waiting and slow progress.

Miss de Crespigney, who had been obliged to leave all her wraps in the carriage, shivered in anticipation of a fatal cold, and thought over all the remedies she had ever heard of, to be taken in time to prevent pleurisy, pneumonia and galloping consumption.

Gloria, for her part, felt as if she were taking part in the pageant of a dream. They found themselves in a sort of procession arranged according to the rank and right of precedence of the persons composing it, and advancing at the rate of about a step a minute.

At last they found themselves in the throne-room, which was filled, but not crowded, with a splendid and magnificent company.

There, in front of the throne, stood the queen and the prince consort, surrounded by the princes and princesses of the royal family, and attended by the lords and ladies of their suit.

As they advanced so slowly Gloria saw several presentations and noted how soon each was over.

In due course they reached the presence of majesty and were presented.

Names uttered in a low, reverential tone; a few kindly words from royalty, and an offered hand; a kiss upon that gloved hand, and all was over.

They passed on to make way for those behind, and pacing slowly as before, at the rate of a step a minute, through the throne-room, the ante-rooms, the outer halls, officers of the household, porters, footmen, flunkeys,

grooms, guardsmen, and so forth, presently found themselves in their own carriage with a gasp of relief.

Miss Agrippina de Crespigney had spent three hundred guineas on her court dress, and that was all she had got for her money—except, perhaps, her death of cold.

She shivered and wrapped her Shetland shawl around her, and wound the Berlin wool scarf about her head, sunk back in her cushioned seat, and inquired:

"How was the queen dressed? Does anybody know? There was so much flash and so much glow that I could not see. Could you? I know she wore white gloves, but I could not be sure of anything else."

"I think her majesty had on other articles of apparel, however," said Gloria, with a laugh. "I think I saw white satin, lace, purple velvet, ermine, ostrich tips, diamonds, combining the royal costume."

"And the princesses, my dear?"

"White silk, flowers, and pearls—all of them."

"And the prince consort, child?"

"The uniform of a field marshal, and the decoration of the order of the garter, and—other things."

"And the Prince of Wales, my love?"

"He wore the hideous full dress of a young gentleman of the nineteenth century."

"And the Princess Mary of Cambridge, dear?"

"Look here, aunty, you can see every toilet, even down to yours and mine, and Mrs. Smith's and Miss Jones's, described in full in the *Court Journal* of to-morrow," said Gloria, with a laugh.

"Very well, my dear; be sure you send for a dozen copies. We must post some to the Van Der Kamphuyzens at Amsterdam, and some to our friends in America," said Miss de Crespigney, as their carriage

drew up before the private entrance of the Alexandra Hotel.

Miss de Crespigney and Gloria both made their grateful acknowledgments to Mrs.—— for her good offices, and took an affectionate leave of her.

As soon as Gloria got Miss de Crespigney into her room, she proceeded to take a fearful vengeance on the imprudence of that shivering old lady.

She had a roasting fire kindled in the grate of her bedchamber. She made her take off her magnificent court-dress, and put on her thick winter flannels and go immediately to bed. She painted the poor exposed chest and shoulders black with tincture of iodine, until they burned and smarted as if seared with a red-hot iron. She put her feet into a scalding-hot mustard bath. She made her drink a bowl of boiling-hot beef tea, followed up by a tumbler of boiling-hot whiskey punch. Then she covered her up in bed and piled blankets on her, and put blistering hot bottles of water to her feet and knees, and darkened the room, and sat down by her side to keep her covered and make her go to sleep.

And though this was only four o'clock in the afternoon, Gloria would not allow her to leave her bed until the next morning.

The poor old lady, having a strong constitution, did not die of this treatment, and neither did she take the slightest cold, or if she did, it was quite driven out; for she arose the next day as well as ever, and joined Gloria at their early breakfast in their private parlor.

"Oh, aunty!" exclaimed Gloria, as soon as the old lady entered the room. "Oh, aunty, he has come!"

"Who has come, my dear—the man from the news agent with the *Court Journals*?" inquired Miss de Crespigney, as she sank into a chair.

"*No*, aunty," replied Gloria in a provoked, not to say a disgusted tone.

"Who, then, for mercy's sake?"

"JOHN SERVANT."

"Oh, John Servant be han—"

"Blessed, aunty! Blessed!"

"Well, blessed, if you say so; but I thought you meant the man with the *Court Journal* having the account of the queen's drawing-room in it."

"No, dear aunty; but here is the *Dispatch*, with a notice of John Servant's arrival, and an advertisement of his lecture at Exeter Hall in the Strand. Most of his lectures, you know, aunty, are free."

"No, I didn't know it."

"Well, they are. But this lecture is to be delivered for the benefit of destitute children, and the proceeds are to go to the fund of the 'ragged schools.' So the tickets are put up to half a guinea each. I have sent and taken a dozen, and mean to give them all away except two for you and me. I am so glad you didn't take cold! Now you can go with me to hear him—to hear John Servant."

"John Servant be—"

"Blessed, aunty, dear! Blessed!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE WEARY WAYFARER.

Art thou already weary of the way—
Thou, who hast yet not half the way gone o'er?
Arise and lift thy burden—lo! before
Thy feet the road goes stretching far away.

FANNY KEMBLE.

Rouse to thy high and holy work of love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know—
Shalt bless the earth; while, in the world above,
The work begun by thee shall onward go
In many a branching stream and wider flow.

CARLOS WILLCOX.

In the back office of a large music store in the Strand two gentlemen were seated at a small table covered with a green cloth and laden with printed and written papers and writing materials.

These two were John Servant, the philanthropist and lecturer, and Jesse Barnes, his agent.

And this was the principal place where tickets for his lecture were to be sold.

John Servant was a tall and well-proportioned man, but his form was thin almost to gauntness. His head was nobly shaped, and his features fine, but his face was thin, and his complexion pale. Beautiful black, silky hair fell in slight curls around his head, and a full, black, silky beard covered the lower part of his face and flowed down upon his chest. His eyes were large, and very

dark, with a profundity of thought and feeling in their depths. He used glasses now, for those beautiful eyes had been overtasked in the service of mankind, and their vision was somewhat impaired.

He wore a plain but perfectly fresh suit of coarse gray tweed, and snow-white linen, not over fine, and a common silver watch, with a black braid guard.

His companion was an elderly man with a short stature, stout form, half bald head, and a fair, full, intelligent, and good-natured countenance.

"Have you done well to put the price of tickets up so high to all parts of the house? Half a guinea is a tall figure."

"I know it, and I put the tickets up to that price purposely. Do you know how the commissioners of the Crystal Palace do? They have their shilling day, their half crown day, and their half guinea day. Now, there is quite as much to be seen on the shilling day as on the half crown day; but their motive is to accommodate all classes. The shilling day suits the poor who could not pay a higher rate. The half crown day suits a well-to-do class who would rather pay more than double than go into a large, miscellaneous crowd that collects there on the shilling day. I have taken a lesson from the commissioners of the Crystal Palace."

As John Servant spoke, the melody and beauty of his modulated voice must have surprised any one not so familiar with its music as was his friend and agent, Jesse Barnes.

"I do not see how you apply the rule of tariff governing admission into the Crystal Palace to your lectures," said the latter.

"I will explain," replied John Servant. "When I first began to speak in public, my lectures, as you know,

were free, except when they were put at some low figure for the benefit of some charity."

"Yes, I know; and never for your own benefit."

"Now, listen. I observed that whether my lectures were free or at a low price, the halls were always filled to overflowing with the very class of poor and destitute for whom I live and labor, and whom I often wish to address particularly, yet whose crowding the hall on occasions when I have to address the wealthy and influential in their behalf, excludes the very class to which I wish to appeal. This defeats the object of the lecture."

"I see."

"This afternoon I speak for the helpless and destitute children. I wish to speak to the wealthy and influential classes. I have therefore put the tickets up to a price that will insure them from being jostled by their poor 'unwashed' brethren and sisters. The fund raised by the sale of tickets must be religiously devoted to the relief of the ragged schools."

"Do you think that you will fill the hall at that price?"

"I do not think I shall speak to empty benches; but I do not know that I shall fill the hall. It is an experiment, Mr. Barnes. To-morrow I give my free lecture, 'The Home of the Working Man.'"

"My friend," began Mr. Barnes, in a grave, affectionate tone.

John Servant looked up from some notes he was engaged upon.

"Will you let me give you some counsel in blunt, John Bull fashion?" inquired Jesse Barnes.

"Certainly, with thanks," replied the younger man.

"Well, then, I would advise you not to give so many free lectures; to levy a slight tariff, at least, upon your

multitude of hearers, and not to devote *all* the proceeds of your work to public charities."

"Thanks, Mr. Barnes, for your kind counsel; but let me ask, what would you have me do with my 'proceeds'?"

"Lay up some of the money for yourself. 'The laborer is worthy of his hire.'"

"Why do you give me this advice, good friend?"

"For your own sake—that you, who are just and merciful to all mankind, may be a little good to yourself."

"But I do not *need* the money, while the causes to which I devote it *do*."

"You are not rich, I know."

The young lecturer smiled; he had a peculiarly deep, beautiful smile—while his mentor continued:

"You lodge plainly, feed plainly, dress plainly," he added, involuntarily glancing over the coarse gray tweed suit, the not very fine linen, and the cheap silver watch of John Servant.

"Cleanliness and comfort is all I require in lodging and dress, healthy nutrition all I need in food," replied the philanthropist.

"And that is cheap enough to be easily procured by one who is not rich. But, my dear friend, you should begin to lay up some provision for your future, for if you are not rich, you are also not young."

John Servant smiled his deep, beautiful smile, as he inquired:

"How old do you take me to be?"

"Well, I should say, getting well on towards forty years."

"Yes, I am getting on toward forty, but not very fast. I was twenty-eight on my last birthday, the fourth of July."

"Eh! Why you look ten or fifteen years older than that! But then you Americans do grow old faster than we do. You think too much, feel too much, work too much, and *live* too much in a good time *not* to grow old fast and die early. Not more than twenty-eight! Why, then, my dear friend, there is another reason why you should lay up money for the future. You may marry."

"No," gravely and somewhat sadly replied the lecturer. "I shall never marry. My mission and my work must be wife and children to me. I am alone, and I expect to live and die alone."

"And the dying alone may come sooner than you expect, unless you are kinder to yourself," said Jesse Barnes, touched by the sadness of the young missionary's tone as well as by the paleness of his face.

"I do not crave that my life shall be long, but only that it shall be full of good uses."

"That it is sure to be; but as to this experiment of yours to-night, I hope it may succeed; but I don't feel sure. Half a guinea is a high price. Well, it is time to go to the hall."

"Yes, it is. The doors will be open in half an hour, and there are some details to be attended to on the spot before I shall be prepared to present myself to the audience," said John Servant, as he and his agent collected and rolled up the printed and written papers on the table and arose to leave the room.

They passed into the front shop, where the vender of the music and—for the time being—the seller of tickets stood behind the counter.

"Well, Mr. Simcox, how go the sales? Many tickets sold? Many left on hand?" inquired the agent, as he stopped for a moment before the counter, while John Servant, standing by his side, listened with interest, though he said nothing.

"Oh, the sales have been brisk," brightly replied the music-seller. "You saw that strange-looking person go out of here just now?"

"Yes," answered John Servant; "a black man, in gray and silver livery."

"The same. Well, sir, that 'Native' bought twenty tickets—"

"Twenty tickets!" echoed John Servant and Jesse Barnes in a breath.

"Yes, sir, twenty tickets, for which he paid me down in ten golden sovereigns and ten silver shillings. Here they are. I have not even shoved them in the drawer yet," said the music-vender, as he pointed to the little heap of gold and silver coins lying on the counter.

"For whom did the man take them, I wonder?" inquired the agent.

"That was what I wondered, too! I wondered so much that I asked the 'Native'—who, I must say, spoke the language as well as an Englishman—and he told me they were for his mistress and her aunt."

"That was not very satisfactory information," said the agent.

"So I thought, and I asked him who his mistress was, and he told me without the least hesitation."

"Who was she?" inquired the agent.

"You will be surprised to learn," answered the music-vender.

But at this moment his discourse was cut short by the entrance of two men, one of whom bought two tickets and the other four.

When they had retired, the agent returned to the previous question.

"Well, who was this lady whose name is going to surprise us so much?" he inquired.

"It *will* surprise you, I can tell you that," reiterated the music-vender.

"Was she one of the royal princesses? But no; one of the royal princesses would scarcely have sent a 'Native' on such an errand, even if she had had one in her train. I give it up. Who *was* the man? Who *was* she?" demanded the agent, with a show of real or feigned impatience.

As for John Servant, he looked on with a curiosity none the less intense because it was silent and patient, for he felt very desirous to know the name of one who had taken a sufficient interest in his cause to buy ten guineas' worth of tickets.

"Who is she, man? Who is she?" vehemently demanded the agent.

But the music-vender had taken up that day's copy of the *Court Journal*, and he was diligently looking down the list of names of the ladies who had attended the queen's drawing-room on the previous day.

"I cannot recall the *whole* name, though I remember a part of it. It was the name of— Have you seen the account of the drawing-room in to-day's *Court Journal*?" the agent broke off to ask.

"No."

Neither John Servant nor Jesse Barnes had had time to look at it.

"Well, I did, while waiting for customers. And the incident of the day seemed to be the presentation of a young and beautiful West Indian widow, about whom I happened to be reading at the moment the 'Native' came in to buy the twenty tickets. Well, my mind was diverted from its interest in the beautiful countess by the sudden curiosity I felt to know who the lady was who wanted twenty tickets! So you may judge my

surprise when the man named the very lady who had just been engaging my thoughts!"

"But bless my life and soul! you have not told us who she was," exclaimed Jesse Barnes, beginning to lose patience in downright earnest.

"I told you I could not remember her whole name; only a part of it. It is a foreign name, of course. I must find it in this list. Ah! here it is. Here is the name of the lady who loves your cause enough to invest ten guineas in one lecture—"

"Well!" exclaimed John Servant and Jesse Barnes simultaneously.

The music dealer fixed his glass in his eye and read:

"'The Countess Gloria de la Vera.'"

"Hallo! what's this? What ails you, man!—Good Heaven, Simcox! A glass of water here! He is dying! I have thought for a long time he would go off in that way!" exclaimed the agent, as John Servant suddenly dropped into a chair and turned white as death.

The water was quickly brought and offered; but before it came the man had conquered himself, and risen from his chair, and now stood erect by the counter.

He took the proffered glass of water, however, thanked his friend, drank it off, and set the goblet on the counter.

"I know what has caused this. You haven't eaten a morsel since breakfast, and then only a small bowl of oatmeal porridge. Pah! And now you were going right on to the lecture-room, without stopping to take lunch! Come, come on now, and we'll go to 'Simpson's' and have a stiffening bowl of green turtle soup. There will be time enough to get everything through at the hall before the hour for which the lecture is announced. Look here! You will have to see a med-

ical man about your state of health. This weakness has been growing on you ever since I knew you. It must be seen to immediately. It must, indeed," said the agent, as he drew the pale missionary's arm within his own and took him from the shop and called a hansom that was passing to take them to Simpson's, in Threadneedle street.

Half an hour later the same cab took the lecturer and his agent to Exeter Hall.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A MEETING.

No more alone, though this world's wilderness.
Although he trod the paths of high intent,
He journeyed now;—no more companionless,
Where solitude is like despair.

SHELLEY.

If any two creatures grow into one,
They shall do more than the world has done,
Be each apart ever so weak.

BROWNING.

"Now, what on earth are you going to do with all those tickets, Gloria?" inquired Miss de Crespigney, when Ganymede, their colored footman, brought the package into their private parlor, where they sat over an early lunch.

"Do you see this pile of envelopes? They are directed to various acquaintances—the members of the

American Minister's family, and to several of the ladies and gentlemen we met at their house."

"Well?"

"I shall put these tickets into these envelopes with my card and compliments, and send Ganymede in a cab to deliver them immediately."

"It is late to do so. The recipients will only just have time to dress and get there before the lecture begins."

"I can't help that, aunty! I got them as soon as ever I could! I did not get a sight of the advertisement until I came down to breakfast, and I sent off Ganymede immediately to buy the tickets, and now I shall send him off instantly to deliver them," said Gloria, who had lost no time while she talked, but had placed tickets in envelopes and was now closing up the last one but two, which she had reserved for her aunt and herself.

She gave them, when she had finished, to Ganymede, with particular directions for their quick delivery, and dispatched him on his errand.

Next she rang for a hotel waiter to take away the lunch service.

Then she looked at her watch and said:

"It is half-past one, aunty. The lecture does not begin until half-past three. We have two hours."

"Well, that is abundance of time for you and me, child, but how about those ladies who will not get the tickets you send them for an hour or more? They will hardly have time to dress, even if they should care to go."

"Oh, aunty, people do not need to dress to go to a lecture at Exeter Hall. The home dress, with an addition of bonnet, shawl, and gloves, which can all be put on in five minutes, is all that is necessary," said Gloria.

"I wonder whatever *did* possess the man to deliver his lecture in the broad daylight instead of night, which

would have given people so much more time to prepare?" asked Miss de Crespigney, testily.

"Aunty, I think I can answer that question as well as John Servant could himself if he were here present. Through newspaper reports, criticisms, and reviews of him, his writings and lectures, I have followed him so closely in all his works and ways that I seem to know and understand his mind and motives."

"Humph!" said Miss de Crespigney.

"This, you know, is his celebrated lecture on children —'The destitute Children of the Poor'—which he has delivered in every city through which he has passed. I have read so many reviews of this very lecture—and all of them, hitherto, with one regret: that the labors of this beloved apostle of the poor were defeated in their object by the very class for whom he worked, and by whom he was idolized."

"But how could that be?"

"I am going to tell you. These poor people, in their anxiety to hear their advocate on *every* occasion, would throng to the lecture-room so as to crowd out the class to whom he wished to appeal on their behalf, and by whom they could be best helped. The very poor would come to hear him talk about their own destitute and suffering children—a subject with which they were only too familiar—to hear which discussed could not profit them or the cause in any way, while their presence in such great numbers at these free lectures excluded the very people to whom the appeal on their behalf was to be made. Besides, I can easily understand that a mind so sympathetic and delicate as that of John Servant would feel embarrassed in speaking freely of the miseries of the poor in the presence of the poor."

"That's morbid."

"I do not think so. And I think I can understand

the reason why John Servant comes to London when London is crowded by the wealthy, the fashionable, and the idle, in the very commencement of the season, and has set his lecture on the afternoon during the hours when the upper classes are most at leisure and when all working-men and business men are engaged, and put his tickets up to a price that none but the well off can afford to pay—it is to collect together the rich and powerful, to whom he means to make his appeal on behalf of the helpless children. And now, aunty, I think it is time for you and me to go and get our bonnets on, for we live a long way from the Strand."

"Well, I'll go, Gloria. You have done very, *very* well for the last seven years. You have been the most prudent of young widows; so I *do* hope you are not going to spoil all by falling in love with this traveling philanthropist."

"Aunty!" said the lady, with a look of pain clouding the brightness of her brow. "Oh, aunty, if you knew what a cruel wound your words give me you would never speak them! Aunty, I love David Lindsay. I have always loved him, and him only. I *shall* always love him, and him only. I look forward to meeting him in heaven, and to passing an eternity with him there. All this does not prevent my interest in this pure and noble philanthropist, but rather inspires it. Of this missionary personally we know nothing—not even whether he is old or young, married or single, handsome or homely. Indeed, however, the only personal description I ever read of this great and good man represented him as a tall, pale, dark man, of middle age, in declining health, with impaired vision, and wearing spectacles. Not a very attractive description, aunty, dear."

"La, child, you can't depend on such descriptions! Only see how many different descriptions have been

given of *you*, Countess Gloria ; not two alike, and some quite opposite ; and even that notice of you in the *Court Journal*, describing you as tall, with flaxen hair and black eyes, whereas you are of medium height, with golden-brown hair, and dark blue eyes."

"Well, aunty, my eyes are so dark that they might easily be taken for black, and my slender figure and trained dress give me an appearance of height which is not real."

"Yes, and about your dress—reporting it as a white point lace over white satin, when in fact it is English thread lace over white rep silk. Bah !"

"A difference, dear aunty, that no masculine mind except a shop-keeper's could ever have perceived. The description came near enough, aunty, as no doubt did the one relating to John Servant. However, we shall see for ourselves presently," said Countess Gloria, as she passed into her chamber.

"I hope to goodness he may prove to be hump-backed, bow-legged, squint-eyed, and pitted with the small-pox," said Miss de Crespigney, as she entered her own bedroom. "It's all very well," she mumbled, as she rang the bell for her maid to come and get out her shawl and bonnet, "very well, indeed, for Gloria to talk about her fidelity to the memory of poor, brave David Lindsay ; but *I* know that girl ! Oughtn't I to know her ? She is just the girl to throw away herself and fortune on any moonstruck fanatic who comes forward with an impossible scheme for improving society and benefiting mankind—like this strolling missionary. Oh ! I hope he is an unmitigated fright to look upon !"

The entrance of Nérisse interrupted Miss de Crespigney's mental soliloquy.

She was soon ready, wrapped in her long cashmere shawl, and her black velvet bonnet and plumes, and

heavy black Chantilly lace veil, and gloves trimmed with sable furs.

She came out into the parlor, where she found Gloria in a silver-gray moire antique dress, gray velvet sack, and gray velvet bonnet, with one soft, light blue plume, and a muff and boa of silver fox fur.

"The carriage is waiting, aunty, and we have just time to get to Exeter Hall and secure good seats before it fills," said Gloria, as she led the way downstairs.

"I doubt the hall filling at the price," said the old lady, in a disparaging tone.

"Then you know nothing of the exceeding great ability of John Servant," replied Gloria, as they seated themselves in the carriage.

"If ever one woman was sick unto death of one name, I am of John Servant's," thought the victimized old lady as they rolled toward the Strand; but she did not speak her thought.

They drew up before Exeter Hall, and having ordered their cab to return for them at five o'clock, they dismissed it and entered the building.

A crowd of other persons, who had left handsome carriages that were now driving off, entered with them.

Evidently the lecture was to be a financial success.

On reaching the hall, our party were shown to their seats in a very eligible situation for seeing and hearing —about three rows back from the middle of the platform.

The hall was already well filled, and Gloria had scarcely sat down, when, on looking around, she saw several of the parties to whom she had sent tickets, seated in the same row with herself and her companion.

"I declare, aunty," she whispered, "the ticket-agent

has issued all the twenty tickets to me for one row. I certainly did not count on that."

"You might have ascertained the fact before by looking at the numbers on the tickets."

"I never thought to do so."

Others now came in.

Every seat was filled.

On the right hand of Gloria sat the ladies of the American Minister's family.

On the left hand some ladies whom she had met at their house.

Silent, smiling greetings passed between them all as they settled in their seats.

The gas had not been lighted except upon the platform near the speaker's stand; but the window shutters had been left open, and the blinds drawn up, so that the subdued light of the February afternoon pleasantly filled the place.

The latest arrivals had scarcely settled in their seats, when the silence was broken by an enthusiastic burst of applause.

Gloria raised her eyes, and with a strong, electric thrill, recognized the presence of the lecturer.

John Servant had come upon the platform alone, and so quietly that but for the thousand eyes looking out for him his coming would have been without observation.

He bowed, and stood alone, with his eyes fixed on the floor, waiting for the tumult to subside.

Gloria sat with almost suspended breath, gazing on him, while shock after shock of electric thrill passed through her frame. She could not help gazing even if she had once thought about it. The lecturer, even before he had opened his lips, drew, attracted, and absorbed her whole soul. She lost self-consciousness, personal identity, all, in the contemplation of the man before her.

She sat as one entranced, gazing on him She might do this with impunity, since he had not once raised his eyes from the floor where he had fixed them while the tumult of applause that greeted him was still thundering around him.

Gloria saw before her a man apparently between thirty and forty years of age, tall, square, well-formed, graceful, clothed in a suit of light gray tweed, just leaving glimpses of spotless white linen at the neck and wrists. His stately head was well set; his fine face, somewhat thin and pale, was lighted up by large, dark, mournfully thoughtful eyes, and framed in by waving locks of jet-black, silky hair, and a full black beard, falling low upon his chest. He wore no glasses here, but had them close at hand on the table near him.

As soon as the rounds of applause had subsided, he bowed again and raised his eyes.

Then Gloria lowered hers and listened.

He began to speak, and the first effect on all was pleasure in the melody of the well modulated, soul-filled and soul-thrilling tones of the speaker.

He said that he had come before them to appeal in behalf of the most sinless and most helpless sufferers on the Lord's earth—the destitute children of the poor, of the criminal and of the abandoned; destitute they were in every bitter sense of that bitter word—destitute of proper food, clothing, shelter, air, protection, education—destitute even of the means of making this absolute and complete destitution known.

And this from no fault of theirs, for they were as harmless as they were helpless, as innocent as they were miserable.

The lecturer then drew some vivid, heart-sickening illustrations from the real life of these children in St. Giles, Seven Dials, Drury Lane, Bermondsey, Westmin-

ster, and other thickly populated, squalid, fetid, and sickly precincts in the great Babylon of London.

To reform and regenerate all the adult idlers, drunkards, thieves, criminals, that made hells of these holes, and, in due course of time, devils of their children, was so formidable, so almost hopeless as to appall the soul and paralyze the energies of the most enthusiastic and devoted, and cause one to exclaim in despair :

"Let this generation of criminals go ! Their reformation is an achievement for Omnipotent God, not for limited man."

But the lecturer himself said not this ; for if here or there a man or woman were reclaimed, the work was not quite hopeless.

But where was the greatest hope of good results in the work of reform to be found ?

In the child. In the bright star of life, that, rising every morning on a sin-darkened world, heralds a possible day of regeneration and salvation ; a day, indeed, that might be slighted and neglected and suffered to pass away unimproved into the abyss of a sin-laden past—but to be followed by other morning-stars as bright, other days as full of hope.

Every day—in the generation of children born that day—the world is created again, new, fresh, pure as it was in those paradisiacal days before the serpent entered Eden.

Their business was to rescue the sinless, pliable, teachable minds of the children from the power of the serpent.

Children, on account of their perfect innocence and utter helplessness, had a higher and holier claim on humanity than all others.

He appealed to them, therefore, for the care and

training of children, including the children of the most destitute, crimmal, and abandoned.

This he declared to be the only solid foundation of social reform, without which all schemes of reform were as incomplete, unstable, and transient as "the house built upon sand."

Every day, he repeated, the world is created anew in the innocence of the children born that day. The new-born babe of the blackest criminal that ever darkened the light of life, was as free from sin of its own as the child of the holiest Christian that ever shed the halo of his faith and love over fallen humanity. The child of the most squalid beggar in the gutter had as great a claim upon the whole Christian world for its proper training and culture as the child of the daintiest lady in her palace. To neglect such a little child—to leave it to go blindly down into the dark road that leads to crime and ruin, was to defraud it of its holiest rights, to inflict upon it the cruelest and most irreparable wrong.

He dwelt upon this phase of the subject with an eloquence that carried conviction to many an earnest mind, and then he turned to the other side of the picture.

He spoke of the good of saving even one such little child—of seeing it grow up in wisdom, goodness and usefulness, shedding the influence of such a life all around him and transmitting these blessings to his children and his children's children to countless generations; so that not only would this one rescued child be benefited, but all whom he could reach or act upon would be benefited to an incalculable extent.

Thus he multiplied this single instance of one rescued child by the thousands of destitute children in London, in other cities in the world, who might be saved, and he bade them look what glorious work lay before them!

He reminded them that this work, so mighty in its bearing upon the temporal and eternal happiness of millions, was not excessive in its demands upon the time or money of his hearers; that so distributed—though unequally, he must admit—were these suffering little victims, through all places, that if the prosperous in each parish and neighborhood would only earnestly, conscientiously, persistently look after the destitute children under their own observation—as it was, indeed, their blessed privilege to do—this division of labor would make the great work of regeneration as easy as it was important.

He concluded by giving due meed of praise to the humane and persevering pioneers in this great cause—the founders of the ragged schools, industrial schools and children's aid societies; but he said that where one such school or society existed, ten were needed. He recommended combination with them. Finally he called a meeting in that hall on the ensuing Friday afternoon, for the purpose of devising means and raising funds for this work. And he invited all who felt interested in the cause to attend and give their opinions.

He ceased to speak, and the spell-bound, attentive silence in which his eloquent appeal had been heard, continued for a few brief moments, and then was broken by a round of applause.

But John Servant had already quietly retired from the platform.

During the delivery of his address, so entranced was his audience that no one person even turned to look at or speak to another, so slightly as to say, "Did you hear that?"

The audience and every member of it was spellbound by the magnetic power and eloquence of the speaker. But as soon as he had withdrawn from the platform,

and the round of applause had died away, even those who had been most affected and who had *not* been the noisy applauders, began to breathe, to move, and speak.

Miss Agrippina de Crespigney turned to Gloria and said:

"My dear, I take back all I ever said against John Servant. He is a man filled with a warm and unselfish love for mankind, and fired with an ardent desire for their progress in all good. I am glad I came here. He made a very powerful appeal for the destitute children. I shall give a hundred pounds to the cause to-morrow, and I shall leave a thousand to it by my will. Gloria! What, Gloria! Why, Gloria!" exclaimed the old lady, seeing that her companion made no answer, but sat there pale and rigid as if turned to stone, much as she had sat on the day that she heard of David Lindsay's death.

"Gloria! Come, the people are leaving the hall! Why, what on earth is the matter with you?"

"I do not know *what* is the matter with me! I *don't!* I do not know whether I am mad or sane, or whether I am in heaven or on earth. And you will think me stark mad, but—that man was David Lindsay!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DAVID LINDSAY.

It is not the ray of heaven-born sense
That lights his large intelligence,
Which wields the power we know so well,
To lead us; but a deeper spell—
It is consecrated life,
Which, undisturbed by self or strife,
Sheds its own halo round

WILLIAMS.

"That man was David Lindsay," again repeated Gloria, in the subdued voice of strongly repressed emotion.

"EH!" cried Miss de Grespigney, in amazement.

"I say that man was David Lindsay," reiterated Gloria, pale and trembling.

"'David Lindsay!'" faltered the old lady, gazing in consternation upon the pallid, quivering face of her companion.

"Yes! he! *he!* no *possible* other," Gloria gasped in a shaking voice, for her hitherto well-governed agitation was becoming almost uncontrollable.

"Now I know you have lost your reason," moaned the old lady, in a tone of mournful resignation.

"I see you don't believe me, aunty."

"Come home with me, my dear; see, the hall is almost empty," said Miss Agrippina, with a pleading

look, as she arose and took the hand of her young friend to induce her to leave her seat.

"Aunty, it is true as Heaven. Oh, I—"

"Come, dear, come home with me," gently interrupted Miss de Crespigney, in the coaxing, persuasive tones she would have used to a sick child, or—a mild lunatic, as she now considered her companion to be.

She led Gloria out of the hall and down the stairs and into the street, where their cab was waiting for them.

"Back to the Alexandra Hotel!" was the order given by Miss Agrippina, as soon as she and her young friend were seated.

The cabman closed the door, mounted the box, and drove off.

"Aunty," said Gloria, in vehement earnestness, as they rolled off towards Hyde Park Corner, "this is *true* what I am telling you! As true as Heaven, I say!"

"What is it that you *are* telling me, my poor dear child?" inquired the old lady, with a view of humoring and trying the "mild lunatic."

"Why, that John Servant is David Lindsay! Oh, great Heaven! That it should be so! Am I waking or dreaming? In the flesh or in the spirit? I do not know at all! But one thing I *do* know—John Servant is David Lindsay!" excitedly exclaimed Gloria.

"Oh-h-h!" moaned the old lady to herself, "I might have known that *two* master passions—her grief for the dead David Lindsay and her admiration for the living John Servant—would have clashed together and deranged her mind!"

"Aunty, I must see him! I must send for him to come to the house!"

"There, I might have known how it was going to be. I might have expected it," groaned the old lady. "Now

why on earth must you send for John Servant?" she desperately inquired.

"Because he is David Lindsay," burst forth Gloria, in an excitement she could not entirely repress; "because he is David Lindsay. Oh—oh, aunty, the first moment that I saw him standing on the platform with his eyes fixed upon the floor after bowing low to the applauding audience, I felt—I cannot tell you *how* I felt. I did not recognize him just at first. If I had I do believe the sudden shock of joy must have killed me. But I felt spell-bound, confused, distressed all at once as if by some one upon whom I was constrained to gaze; whom I ought to recognize; whom it was a sort of treason not to know. Gradually the conviction grew and strengthened on me all the afternoon, that he was some one I *had* known and loved—had intimately known and dearly loved; that he was no other than David Lindsay."

"Oh, my poor child!" groaned Miss de Crespigney, who had been sighing and moaning during Gloria's revelation, "my poor, dear girl, try to collect your poor wits! Try! Reflect! David Lindsay has been in heaven these five years."

"No doubt he has been in heaven as to his spirit, wherever his body has been. But he was David Lindsay in the flesh who stood on the platform before us."

"Oh, my dear child, consider! This was quite a different man. Two or three inches taller than David Lindsay."

"The boy of twenty-one has grown in the years since we saw him into the man of twenty-eight," said Gloria.

"This man looks thirty-five."

"Sorrow and toil will age a man."

"This John Servant has a full black beard. David Lindsay's face was as smooth as the palm of my hand," objected Miss de Crespigney.

"It has the growth of years."

"Oh, I tell you, my dear Gloria, that this is altogether a different man. David Lindsay was a noble-hearted young fellow, I grant; but he was rough and unconventional. This man is one of the most finished gentlemen I ever met."

"David Lindsay was always a gentleman as to his principles and conduct. These years of education and training with other gentlemen have given him the external polish that you may think he needed. But, oh, what is the use of this dispute while you do not believe that he was David Lindsay, and I do KNOW he was? Oh!" She broke out with sudden vehemence again —"I MUST see this John Servant immediately! I must send for him as soon as I reach the hotel! And when I see him and prove him to be David Lindsay, I will never part with him again."

"Did you catch his eye?" inquired Miss de Crespigney, upon whose unbelieving mind the vehement, passionate assertion of Gloria was beginning to make some impression.

"Did I catch his eye? Of course I did, many times during the lecture, though I could not bear the glance for an instant; mine always fell; yet it was through his eyes and his voice—though it has deepened—that I began to know him!"

"Even if he *is* David Lindsay—he may have changed in other ways besides."

"How do you mean, Aunt de Crespigney?" uneasily inquired Gloria.

"He may have ceased to care for you, or for anything on earth but his mission to which he has devoted his life."

"No! my *soul* on David Lindsay's constancy! Oh,

aunty, you don't know the strong vital bond between our hearts!" exclaimed Gloria, with deep earnestness.

"My dear, all this makes me wonder why you ever sent him from you."

"Oh, aunty, I often wonder, too! But I did not know myself or him! Oh, I *must* see him! I must! I—"

Here the stopping of the cab before the door of their hotel interrupted her vehement declaration.

She alighted and hurried up to her room, leaving Miss de Crespigney to pay off the cab and follow her more slowly.

As soon as she reached their private parlor, she rang the bell sharply and soon brought the bed-room porter to the door.

She directed him to send their own servant, Ganymede, to the room.

While the man was gone on his errand, she hurried to her writing-desk and wrote a hasty note.

"John Servant, as soon after you get this as may be convenient, please call at the Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, to see me. GLORIA DE LA VERA."

She put this into an envelope, sealed it, and directed it to—"John Servant," care of Mr. James Simcox, Music Mart, No. —, Strand; and as soon as the footman appeared, she gave it to him and told him to jump into a hansom and take that to the place where he had bought the tickets in the morning, and to wait for an answer.

The man took the note and hurried away on his errand.

All this transpired while Miss de Crespigney was deliberately paying off the cabman, counting change, and slowly coming up the stairs.

She found her young companion walking restlessly up and down the floor.

"Gloria, are you not going to take off your wraps? And have you rung for dinner to be brought? It is after our time now, and I, for one, am hungry," she said, as she passed into her bed-chamber, where her maid attended to help disrobe her.

"I had forgotten all about dinner, aunty. I will ring now," said Gloria, touching the bell, and then going to her own room to take off her bonnet.

When Miss de Crespigney re-entered the parlor, she gave the order to the servant who answered the bell, and by the time that Gloria joined her the cloth was laid and the first course brought in.

These two ladies were simple in their tastes for food, and did not linger long over their meal.

When the cloth was finally removed, they drew their chairs to the fire, and Miss de Crespigney seized the packet of *Court Journals* which had arrived during their absence and hastily untied it.

"I sent for a dozen copies that we might have a plenty to send to our friends. Gloria, just draw your chair up to this table and mark our names. Stay, get your pen and ink and paper first, for you will want to envelope and direct them."

Gloria brought her portable writing-desk and mucilage bottle and placed them under the light of the moderator-lamp that stood on the table near Miss de Crespigney's chair.

She took her seat, and despite her throbbing and impatient heart, she forced herself to do the task her aunt had set her.

She soon found the report of the queen's drawing-room of the previous day, with the long list of ladies attending it, and ladies presented to her majesty—those

of the highest rank taking precedence in the list, as they had in the ceremony. Looking down she came first to her own name, about half way through the list.

"Countess Gloria de la Vera, presented by the Marchioness of Ambleside." Down near the bottom she found, "Miss de Crespigney, presented by Mrs. —— (the American minister's wife)."

She had marked the last presentation in four papers when, on taking up the fifth, her eye accidentally fell on a paragraph on another page in which the name of John Servant occurred.

She eagerly read it to herself first.

It was under the head of "Fashionable Intelligence," and it ran thus:

"The Premier and Lady —— will entertain at dinner on Thursday evening, the Duke and Duchess of A——, the Marquis and Marchioness of C——, the Earl and Countess of E——, the Baron and Baroness G——, the Hon. M. and Lady Jane K——, Mr. Lindsay ('John Servant')—"

Gloria read no further, but exclained:

"Oh, Aunt de Crespigney, look here! Look here! Look!"

"Yes, my dear," said the old lady, quietly, as she read the paragraph; "but it does not say *David* Lindsay, and so it rather militates against the probability that this John Servant is he, since the name Lindsay would account for the likeness you recognize. This young man, being of the same name, may nay, *must* be a distant relative of David Lindsay, and likenesses are very strong between distant relations sometimes."

Gloria looked dismayed for a moment, while this possibility threatened the destruction of her new hopes:

but the next instant her brow cleared and brightened as she exclaimed:

"Oh, aunty, it is David Lindsay, and no other Lindsay; for no other Lindsay can look like him, since no other of that name is of any real kin to him! Have you forgotten that his family name is Gryphyn—that he is only the adopted son of the Lindsays, aunty?"

"To be sure," said Miss Agrippina, thoughtfully, as she saw her last argument demolished

"And, oh aunty! Pray, pray do not suggest any other, possibility of my hope, my confidence in his identity being unfounded."

"Child, I speak for the best."

"I am sure you do! But, oh! though I KNOW that John Servant is David Lindsay, and that I shall surely see him in a few hours—meet him to part no more so long as both shall live on earth—yet I cannot bear that you should throw a doubt upon this certainty! I dread your doing so! Oh, I deprecate your doing so, aunty, as I would deprecate being awakened from a glorious dream."

Gloria broke off from her work, and in her impatience and excitement began walking rapidly up and down the floor.

Soon she threw herself upon the sofa and began to hold her hands above her head and writhe them together.

"What is the matter with you, child? Why don't you come here and finish marking the papers?" inquired Miss de Crespigney.

"Oh, aunty, I cannot! I cannot! I *tried* to do it—honestly I *did*, but I cannot fix my mind upon it, upon *anything* while I am thinking what the next two or three hours may bring forth! Don't look at me, aunty!

Don't mind me!" exclaimed Gloria, writing her arms in restless excitement.

"I wish I had gone down to the Strand myself instead of sending Ganymede! I ought to have done it! It would have saved all this suspense! This *insupportable* suspense!" she cried, once more starting up from the sofa and beginning to walk the floor with rapid steps, while Miss de Crespigney gazed on her in silent, prayerful anxiety.

Her swift promenade was interrupted by a discreet rap at the parlor door.

"COME IN!"

This quick, breathless order was given in the voice of Gloria.

Ganymede, the ladies' footman entered.

"Well!" exclaimed the little countess, with irrepressible vehemence.

The footman advanced, holding in his hand a little tray on which lay a small pasteboard card.

"The gentleman is waiting below," he said, as he handed it.

Gloria snatched the card and read, in small English capitals, the name of

DAVID LINDSAY.

"Where, where is Mr. Lindsay?" she inquired in an expiring voice; for her agitation was now almost overwhelming her. Her face had paled, her limbs were trembling, and she sank upon the nearest seat before the boy had time to reply:

"He is in the cab at the door, ma'am; he was in the music-store when I got there, and I gave him the note. He came along o' me as soon as he had read the note."

"Go, show him up at once," faltered Gloria, striving to repress her emotion and keep up her strength.

"My dear, will you show me that card?" plaintively inquired Miss de Crespigney.

"Oh, yes, aunty. It is *his* card. David Lindsay's! I *knew* he was David Lindsay, and I *knew* he would come! Yet—oh! I feel as if all my life were leaving me," she added in a low, fainting tone.

Miss de Crespigney looked at the card, read the name through her eye-glasses, and then with a frown, more of perplexity than displeasure, she arose and said:

"My dear, I think I had better retire and leave you to receive this stranger alone. (And I wish to the Lord some one or something would wake me up, for I know I am dreaming a foolish dream, and what is worse, I am talking in my sleep,") she added, as she passed into her own room.

She had scarcely disappeared when the sound of approaching steps was heard in the hall, and Ganymede, the colored footman, opened the door and announced:

"Mr. Lindsay," and retired.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DAVID AND GLORIA.

If any two beings grow into one,
They shall do more than the world has done,
Though either apart were never so weak.

ROBERT BROWNING.

David Lindsay entered the room, closing the door behind him, and advanced toward Gloria, who was still seated in the great arm-chair, and whose breath was coming and going in short gasps like that of a dying person.

She arose and tottered to meet him, holding out both hands and faltering forth the words:

"Oh! David Lindsay, for more than five years I have mourned in loneliness, believing you had left the earth —on that awful night when you saved—the children from—that—"

Her voice failed, her limbs gave way, and she must have fallen, but that he caught her in his arms and held her to his heart. Her fair head sank upon his breast.

Gently caressing that beautiful head, he bore her to the sofa, placed her on it and knelt beside her, murmuring:

"Is it possible? Oh, is it possible? After all these years am I so blessed?"

For a few moments, only broken and incoherent murmurs of wonder and of joy came from the lips of either.

At length she put both little hands on his fine forehead, and pushing back his dark hair, gazed on his face, with eyes smiling through their tears of joy, as she said:

"David Lindsay, I always knew you would become what I find you now! But why do you stay there? Oh, rise and sit beside me." And she took hold of both his hands to raise him.

"I kneel here, little lady, that I may gaze up into your face—the angel face that first shone on the poor fisher-boy of Promontory Landing and inspired him. Yes, Gloria, if that poor lad has grown to be of any worth in the world and *to* the world, he owes it, and the world owes it, to the child-angel who came to him that early spring morning while he was at work on the fishing landing!"

"Oh, don't say that, David Lindsay! It was in yourself to be all that you are now, or will become. And you were always such a happiness to me. The happiest years of my childhood were those I passed with you. Oh, I think I could have been quite happy to have lived with you as a little playmate and sister in your grandmother's cottage. But sit beside me—*please* rise and sit beside me," she repeated, again clasping his hands in hers and attempting to raise him.

"How if I like to kneel here, where I can look up into your dear face—that sweet face for which my eyes have been starving all these years!" he murmured, gazing on her.

"Ah, why, why were we severed for these long years, David Lindsay?"

"Ah, little lady! Though time has taught you 'the things that belong to your peace,' and you relent

towards your lover husband *now*, have you forgotten, dearest, that it was by your own will I left you?"

"Oh, I know, I know, David Lindsay; but surely I was insane then! I soon came to my senses. I did indeed, and as soon as the year of probation *you* had set me in order that I should know my own mind, had passed, I wrote to you and implored you to come back. I waited, got no reply, and wrote again without getting an answer. So I wrote and waited till five weeks had passed, and then I went down to Sandy Isle to find the whole place revolutionized, and you—gone!"

"Good heavens, Gloria!" exclaimed the young man, starting up on his feet. "What is this that you tell me?"

"That I wrote, and wrote, and wrote, and wrote, and begged and prayed you to come back, without ever getting an answer to one of my letters! And then I went in person down to Sandy Island to see you, and found that you had gone away!"

"*Who* has done this?" exclaimed the young man, starting away and walking excitedly up and down the floor.

"Oh, David Lindsay! what—" she began, but he interrupted her vehemently:

"I never got one of those letters that I longed for and waited for, as the starving for food!"

"Father Moriarty told me that you did not. He told me all about it!" she said, in a stifled voice.

"Did he tell you that after waiting a week to hear from you in vain, I wrote to you and begged one personal interview, even if that were to be the last before I should give up hope?" demanded the young man, as he paced up and down the floor.

"No, he did not tell me that. And you wrote—"

"Of course he did not tell you that, because he did not

know it; but I wrote, not once only, but several times, not trusting to the chance of a single letter reaching you."

"Oh, and I never got one letter—not one!"

"*Who* has done this mischief between us? Who has defrauded us of so many years of happiness? Not chance, Gloria! Chance never did anything like this! Some human hand did it, Gloria! What do you think now? Who was about you at that time?" he demanded, approaching her, throwing himself down on the sofa beside her and looking anxiously into her face.

"I do not know," she said. "I do not know, and it is ill to suspect. One might suspect unjustly."

"But *now* you *do* suspect some one and with some reason. Now, who is it that has separated us for years, and but for the accident of a chance meeting, must have separated us for life?"

For the last few minutes, in his excitement, his voice had risen and reached the adjoining chamber where Miss de Crespigney was sitting in great tribulation of spirit; but, so absorbed were the two young people in their subject of conversation that neither noticed the chamber-door when it was noiselessly opened, nor the tall, dark figure, and pale, anxious face of the old lady who stood within it.

"I ask you, dear Gloria, in justice to ourselves to give me the name of the party you suspect as being instrumental in our separation."

"Oh, indeed, the thought that passed through my mind, and that your perspicacity discovered, scarcely amounts to a suspicion. It would not be fair to name it, *dear* David Lindsay!" Gloria pleaded, with her dark-blue eyes fixed upon his face.

"Then do not name it, sweet lady, for you may after all be mistaken."

"BUT I WILL."

The two young people looked up in surprise to see who it was that had spoken; for even Gloria did not recognize the voice, so hollow and so harsh were its tones.

"But I will," repeated Miss de Crespigney; for she it was who had made this declaration, as she slowly crossed the room and advanced toward the pair.

"Miss de Crespigney!" exclaimed David Lindsay, as he arose and placed a chair for her accommodation, without knowing or suspecting what she meant by her intrusion or her words.

"Thank you, David Lindsay, I am very glad to see you. Your coming relieves my soul from the burden of a life-long remorse," said the old lady, as she sank into the seat he had placed for her.

David Lindsay bowed in silence and stood looking at her in perplexity, while Gloria cast down her eyes in some confusion.

"I did not know you suspected me, child—for it is I whom you do suspect, and no other person, Gloria," she said.

"Oh, Aunt Agrippina," said the young lady, in a deprecating tone.

"Yes, though you never suspected me before, because you never knew until this hour that David Lindsay had ever written to you, but you suspect me *now*, and with reason."

"Miss de Crespigney!" exclaimed the young man, in painful surprise; for he had always considered the old lady to be the very "soul of honor," whatever else her imperfections might have been.

"Listen, children. I thank heaven that I am at liberty *now* to unburden my soul of a secret that has weighed like lead upon it all these years—a secret that I should

have cast off my conscience long ago if it had not been that I bore it as a penance and for Gloria's sake."

"For *my* sake, Aunt Agrippina?" inquired the young lady, in sorrowful surprise.

"Yes, Gloria, for if I had disburdened my conscience by telling my secret you could never have borne to see me in your presence again. And yet if you had driven me from you, whom would you have had to watch over and protect you all these years of your life—from girlhood to womanhood? No one. So I bore my secret, preying like the fabled vulture on my vitals, so that I might remain with you and watch over you. I thought to do this would be the only atonement I could make for the great wrong I had done in causing the departure, and, as I afterward thought, indirectly causing the death of David Lindsay. And yet, throughout, I acted for the best, oh, Heaven knows that I did!"

Here the strong-minded Miss Agrippina broke down and wept bitterly.

David Lindsay went and brought her a glass of water.

Gloria gave her a bottle of *sal volatile* to smell, and then said gravely and kindly:

"Dear aunty, compose yourself. Long years of unremitting devotion are not to be blotted out by any painful secret you may have to tell me now."

The old lady sighed and moaned.

"Dear aunty, let me help you to this confession. Did you have our letters intercepted?" whispered Gloria.

"No, not exactly that; but I had an agent in the post-office at St. Inigoes. I told him I was your natural guardian, and objected to the correspondence between a young lady and a young laborer. And I persuaded and prevailed on him to *detain* all the letters written to David Lindsay from Washington for three months, and

then return them to the dead letter office. Also, to inclose all letters directed to you, in a large envelope, directed to me. I have these letters, Gloria. I have never destroyed one of them, or read one of them, or even broken the seals of one of them."

"Oh, Aunt Agrippina!" moaned Gloria, with more of distress than reproach in her tones.

"I did *all* for your good and for his! Heaven knows that I did! I only wanted to give you one more year to make up your minds. And you were both young enough at eighteen and twenty-two to bear the delay. I meant, if I found you both proved faithful under this farther trial, to tell you at the end of the year the hand I had in the delay. But, oh! when the report of David Lindsay's death at the fire came and crushed me with remorse—for I thought that my act in sending him away was the indirect cause of his fate—Gloria needed all my care. I longed to confess what I had done, but knew if I did that Gloria would not allow me to come near her, and there was no one else to take care of her. So after a long struggle with myself, I resolved to keep my painful secret, and devote the remainder of my life to her."

"Oh, auntie!" murmured the young lady, and there was more of compassion than any other emotion in her tone.

"And now that Mr. Lindsay has reappeared, and I can give you into the care of a better companion and protector than I am, I feel at liberty to relieve my conscience of my secret, and myself of my charge. Gloria! David! I acted for the best, and I have suffered terribly for having dared to assume such a responsibility as that interference with your lives. I have done all that I could do to atone for the injury that I *did*, but that I

never intended to do. Can you forgive me, and let me depart in peace?"

"Dear Aunt Agrippina, I wish to remember between you and me but your great goodness and patience all these years," said Gloria, gently.

"Years that we have all employed well apart, years that we could spare to others, since we are still even now in our first youth, with a long life of union here and an eternal one hereafter," added David Lindsay, whose kind heart had been touched by the distressful confession of the old lady.

"And now, children, when I see you settled I shall take leave of you and cross over to Amsterdam, to my sister-in-law, who is spending the season with her daughters," said Miss de Crespigney, as she arose to leave the room.

"Do not go yet, Aunt Agrippina. I am sure you will want to hear what I am about to ask David Lindsay—that is, how the false report went out that he lost his life in the fire," said Gloria.

"Oh, yes! explain that, Mr. Lindsay!" exclaimed Miss Agrippina, sinking back in her seat.

"I hardly know what to explain—what I am expected to explain. I certainly was not aware that my death was ever reported," said the young man in surprise.

"Oh, yes, certainly it was!" exclaimed Gloria. "Were you not at the Wirt House on the night of that disastrous fire?"

"Yes."

"And did you not save the two children of Mrs. Somerville at the risk of your life?"

"Yes, but *not* at the *cost* of my life, as you perceive."

"Well, it was so reported, and a body said to be yours was buried in Greenwood, and a headpiece bearing your name set over the grave."

"Can that be possible!" exclaimed the young man.

"So possible that Gloria and myself, after seeing the announcement of your death, with a eulogy on your heroism, went on to New York and searched out the grave. We found several in a row. The others bore nothing but numbers on the headboards; but yours, or the one supposed to be yours, bore your name. Gloria did not leave New York until she had replaced it by a fine monument."

A half smile dawned on the face of the young man, but it was soon succeeded by a look of gravity as he turned to Gloria, and said:

"We must change all that, dear, when we go back to New York. We can have the lettering altered, and let the monument stand to mark the graves of the unknown victims of that fire."

"Yes; I like the idea of that change," said Gloria, with just the shadow of a smile flitting over her face. "But you have not told us how it came about that this unknown man was interred for you."

"Indeed, I cannot tell you, since I know nothing of the facts but what you have told me."

"Perhaps if Mr. Lindsay will describe his own experience of that night, we may arrive at some theory of the error," said Miss Agrippina.

"I suppose you must have read the full particulars of the fire?" suggested the young man.

"Yes, over and over again, but because you were connected with it. But *you* never read it, or you would have seen an account of your heroism, and you would have read your own name in the list of the lost," replied Gloria.

"No, I never saw a paper. I was out of the way of seeing any papers for four weeks. The *Albatross*, on which I sailed, met with an accident, not fatal or

dangerous, but which delayed her passage to four weeks."

"And you actually sailed on the *Albatross*, for which you were booked?"

"Yes, you might have seen my name on the list of outward bound passengers."

"We did see it in the very same paper where we also saw the account of your heroic rescue of the children, and your tragic death. We also saw the names of other passengers by the *Albatross*, taken, of course, from the books of the agent, but who were known to have perished in the hotel fire on the night before they should have sailed. But these opposite announcements only caused the reader to feel very deeply the uncertainty of human life and expectations."

"Tell us of your own adventure that night, Mr. Lindsay," said Miss de Crespigney.

"You read the account of the fire, you say, madame?"

"Gloria did—every particular, over and over again."

"Then, of course, you read—what I need not repeat—"

"How, when it was discovered that two children were in an upper room, with a flaming stair case between them and safety, and no one—not even one of the heroic firemen—would throw away his life in such a hopeless chance of rescue, you called out to have four men bring a feather-bed and hold it stoutly by the corners under the window of the room where the children were, and you would save them, and so, resisting all the well-meant attempts of every one to stop you, you hurled yourself into the flames—"

"Not so fast, little lady! I stopped half a minute to let the firemen play the hose over me, till I was wet through. Then I took up a wet blanket that some kind

spectator thrust upon me, enveloped my head, and went in to seek the children—"

"And you went up the blazing staircase and reached the room, and found the children, and wrapped them in blankets, brought them to the window, and leaning as far down as you could you dropped them into the feather-bed held up by the four stout men, and all without hurting a hair of their heads," said Gloria.

"Or a hair of my own," added David Lindsay, cheerfully. "It was certainly a narrow escape for me. The condition of the staircase was not exaggerated. I went through the fire to save those children, as I would do again to save any children. When I turned to go down again, the burning stairs were sinking under my feet. I had but just got out when they fell in, sending up a sheet of flame and a shower of sparks. I was half suffocated and somewhat burned. I found my way through a back door into an alley. It was daylight then, and I threw off my wet and sooty blanket and went to a Jew shop on Chatham street, where they were just taking down the shutters. Fortunately, my pocket-book containing my money, bills of exchange, passport and ticket were safe in my breast-pocket, and being wrapped in oil-skin, was probably the only dry article about me. I told the proprietor of the shop that I had been to the fire and got wet through in the service, and wanted a suit of dry clothes throughout. He accommodated me, and when I was dressed I bought an oil-cloth bag, put my wet clothes into it, and went to a barber's shop to get a wash and a shave. Then I went on board the *Albatross*, which sailed at eight o'clock that morning. Luckily for me and other passengers, all our luggage had been required to be placed on the steamer the night before, so I found the small trunk containing my effects

safe in the second-class state-room that I occupied in partnership with a young commercial traveler."

"Then that, of course, would account for the report of your loss in the fire," said Miss de Crespigney.

"But your subsequent life, David Lindsay? Had you no correspondents in the Untted States who might have heard from you and contradicted the report of your death?"

"None. One letter I wrote after my arrival in Liverpool to my dear old friend, Father Moriarty; but I never received an answer, and by a mere accident, I soon afterward saw a notice of his death in a Baltimore paper. I had left my little charities permanently provided for—"

"By the sacrifice of nearly all your property. I know that, David Lindsay."

"Property I could not conscientiously devote to any other purpose," said the young man, gravely.

"So Father Moriarty told me."

"I put the Children's Home in the hands of trustees I could rely upon, when I left the country. There was, therefore, after the death of Father Moriarty, nothing to keep up a correspondence. Believing you to be estranged from me, I did not care to be reminded of the country where I had loved so much, and suffered such a dreadful disappointment."

"Oh, David Lindsay! You see now, it was all a lamentable mistake!" said Gloria.

"It was all the fault of my meddling," sobbed Miss de Crespigney.

"I did not mean to reproach you, dearest. And you, Miss Agrippina, pray do not distress yourself. It is all over now. These years have been full of usefulness to us all."

"Where have you been all these years, David Lindsay?"

"I went from Liverpool to London, and afterwards to Oxford; but only for a visit. By the previous advice of Father Moriarty I went to the University of Heidelberg, where I remained all these years, spending my leisure time lately in writing for the journals, and my vacations in traveling and lecturing. At the last term I graduated."

"And with distinguished honors, I am sure, Mr. Lindsay," said Miss de Crespigney.

David Lindsay bowed to this compliment, and replied:

"With some credit, I hope."

After this, Miss de Crespigney arose and said:

"I must go to my room and lie down for a little while, my dears, and you may have me called when tea is ready."

And so saying she left the happy lovers.

CHAPTER XL.

UNITED.

How shall they live? In usefulness.
What shall they do? Work constantly.
What shall they give? Heart willingness.
What shall they gain? Tranquility.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

As soon as they were left together, Gloria's impulsive spirit broke forth in vehement lamentations of their lost years.

"Oh—oh, David Lindsay! If it had not been that I had the most convincing evidence that you had left this earth I should never have resigned the hope of our reunion here. Oh, nothing but that full and circumstantial account of your martydom in the fire of that awful night, and then the sight of that grave with the headboard bearing your name, could have made me give you up as lost to this life! If I had not put that monument over the mound where I was told your mortal remains lay, I should have written to you until I had got an answer, or, not succeeding in that, I should have crossed the ocean and sought you until I had found you and obtained the opportunity for mutual explanations, which would have resulted in our union five years ago. Oh, these lost five years!"

"Do not regret them, dear Gloria. We have still all time and eternity before us."

"But oh, it seems so strange that the great mistake that you had lost your life in that fire was not discovered and the report contradicted long ago. One would think the people who went over with you on the steamer would have spread the news of your existence."

"You forget, dear Gloria, that the steamer sailed at eight o'clock in the morning, while the smouldering ruins must still have been burning in places, and before any bodies had been recovered or any statistics published about the loss of life."

"There were some people who were at the hotel that night and sailed on the steamer the next morning besides you?"

"Yes; but they were in the first cabin. I was in the second. I saw nothing of them. My companions in the second cabin took very little interest in the fire, of which they had scarcely heard. Indeed no one, not even I, had then heard the extent of the calamity. I did not know that there was a single life lost in that fire until Miss de Crespigney told me so to-day."

"Still it seems to me that some of your fellow-passengers must have learned your name, and those returning again to their native country must have reported you as still living."

"Not necessarily, dear. My fellow-passengers concerned themselves very little about me or the fire, with which they did not even know my connection. Besides, dear Gloria, I was suffering then from a deep disappointment and depression of spirits, and I kept myself very much apart, spending my time in perfecting my knowledge of the German language. I doubt if there were three persons on the steamer who knew my name even, and certainly none knew my connection with the fire.

Besides, when we landed at Liverpool all these dispersed, as it were, to the four winds of heaven."

"But your room-mate, David Lindsay?"

"He was a commercial traveler, connected with a cotton factory in Manchester, where he went directly from Liverpool. I have never seen or heard from him since. I went, as I told you, to the University of Heidelberg, which has been my home ever since, except the vacations, during which I have traveled and lectured under the name of John Servant; for I had all a young writer's and speaker's dread of notoriety under my own name. But you see, dear Gloria, how little probability there was that the false statement of my fate—which I did not know anything about, and therefore could not contradict—should ever be set right."

"Well," Gloria admitted, with a sigh, "I suppose that would account for the report of your fate never having been contradicted. But, oh, David Lindsay, while I had every reason to believe that you had passed away, *you* had every reason to know that I was still on this earth! Oh, why did you not write to me again and again, and persevere in writing until you had got an answer? You *would* have got one, *i deed* you would!"

"Little lady," said the young man, very gravely, "if I could have hoped for a favorable answer to any letter of mine to you—an answer from your heart unbiassed by your tender compassion or your delicate conscience, then indeed I should have written and continued to write, until I had obtained such an answer, or, not succeeding in that, I should have sought a personal interview with you; but, dear Gloria, remember that though I had every reason to know that you were living, I had also every reason to believe that you had forgotten me, or wished to forget me."

"Oh, David Lindsay!"

"Listen, dearest! In the last letter that I wrote to you, I told you that I did not wish to play the role of Colonel de Crespigney—work upon your benevolence and your conscience, to gain by them the perfect union that my love could not win from your love, and that therefore, if I should get no answer then, I should accept my fate in silence and not write to trouble you again. But, at the same time, left the way open for you to relent. I prayed you, if ever from unbiassed affection you wished to see me again, you had only to write, and I would come from the nethermost parts of the earth, if necessary, to your side. I gave you the general post-office, Liverpool, as my address, and I left word there to have any letters that should come forwarded to me at Heidelberg. No letters came. I did not write again. I thought you wished to forget me. Of course, I could not know that our mutual letters had been intercepted—still less that I had been pronounced dead by the fire companies and the press, and that you had raised a monument to my memory. I simply thought, and had the best reason to think, that you wished to forget me. I would not write and work upon your sympathies, well knowing how you had expressed yourself in the case of Colonel de Crespigney. You had said, 'In some moments of idiotic compassion I shall consent to marry, and then—'"

"Ah, don't repeat that, *dear* David Lindsay!"

"Well, I will not. But I did not wish to have you take my hand in any moment of 'idiotic compassion.'"

"And therefore you did not persevere in writing to me. Oh, those lost years! those lost years that I have wasted in frivolity!"

"Not all in frivolity, dear Gloria, I know. You have been an angel of mercy to the poor. Do not regret these years! They have been full of profit to both of

us. You have learned the total inadequacy of rank, wealth, and fashion to satisfy your heart. I have acquired a wider knowledge both of books and of men, and a deeper sympthy with our kind.'

"Oh, I *do* mourn and regret these years. I would not have hindered your studies then, any more than I would hinder your great work of charity now. It was my dream to go with you to the town of your chosen university, and keep house for you during the years that you would spend there. Oh, those lost years!"

"Dear Gloria, we have much time and all eternity still before us. You are but twenty-three, and I but twenty-seven—younger than most young people are when they marry; and then we spent some some years of our childhood together," said David Lindsay, with an arch smile.

"Ah, those happy years!" exclaimed Gloria, quickly reverting to the brighter picture; "those years when we used to be together all day long on the beach, you at work netting seines or mending boats, I reading to you, or talking with you, and—"

"Hearing my lessons."

"No, 'hindering your work,' I was going to say; and then helping you to cook our dinner on the sands. Oh, those little open air meals!"

So they drifted on from regretful memeries of wasted years to delightful reminiscences of child-like joys.

Then David Lindsay gave her a detailed accoont of his life since they had parted, of his discovery of his father, Dyvyd Gryphyn, whose name he had never borne, and now never meant to bear, whose inheritance he had never owned, and never meant to own.

Gloria made no comment on this declaration. She reserved her thoughts for a more convenient season.

Next he spoke of the painless, peaceful falling asleep

and departure of Dame Lindsay, and of his subsequent strange dream, and his finding of the pirate's long hidden treasure of gold, silver and precious stones ; and of his conscientious distribution of the coins to the charities of the countries whose stamps they bore.

He spoke of his first intention of going to Harvard University, but his relinquishing that project to continue his preparatory studies for a year longer under Father Moriarty, and then to go to the German University recommended by him.

He spoke at large of the life at Heidelburg, and gave Gloria minute details of his college life.

Then he inquired of Gloria concerning her movements during the seven years of their separation.

She replied by giving him a narrative of her travels. of the interesting places she had visited, and the still more interesting people she had seen.

"For you know, David Lindsay, that though I love places well, I love people so much better."

She had not got over her grave, little, old-fashioned way of calling him by his full name, and probably she never would get over it.

"Oh, David Lindsay!" she suddenly exclaimed. "I have something to tell you that I wonder I have not told you before—something that will please you! You know those two little children whom you saved?"

"Well—yes—slightly," he replied with a smile.

"Well, you had saved them, and as every one supposed at the cost of your life. Thenceforth to me those children, saved at so costly a price, became very precious. I hunted up their parents and found them very poor, having lost their little all in that fire, but rejoicing exceedingly in the rescue of their children, with what Shakespeare would call, 'a defeated joy,' since they were also full of regrets at the supposed

fate of their deliverer. In a word, David Lindsay, because *you* saved them, and in remembrance of you, I determined to make their welfare my charge. I have supported and educated them ever since. Are you not glad to hear of your little protégées?"

"Very glad to hear of those children again, and of your intimate and beneficial relations to them. They were little more than babies when I saved them. They must be fine little girls by this time," he said.

"Yes, indeed, they are growing up fast. They are at a Normal School in New York now, being trained to become teachers. They write me regulaaly such pretty little letters! I will show them to you some time. Oh, David Lindsay, they will all be so happy to hear that you did not lose your life after all! Parents and children will rejoice. I must write to them by the first homeward bound mail."

Then Gloria reverted to the subject of Gryphynhold, and said:

"You have declared your intention of never taking the name of Gryphyn, or of owning Gryphynhold, and I know that you are right, and I also know that when you make a decision founded upon principle you never change it. This rich old manor was yours by every moral and legal right, and mine only by purchase. Never mind that. If you will never own the place, and we may never live in it, still we can do what we used to speak of—turn the grim old stronghold into a smelting furnace for the iron in the mountains. This will be the means of doing a great deal of good in many ways. It will develop the resources of the country; it will give constant employment to a large number of idle men with needy families, and it will throw large quantities of pig iron into the market for the use of manufacturers, and, finally, it will bring us a vast revenue which

we may apply to the objects of that broad charity to which we shall consecrate our joint lives,"

"Gloria, dearest, do you mean to say that you are willing to join me in this work, which, with observation and experience, has so enlarged its scope that it will indeed require all the resources of our wealth and all the days of our lives to do our best? Can you join me in such a life of wide usefulness to the poor, the ignorant, and the helpless?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!" she fervently exclaimed, clasping her hands in her earnestness, while her whole countenance grew radiant as by inspiration. "Oh, yes, for there is nothing could make me so divinely happy as to live with you the life of thinking, and speaking, and giving for the help of the helpless!—ah! and especially for the saving of the poor little children of the poor! That shall be my part of the work, David Lindsay!"

"You will have to give up much, dear Gloria—much that young ladies of rank prize above everything," said the young man, gravely.

"Toys and syllabubs for solid happiness! I am in earnest about this, David Lindsay! I repeat that there is nothing on earth would make me so happy as such as a life. You have known me from my childhood, and you know that nothing ever delighted me so much as giving and doing for others, and seeing them delighted."

"Indeed, I do know that, dearest. Yet this life of sacrifice—"

"'Sacrifice!'" exclaimed Gloria, with a strange smile, made up of humor and of doubt. "Why, David Lindsay, there is so much of quiet *rapture* in the thought of such a life, that to give myself up to it seems to me only a subtler sort of selfishness."

David Lindsay earnestly clasped her hand for all answer.

"Now," she said, rising with a smile, "I must ring for tea. In our talk we have forgotten how time flies, and Aunt Agrippina will be thirsty."

A waiter came, in answer to her summons, and laid the cloth and brought in the service.

While he was doing this, Gloria went in the adjoining room and called Miss Agrippina, who soon made her appearance.

"I hope you have had a nap, aunty," said Gloria.

"No, dear, I have not been asleep. I have been thinking of you two, and of the rather awkward position in which you find yourselves now, and of what your immediate course should be. And I dare say that *you* neither of you, even once thought of it."

"No indeed, aunty. But we will take counsel of you. What shall we do? Proclaim here in the hotel that David Lindsay and myself were married years ago, when we were children, and so make every one's hair stand on end with astonishment?" inquired Gloria, veiling under a bantering air her real embarrassment.

"No, nor must you reunite your lives without a re-marriage. Listen to me, my dears. You were married years ago, in a moment of madness, and you separated, to all intents and purposes, at the altar. You have been apart all these years. You, David Lindsay, have never been heard of here as the husband of Gloria. You, Gloria, have been taken for a young widow, as you supposed yourself to be. Were you now to be reunited, without re-marriage, there would be no end of speculation, gossip, perhaps scandal. No explanation of yours, even supposing that you could explain the circumstances to society at large, would stop the talk. It would be embarrassing and humiliating—too much so to be endured," concluded Miss de Crespigney.

"What, then, do you propose, aunty?" inquired

Gloria, with a perplexed look; while as for David Lindsay, he looked from one to the other, and kept silence, wisely leaving the affair in the hands of the two ladies, where it naturally belonged.

"This, then, is what I propose," continued Miss Agrippina—"that you defer your reunion until David Lindsay has fulfilled all his public and private engagements already made for London. How long will that take, Mr. Lindsay?"

"About two weeks," answered the young man, with a slightly crestfallen look.

"Oh, well, that is not very long to wait. You need not enter into any new engagements for London, I suppose, and you, who have been patient in hopelessness so many years, may very well be patient now for two or three weeks. You should fix a wedding-day, then, to come off a few days after your last engagement shall be fulfilled. Then let the marriage ceremony take place, if possible, from the American Embassy. Gloria can then accompany you, David Lindsay, either on a lecturing tour or a honeymoon trip. In the meantime let your approaching marriage be made known in the usual way among our friends, and visit together as betrothed lovers as much as you please. You can talk this over with Gloria, Mr. Lindsay, and decide for yourselves. I only counsel you as my knowledge of the world leads me to do. Now, if you will excuse me, I will bid you both good-night," said Miss de Crespigney, as she arose and kissed Gloria and gave her hand to David Lindsay.

They excused her, and, moreover, when left together, they agreed to the expediency of following her advice.

David Lindsay lingered near his love as long as discretion would permit, and then bade her good-night, leaving on her lips the first lover's kiss he had ever given to her or to any other being.

CHAPTER XLI.

THEIR LIFE-WORK.

Gladly reconciled
To numerous self-denials, they will live,
Still working on through life's utilities,
With hopeful love.

WORDSWORTH.

"And what will you do, aunty, dear, when David Lindsay and myself go on our wedding tour? We *must* see you comfortable and happy before we leave you," said Gloria to Miss de Crespigney, as they sat at breakfast in their private parlor the next morning.

"Oh, my child, I shall do very well. I shall make every preparation to leave on the same day that you do. I shall go to Amsterdam and join my sister-in-law and nieces there. They have been clamoring for me to come, you know."

As they spoke, the door was opened.

"Mr. Lindsay" was announced and entered the parlor.

Gloria arose frankly to give him a cordial welcome.

"I hope you have not yet breakfasted, Mr. Lindsay, so that we may have the pleasure of your company at the table," said Miss de Crespigney, as she put her hand to the bell-pull.

"I thank you, madam; as it happens, I have not

breakfasted, and shall be very happy to join you," answered the young man, as, having returned Gloria's warm greeting, he took Miss Agrippina's offered hand.

Another chair was placed at the table, a third cup, saucer and plate brought, more fresh muffins, poached eggs, and grilled ham served, and the three finished breakfast in company.

David Lindsay had come, ostensibly, to offer his services for escorting them to view the new Houses of Parliament.

And, after this, the young man came to see them every day upon some pretext or other, or upon none at all, and spent every moment of his leisure time with Gloria.

It was arranged that their wedding should take place on the last Thursday in February, when "John Servant's" engagements in London should all be completed, and David Lindsay be free to go out of town.

Miss de Crespigney undertook to announce the approaching marriage to Mrs. ——, the wife of our American Minister, who kindly volunteered the proposal that, as the young people were both citizens of the United States, and as the bride and her chaperone were living at a hotel, they should be married from the Embassy.

This was just what Miss de Crespigney desired, so, on the part of the Countess de la Vera and herself, she frankly expressed her pleasure in the plan, and gratefully accepted the proposal.

Very soon, in "Fashionable Intelligence" of the *Court Journal* and other papers, a paragraph of this sort apyeared:

"*On dit*, that the celebrated philanthropist and lecturer, 'John Servant' (Mr. David Lindsay), has drawn the first prize of the season in the matrimonial market.

A fair young West Indian countess, whose beauty and grace was the freshest attraction on the occasion of her presentation to the queen at her majesty's last drawing-room, is said to be the lady But it is premature to go into further particulars."

A little later on, the paragraph on the subject stood thus:

"In the last week of the current month the distinguished philanthropist and popular lecturer, Mr. David Lindsay, will lead to the hymeneal altar the beautiful young Countess Gloria de la Vera. After the ceremony they will depart for a long wedding tour, taking in the whole of Southern Europe and portions of Asia and Africa."

There was one mistake in this anauthorized announcement—there is almost always at least one mistake in all such announcements:

David Lindsay contemplated no trip into Asia or Africa.

During the two weeks that intervened between his first lecture in London and his marriage, David Lindsay had received many proposals from the continental cities to deliver his course of lectures.

After consulting with Gloria, he had determined to make his arrangements so as to accept them all in turn and to complete the whole during the summer.

In order to accomplish this the young couple decided to commence their married life with useful work, and instead of going on a holiday wedding trip, to go on a lecturing tour through all the cities where engagements had been offered to the missionary lecturer

It was a rare, sunny day for London, that last Thurs-

day in February, fixed for the wedding of David and Gloria.

By a previous arrangement the bride elect and her chaperone went to the American Embassy early in the morning, where she was received with maternal kindness by Mrs.——, and where she was met by her bridemaids, the two daughters of Lady Ambleside.

The wedding was to be a very quiet one, no guests being invited except the family of the bridemaids.

The bride was for convenience to be married in her traveling-dress, a silver-gray poplin suit, with hat, veil and gloves to match. The bride-maids wore silver-gray silk suits, finished about the bodice and sleeves with Valenciennes lace and pale blue ribbon.

At eleven o'clock the carriages containing the bride and her friends set out from the Embassy to St. George's Church, Hanover Square, which was but a short distance off.

There they were met by the bridegroom and his "best man," Lord George ——, who from having been his most earnest coadjutor in all good works, was invited to assist on this occasion.

The Rev. Dr. ——, Rector of St. George's, assisted by the Rev. Mr. ——, Rector of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, performed the marriage ceremony.

Gen. ——, the American Minister, gave away the bride.

After the ceremony, the wedding party returned to the American Embassy, where a choice and elegantly served breakfast awaited them.

There sat down at the table the host and hostess, Lord and Lady Ambleside, Miss de Crespigney, the two officiating clergymen, the bride and groom, the two bridemaids and the "best man," or as we would call him, the groom'sman—six ladies and six gentlemen.

A small but most agreeable wedding party.

Several of the guests declared afterwards that this was one of the most enjoyable affairs of the kind that they had ever assisted at.

After the breakfast the bride and bridegroom took leave of their friends, and followed by the hearty good wishes of all present, entered their carriage and drove to the London Bridge Railway Station, where they took the tidal train to Dover, in connection with the Calais boat; for their continental lecturing tour was to commence in the provincial towns of France.

The day after the wedding Miss de Crespigney set out for Amsterdam, where she arrived safely in due time, to be most affectionately welcomed by her sister-in-law and her two nieces, who were now the happy mothers of four children apiece—two boys and two girls each.

Soon after she was settled down in the home of Euphrasie, her eldest niece, and had seen and praised and petted all the little children, and had given the family a full account of the marriage of David Lindsay and Gloria de la Vera, with whose meeting she had made them acquainted through her letters, she asked for some news of her nephew Marcel and his young wife.

Madame de Crespigney assured her that Colonel and Mrs. Marcel de Crespigney were as happy in their frontier fort as it was possible for man and woman to be. The regiment had little to do now but to watch the Indians and keep them in awe, and Marcel found abundant leisure for his favorite studies.

Philippa was the very woman for a frontier life, and being very happy herself, made her husband happy. They had three children, fortunately all boys, since a frontier fort was an ill place to bring up girls.

They were not so completely cut off from society as we might suppose. They had quite enough company to give variety to life. Occasionally they had visits of hunting parties—principally young Englishmen of rank, who would come over to America and wander off to the Western plains in search of adventures among the buffaloes and Indians and other wild beasts.

Yes, they were very happy, Marcel and Philippa, so very happy that madame was afraid they would never be willing to return East except for a short visit; but since they were happy, madame was content.

David Lindsay and Gloria went on the lecturing tour, and spent the summer in traveling through Europe.

David Lindsay lectured in every city where they stopped. All his lectures that were immediately directed to the working classes were free, other lectures, in their interests, were to be paid for by the audience or the "committee," as the case might be, and the funds so collected were devoted to the destitute children of the town.

Thus, wherever they passed, David Lindsay left a permanent benefit, and many were the Children's Homes and Children's Hospitals that sprang up on his way, owing there origin to his words and his deeds.

In September they returned to Liverpool, where David Lindsay delivered one lecture in behalf of the destitute children during their short stay.

Thence they sailed for New York, and had the blessing to reach port before the equinoctial storms came.

They stopped in New York, where the philianthropist's fame had preceded him, and where he delivered a lecture on the subject that lay nearest his heart—the suffering and helpless children of the poor.

The young couple had decided to go to Gryphynhold,

and make arrangements for carrying out their plans in regard to that property.

Gloria had told David Lindsay that she had left the place in the charge of Peter Cummings as overseer, and Mrs. Brent as housekeeper, and that she had instructed Mr. Cummings to place all the funds arising from the place in the Bank of Abington, reserving sufficient for the use of the plantation.

David Lindsay wrote to Mr. Cummings, and informed him that they would be down to the place in the course of a few weeks, and requested him to notify Mrs. Brent to have the house opened, ventilated, heated, and otherwise prepared for their reception.

Then the young pair traveled southward, very slowly, stopping at all the principal towns and cities, in every one of which the Poor Children's Advocate gave his lectures, waking up drowsy congregations and communities, inspiring the thoughtless to think, the callous to feel, and what was the most difficult, the stingy to give.

It was the first days of golden October that they reached Gryphynhold, when the woods and forests and mountains and valleys were clothed in the most gorgeous hues of autumn.

They found Mrs. Brent living in the gate-house, with her favorite niece, the "solid" Martha Cummings, for a companion—for nothing would induce the good woman to live in the old haunted manor-house.

She was overjoyed to welcome the travelers, and told them, with a burst of tears, how terrible to them all had been the news they had heard years before of Mr. Lindsay's death by fire, after his rescue of the children.

And how astonished and delighted she was on receiving the young lady's letter, telling her that the report

had been all a mistake, and that Mr. Lindsay was all right, and they were coming home in the autumn.

All this Mrs. Brent said as she was attending the travelers through the thicket that had grown up between the lodge and the manor-house.

They found the old edifice ready for their reception, and as comfortable as it could be made—even fires had been freshly kindled in all the rooms and the tea-table set in the dining-room.

"I do not see how you managed to be prepared to the hour, as you are, Mrs. Brent," said Gloria, after she had taken off her bonnet and wraps in her bedroom, and refreshed herself with a wash and came down to the dining parlor.

"Why, child, I sent word to Aleck Cummings that the minute you arrived at Wolf's Gap, while you were resting, he must start off a man on his swiftest horse, so that the fires might be replenished—they have been kept up day and night, in a smouldering sort of way—and tea might be ready and everything comfortable. Well, the boy with the message came about three hours ago, which gave us time enough."

Aunt Judy now brought in the tea and made a courtesy to her young mistress, with a broad smile of welcome.

"You will be our mother and pour the tea for us this first evening, Mrs. Brent," said Gloria.

And the old lady took the head of the table and the young people sat down.

Old Uncle Zed came in to wait on the table, and in offering his withered hand in rustic, simple welcome to his young master and mistress, he whimpered forth:

"Dis is a berry joyful an' likewise a berry incitin' decasion, werry 'xaustin' to de nerves ob an ageable ole man like me, in de ole ages ob his pilgermidge. Chillun,

yer hasn't got de 'mount ob a drap o' likker to s'port de sperrits ob yer po' ole Uncle Zed., has yer? For ef yer has, yer better gib it to me dan keep it for yerselves, honeys, 'cause de likker is def to de young, dough life to de ole ageable."

David Lindsay assured the old man that he had not and never had had that elixir of the age in his possession.

In the course of the tea drinking, Mrs. Brent asked many questions concerning Philippa; but when she found that Gloria knew much less of that wild creature than she did herself, she volunteered some information.

"She is in her right place now," said the old lady. "She is quite happy out there among the wild Indians, and black bears, and bisons, and other savage beasts, and so she will be until she gets scalped by an Indian, or torn to pieces by a bear."

"Oh-h, Lordy!" groaned old Uncle Zed. "Don't talk dat-a-way, ole mist'ess! I lubbed dat gal! I did *so!* Yer makes my knees gib way under me when yer talks dat-a-way. Oh, say, ole mist'ess I know *you* keeps it. Now, couldn't yer sen' out to de gate-house an' get de 'mount ob a drap o' likker to keep yer po' ole Uncle Zed, from drappin' dead wid de faintness ob his heart?"

"You must try to keep up until we get through tea, old man, and I will give you a nip," said Mrs. Brent, good-humoredly. Then addressing the young pair in a lower tone, she explained:

"He is quite in his dotage and really very feeble; so I hope you will excuse him."

Both smilingly assured her that they could take no offence at the poor old creature's weakness,

Mrs. Brent was very much disappointed on learning that Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay (for Gloria had insisted on dropping her unmeaning title as soon as she landed in

America) were not going to remain permanently at Gryphynhold; but she quite approved of the plan of turning the grim, old, haunted hole into a smelting furnace for the iron supposed to be existing in such quantities in the mountain to which it gave its name.

Immediately after this early tea, as they were all rising from the table, David Lindsay turned and whispered to Gloria:

"Cummings wishes me to go with him to a part of the grounds that demands prompt attention," he says. So I shall be absent for an hour or two.

He went out and joined the overseer, who was waiting for him in the hall, and they left the house together.

"And now, dear Mrs. Brent, do please to leave that tea service to be taken care of by Aunt Judy and Martha Ann, and come into the parlor with me. I have so much to say to you," said the young lady of the manor, as she left the dining-room.

"Yes, dear, and let them smash up everything! I always like to wash the tea cups and saucers myself," objected the housekeeper.

"Oh! well, never mind for once. It is not very valuable china," laughingly replied Gloria, referring to the plain crockery ware that supplied the rude cupboards of Gryphynhold.

Mrs. Brent made no further objection, but called her dusky handmaids, gave them a charge to be careful and then followed the young lady to the parlor.

There was a fine fire of cedar logs and pine cones burning in the open fireplace, that gave out the threefold blessings of light, warmth, and fragrance.

They drew two large arm-chairs to the hearth and seated themselves comfortably, placing their feet on the iron fender.

"Tell me, Mrs. Brent," said Gloria, "has this horrible old house as evil a reputation as ever?"

"Worse than ever, my child—much worse than ever. The country people give it a wide berth, I can tell you, when they go by on the Wolf Gap Turnpike. And, by the same token, my dear young lady, I must beg that you will dispense with my sleeping here at night—staying here at night, I should say—for, as to sleeping never should sleep a wink in this house of the curse. replied the old woman, with a shudder.

"But, Mrs. Brent, you would not be afraid to remain all night while we are here?" said Gloria, in surprise.

"I should be afraid to stay here even if there was a regiment of soldiers and a convention of bishops in the house! I should think that the devil and the ghosts of all the Gryphyns would be too many for them!"

Gloria laughed with a low, silvery, pleasant ring in her voice, as she thought how easily some of the "supernatural" mysteries might be explained.

"Well, my dear young lady, it might be 'fun for you,' as the saying is, but would be 'death to me,' and that I tell you. I am willing to stay here every night until bed-time, and to return every morning by daybreak, but I must sleep at the gate-house. I would not sleep here even if I had to resign my situation in consequence," said the housekeeper, in an injured tone.

"My dear Mrs. Brent, sleep where you please. Now that Mr. Lindsay is with me I shall not need further protection. I shall only feel sorry that you will have the inconvenience of the walk morning and evening," said Gloria, soothingly.

"Oh, I shall not mind the walk one bit. Martha will always come at dusk to go back with me. *She* is not afraid of anything under the sun."

"That is right, then; but now tell me what new pho-

nomena have alarmed the good people of the neighborhood, and frightened them away from the vicinity of the haunted house?"

"Oh, madam, the dead don't stay in their graves."

"What?"

"*The dead don't stay in their graves!*"

"What *do* you mean?"

"I mean just what I say, ma'am. It is true as truth! *That* is what Peter Cummings has really taken Mr. Lindsay out to tell him about. But oh, madam! it is not only *that* that makes me afraid to stay here."

"What more, for Heaven's sake?"

"*It is what you and my niece, Philippa, saw in the cavern under the cellar of this house!*"

CHAPTER XLII.

THE HORROR IN THE CAVE.

Blood hath been shed ere now, 'i the olden time,
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since, too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear; the times have been,
And when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is. SHAKESPEARE.

Gloria turned pale as death at the very mention of that mysterious horror.

All the lively and bantering spirits with which she had met Mrs. Brent's superstitious terrors seemed suddenly quenched.

She was silent for a few moments, and then in a husky voice she inquired:

"Did Philippa, then, break her sacred word of honor pledged to me never to speak of that hideous sight? Did she tell you of it?"

"Oh, no ma'am, no! She never told me! I never could get her to speak of it in her waking hours. But you know she used always to sleep with me before she went away with you and Miss de Crespigney."

"Yes."

"Well, ma'am, here, and at the gate-house and also

at Wolf's Gap, she used to talk in her sleep, and start up out of her dreams, and that was the way in which I found out that you and she had seen some terrible object on the banks of the underground river in the cavern under the cellar.

Well ?"

"But I never could get her to tell me what it was. In the morning when I would tell her how she had been tossing and talking in her sleep, and would ask her what it was she and you had seen in the cave, she would blanch and shake, and return no answer."

Gloria shuddered and covered her face with her hands. She was almost overcome.

Mrs Brent continued :

"At other times when I would insist that she should tell me what had horrified you both to such a degree, she would answer, trembling, but defiant :

"'It was a green dragon' or 'a red griffin,' or else 'the black dee himself.'"

"She was true to her trust, then, after all ?"

"Ay, she was. At length I threatened that if she didn't tell what it was, I would ask *you*."

"And what did she say ?"

"Oh, ma'am, she looked at me in a way to raise my hair and curdle my blood ; and she said :

"'If you say one word to Madame Gloria on this subject, neither she nor I can ever forgive you while we live !"

"And yet, with that warning in your memory, you have ventured to recall that terrible adventure to my recollection," said Gloria.

"Yes, ma'am ; but that was seven years ago. I hope I have done no harm in speaking of it now," pleaded Mrs. Brent.

"No unpardonable harm ; you have only started an

appalling subject that I would rather not think of just now."

"Well, then, dear young lady," suggested the housekeeper, as keen curiosity overcame discretion, "maybe if you were to tell me what you did see, it would relieve your mind like."

"Oh, I cannot! Oh, I cannot!" muttered Gloria, covering her eyes with her hands, and shivering through all her frame.

"Was it a spectre?" whispered Mrs Brent.

"No!"

"Was it—a dead body?"

"No, no!"

"What was it?"

"Oh, be silent, or you will kill me! Let us talk of something else! You remember those two mysterious midnight visits that you took to be from the spectre of Dyvyd Gryphyn?"

"I should think I did! But, '*took to be*' the spectre of Dyvyd Gryphyn? Why it was! If ever a ghost was proved to be a ghost, his was," said the lady.

"Well, Mrs. Brent, we have the most positive proof that your visitor on those two occasions was *not* Dyvyd Gryphyn's ghost but Dyvyd Gryphyn himself in the flesh!"

"EH! WHAT! Lord have mercy on you, child, are you going crazy? Why, Dyvyd Gryphyn was killed in a duel thirty miles away, and twenty hours before his spirit appeared to me!"

"That was a great deception on Dyvyd Gryphyn's part, and led to a great misapprehension on yours and others' parts. Dyvyd Gryphyn was not killed in that duel. It was Marmaduke Murdockson who was killed and then beheaded, and finally dressed in the clothing of Dyvyd Gryphyn, so that his body might be mistaken

for the body of his murderer, as you know it was by every one of you."

"Lord—have—mercy—upon—us," slowly muttered Mrs. Brent. "But what then became of Dyvyd Gryphyn?"

"He dressed himself in the blood-stained clothes of the murdered man, mounted Marmaduke Murdockson's horse, and rode into the thick woods, where he waited until night. Then he rode to Gryphynhold, paid you a midnight visit, secured his money, papers and a change of dress, which he packed into a valise and escaped. He lived in foreign countries for more than twenty years, and then came back and paid us all another midnight visit, to be again mistaken for a spectre."

Mrs. Brent's mouth and eyes were open to their widest extent to swallow this story. She did not speak for a few moments, and then she asked, doubtfully:

"But the door was locked, barred and bolted! How could a man of flesh and bones get through it?"

"He put his hands through the narrow, broken side-windows of the door-frame, and drew the bolts and bars from their sockets, and slipped the key from its hole, and unlocked the door from the outside. A furious blast of wind burst forth at the same moment, and drowned what little noise he might have made in his operations—cautious as they must have been."

"And it was himself, after all! Well—well—well!"

"Of course, the same means were used in his second as in his first visit, and with more ease, since the side-window was more dilapidated."

"We must have them side-lights mended right away," said Mrs. Brent. "The grand vilyan might come again. And, oh, I hope he can't put you out! I hope you have got an indisputable title to the place."

"We have got a perfect title to the place, and no one

can disposess us. Dyvyd Gryphyn can never return here. He went to his eternal home six years ago."

"And that was in a hotter climate than any on this earth, I'll be bound!"

"We must not judge."

"But, dear ma'am, how did you find out all about those things?"

"Mr. Lindsay was with Dyvyd Gryphyn in his last hours, and told me all this, and requested me to tell you that the mysterious occurrences in this house might be explained and your mind relieved from superstitious terrors."

Mrs. Brent would have asked the young lady a number of other questions, but Gloria gently discouraged her inquisitiveness, and declined to enter into any further explanations.

At the humane suggestion of David Lindsay, she had told the housekeeper enough to explain the seemingly supernatural occurrences at Gryphynhold; but neither he nor she deemed it necessary, or even expedient, to reveal *all* the private history of the family.

So in the apprehension of Mrs. Brent, as well as of all others, Gloria held Gryphynhold in her right, and Mr. Lindsay remained Mr. Lindsay.

While they were still talking, with their feet upon the fender, David Lindsay returned from the walk he had been taking with the overseer and re-entered the room.

"I find," he said, as he drew a chair and joined them at the fire—"I find that the old family graveyard of Gryphyhold, situated on the upper bank of the Sinking River, is almost washed away by a change in the current of the stream. No graves but those on the nigher slope remain."

"Ah, sir," sighed the housekeeper, solemnly, "that has been going on there many years! Let 'em go

Dyvyd Gryyhyn's grave—Lord save me, I mean the other man's—Marmaduke Murdockson's grave has been gone these seven or eight years. To be sure, it was nearest of all to the brink, and now there is nothing at all but a great gulch on the banks of the Sinking River where it used to be! And ever so many more have fallen in and been washed down and carried away. Well, let 'em all go, I say! If the souls are in perdition, what odds where the bodies of such a wicked race are?"

"Where is this Sinking River?" inquired Gloria. "I heard the name mentioned several times when I was down here years ago, but I never chanced to go near it and I never knew that the graveyard was upon it."

"It is quite a natural curiosity. It rises in some inaccessible part of the mountain, no one knows exactly where. It runs in a deep, dark, swift current through a rocky ravine and across a little plateau, and then enters a gorge, in whose inaccessible depths it disappears and is lost again. It is supposed by some to pass under the rocky foundations of this house."

Gloria started, remembering the black subterranean, river in the cavern under the cellar.

"What is the matter, dear?" inquired David Lindsay.

"You say the old family graveyard of Gryphynhold is on the banks of this Sinking River?"

"Yes, on that plateau, about half a mile from here."

"And that a great portion of the graveyard has been washed down into the deep current of this river and carried away?"

"Yes."

"And that this Sinking River is supposed, after vanishing in that inaccessible cleft of rocks, to pass under the foundations of this house?"

"So it is said; but why do you ask me these questions, dear?"

"Because all this that you tell me may explain the last horrible mystery connected with this place. I do not say that it *will*, but that it *may*, and the very hope of such an explanation is a relief to me—will lift a nightmare from my soul."

"Of what are you speaking, dear Gloria?"

"Of a terrible and abhorrent sight that appalled Philippa Cummings and myself on the first day of our arrival here, years ago, on the occasion of our descent down into the caverns under the cellar. Neither she nor I have ever *quite* recovered from the effects of it."

"What was it?" inquired David Lindsay, with rather an incredulous smile.

"Oh, please do not ask me. I *could* not tell you! But if you will go with me to-morrow, we will go down to the cavern and investigate the mystery."

"As you please, little lady."

Now, as it was growing late, Mrs. Brent arose, and promising to return early in the morning, she bade the young couple good-night and set out for the lodge, attended by her niece, Martha Cummings, who had been waiting for her in the kitchen all the evening.

On her way to the gate-house Mrs. Brent entertained the stolid Martha with the true story of Dyvyd Gryphyn's duel and subsequent "apparition" at Gryphynhold—the only effect of which was to make even the phlegmatic Martha start at every little rustle in the dark thicket of woods through which they passed, and to utter a sigh of relief when they reached the safe retreat of the gate-house.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LIGHT AT LAST.

What means this? What shapes are these?
Why are they gathered here?
Pale in their spectral light they glare before me!
The stark white bones that flesh hath ceased to clothe,
The hollow sockets that the eyes have gone from!

MATURIN.

Oh, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance! But tell me
Why there canonized hopes, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements! Why the sepulchre
Wherein we knew them quietly inurned
Hath ope'd his ponderous and stony jaws
To cast them out again?

SHAKESPEARE.

True to her promise, at dawn the next day Mrs. Brent made her appearance at the manor-house in time to superintend the preparation of an excellent breakfast.

When the young pair came down stairs that morning they found a very attractive scene—the rich, glowing October sun shining into the breakfast-room, a bright, warm, fragrant fire of cedar and pine blazing on the fire-place, and a neatly-laid table, soon to be served with

delicious coffee, cream, light rolls, Indian pone, broiled venison, fresh butter, and eggs.

After the morning meal was over, David and Gloria prepared to descend into the depths under the foundation of the house.

"You will have to take a lantern, if one can be found in the house, for it is as dark as Tophet down there," said Gloria.

And, after some inquiry, a lantern was found with a good-sized oil-lamp and a clear bull's eye.

"That is just what we need! Poor Philippa and I had to put up with a tallow-candle," continued Gloria, who talked upon the same principle that boys—and men, too, sometimes—whistle to keep their courage up.

David Lindsay laughed and led the way, followed closely by Gloria, along the same track taken by the two adventurous girls years before. They went on through the long and narrow passage extending into the ell of the house, and then he forced open the door leading down into the cellar, that Gloria had caused to be nailed up on the day after her first exploration of the abyss.

A foul and fetid air met them even on the threshold, and must have forced them back had they been less resolute to go on.

David Lindsay went down the steep stairs first, carrying the lantern in his right hand, and turning the bull's-eye before him.

Gloria followed, keeping very close to him, and, if the truth must be told, sometimes holding on to his coat-skirts.

So they descended the narrow stairs, and reached the pitchy darkness of the great cellar, across which the ray from the bull's-eye of the lantern streamed like a meteor

in a midnight sky. Nothing could be seen but blackness beyond the track of this ray.

"Turn the light on our right till we see the wall, and let us keep on to it until we reach the second stairs, which will take us down to the cavern," said Gloria, as they stood at the foot of the stairs they had just descended.

David Lindsay silently followed her directions, and the rays of the lantern fell upon the green, slimy, and dripping wall.

They went on by that for a guide until they came to a narrow, iron-bound, oaken door.

"This is the top of the second stairs," Gloria whispered.

David Lindsay gave her the lantern to hold, and then exerted all his strength to force open the strong though narrow door, and to turn it on its rusty hinges.

Blackness and darkness still met their view.

He took the lantern from her, and led the way down the steep stone steps that seemed cut in the thickness of the wall.

She followed closely, keeping hold of his coat. Down they went, slowly and cautiously descending the almost perpendicular stone steps until they reached the bottom and stood upon the wet and rocky ground of the black abyss.

David Lindsay threw the bull's-eye of his lantern around in all directions without discovering anything but darkness.

"LISTEN!" exclaimed Gloria, suddenly seizing his arm.

"What is it?" asked David, pausing.

"Did you hear nothing?"

"No."

"But listen again. Surely you hear *that!*"

"Yes; now I hear a low, murmuring, gurgling sound. It seems to come from a distance."

"That is the sound of the subterranean river."

"You discovered it here, then?"

"Yes. I did not tell you before. A sort of fatality led me. I could *not* talk of it. Yes, Philippa and I heard this same murmuring, gurgling sound, and presently came upon the river in the dark, and were within an inch of tumbling headlong into it!"

"Good Heavens, Gloria, how imprudent! How reckless! On the brink of such a destruction!" exclaimed David, in retrospective horror.

"Yes, it was rather awful. Poor Phil said, afterward, she wouldn't have minded the death so much, horrible as it would have been to be drowned and lost in the black waters of a subterranean river; but, under the suspicious circumstances, it would have been such an ignominious death, for it would have been a mysterious disappearance, which the people would have accounted for by saying that the devil had fetched us! But, happily we did not tumble in. Ah! we were stopped by a sight that nearly froze the blood in our hearts!" she said, with a sudden change of manner.

"Now, then, let us find this river," said David Lindsay, throwing the ray from the bull's eye of the lantern forward as he passed on, Gloria now keeping at his side.

They knew by the louder sound of the river that they were approaching its banks.

Suddenly Gloria uttered a low cry of horror and covered her eyes with her hands.

"What is the matter?" inquired David Lindsay.

"Oh, look! look! look!" she cried, without uncovering her eyes or pointing at anything.

"Look? Where?"

"Oh, there they are! There they are!"

"*What*, Gloria!" inquired the young man anxiously.

"Oh, the horrible shapes that appalled Philippa Cummings and myself!"

"But I see nothing. Where are they?" he asked, throwing the light of his lantern around in all directions. "Where are they, Gloria?"

"THERE!" she cried desperately, summoning courage to uncover her eyes and point towards one of the blackest glooms of the abyss.

David Lindsay threw a swift glance in the direction indicated, and saw rising from the depths of the darkest shadows a faint, hazy, phosphorescent glare, enveloping some indistinct forms.

He instantly turned the bull's eye of his lantern upon this phantom vapor, which immediately disappeared in the strong light, leaving—

Oh, horror upon horror!—a ghastly group of human skeletons thrown together in every grotesque and revolting attitude that chance could bring about. From that midst of the abhorrent group, towering above all, arose the headless and handless skeleton of a man of gigantic height, that seemed in some respects to be in better preservation than all the others.

Even David Lindsay uttered an exclamation of dismay and his brave heart shrank on beholding such terrible objects in such an awful place, and he quickly turned away.

In another moment he had recovered self-possession.

Then, to try an experiment, he entirely closed the lantern, leaving all in total darkness.

Then the gaseous or phosphorescent glare around the group again appeared, growing thicker in the darkness and almost concealing the skeleton shapes within.

Then he opened the bull's-eye again and threw for-

ward the light, when the phosphorescent glare vanished, and the skeleton shapes reappeared distinctly.

Finally, he put the lantern down on the wet and rocky floor of the cavern, and turned its full light directly forward on that terrible group, saying to his half palsied companion:

"I will leave this with you, and I will go forward and examine that place."

Then, seeing Gloria almost on the verge of sinking, he quickly threw off his overcoat, folded it double, laid it on the ground, and said:

"Sit there and rest; I will not be gone long."

She sank down on the improvised seat and waited.

David Lindsay walked on in the ray of light thrown far before him by the bull's-eye of the lantern, into the darkest shadows of the cavern, and towards the banks of that subterranean river whose presence could only be guessed by its low murmur and gurgle among the rocks.

As he went on, he began to discern the shores of the sunken river, from the rugged brink of which the ghastly group of skeletons arose—that of the mutilated giant above the others.

The ray from the lantern reached far enough to discover that these ghastly objects were wedged in and held fast between the black rocks, so that at the distance from which he first beheld them they had seemed to stand unsupported.

Overcoming his natural repugnance to the duty David Lindsay drew near and made a careful investigation of the spot.

The subterranean river was here a very dark, narrow and rapid stream, running at the bottom of a deep, rocky ravine.

He shuddered as he thought what might have been

the fate of those two foolhardy girls if they had made two steps further and plunged down that gulch, to be whirled away by that dark, underground maelstrom, to perish in the hidden depths of the earth.

In the course of his investigation he found that none of these skeletons were perfect, but that hands, arms and even skulls were scattered about around the feet of the group. He found two skeleton hands of such unusually large size that he knew they must have belonged to the bones of the giant above, but no skull that was anything near a just proportion to his size.

Not far from the spot where he had picked up these he saw what seemed to be a piece of sheet iron wedged into a fissure of the rocky bank.

He wrenched it out by main force, breaking it off in the process; but enough remained in his hands to show him that it was the upper part of a huge coffin-lid, which had probably once enclosed the giant skeleton—the mutilated skeleton that stood above. The rusty plate was still adhering to it, though almost ready to drop off.

He carried this relic into the glare of the lantern and examined it carefully.

After some difficulty he puzzled out enough of the half-defaced inscription to make a fairly accurate guess at the remainder.

This was what he read on the plate:

SACR....T....MEM...
DY..D G....N
B....
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That was all; but it was enough to prove that the headless skeleton was that of the mutilated body of Marmaduke Murdockson, which had been buried by deception and mistake for that of the fugitive from justice, Dyvyd Gryphyn. How it, with its ghastly companions, had reached that subterranean spot was easy to understand. They were brought down by the current of the Sinking River.

David Lindsay laid the two large skeleton hands upon the broken coffin-lid and returned to Gloria, whom he found considerably better. She had rallied from her first panic of horror.

He thought that his best course, under the circumstances, would be to tell her the truth.

"Take courage, dear," he said, as he gave her his hand and helped her to rise. "The mystery is all clear now. That giant skeleton is all that remains of the body of Marmaduke Murdockson, whose mutilated form was buried for that of Dyvyd Gryphyn in the Gryphynhold graveyard, and being placed nearer the brink of the Sinking River than any of the others, was the first to be washed away in the falling of the ground, and brought down by the current to its present position, where it was stopped and held fast by the rocks. The other bones are from older graves, washed down and brought here by the same process. Before the week is out we will have these relics of mortality collected and consigned to the earth. Come, my brave girl! Let us leave this abyss of gloom and horror and return to the upper world. I, for my part, feel like Dante leaving Hades!" he added, quaintly, as he picked up his overcoat and put it on, took up the lantern, gave her his arm, and led her through the dismal shadows up the steep staircases, along the narrow passages, and finally into the wholesome light of the upper

Great was Mrs. Brent's horror, at a later hour of that day, to learn from the young lady of the manor what the cave below the cellar of Gryphynhold had concealed so long.

"I knew the coffins and all the contents of the graves on the Sinking River must have been washed away in the falling of the ground; but I never thought they had been carried down *there*, though I had heard it said the river ran down the ravine and was lost under the rocks on which this house was founded," she muttered, with a succession of shivers.

In the course of a few days, David Lindsay kept his word, and had the skeletons from the cave collected and committed to the earth in the higher and safer portion of the graveyard.

Subsequently he had a high and strong wall built around the old family burial ground to protect it from farther injury.

The discovery and burial of these relics made a great sensation through the country.

Early in the next week there were important arrivals at Gryphynhold.

The geologist, the surveyor and the engineer whom David Lindsay had engaged to superintend the opening of the works, both of the mines, the furnace and the foundry, came down together, and were received at Gryphyhold as welcome guests.

In the golden days of mid-October the preparations for this vast enterprise were commenced, with daily explorations of the mountains by their master and his three professional attendants.

The anticipations of the party promised to be more than fulfilled by the great mineral wealth indicated in the appearances on certain portions of the surface, to the experienced eye of the geologist.

Operations were promptly commenced in the favorable localities by the employment of a number of laborers from the neighborhood of miners; and prosperity immediately set in for them and for their families in the immediate possession and permanent prospect of steady work and good wages.

The geologist and the surveyor left Gryphynhold together as soon as their duties were completed.

The engineer and the master builder remained longer to plan and superintend the alterations necessary to change the old manor-house into a smelting furnace and iron foundry, for which its proximity to the newly opened mines, as well as its great solidity and strength of foundation and superstructure pre-eminently fitted it.

The Lindsays lingered at Gryphynhold through all the glorious autumn, enjoying the magnificent mountain scenery.

They occupied the upper portion of the house, undisturbed by the work of interior reconstruction that was going on in the basements.

Just before Christmas they left Gryphynhold and went to Washington City, where David Lindsay soon began to receive propositions from many parts of the country to deliver his course of lectures.

He accepted as many as possible.

Gloria accompanied him in all his tours.

The two were one.

As the young couple had an ample private fortune, the lectures continued to be delivered gratuitously, except in the rare instances where a moderate price was charged for the benefit of some worthy charity.

So went on their life-work of humanity and usefulness, and so they prospered in spiritual good as well as material wealth.

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